



®

image

27
JAN

DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN®



M'FARIANE
JULY

MASSACHUSETTS.

ONCE
AGAIN, I'VE
BEEN PASSED
OVER.

I UNDER-
STAND.

YOU HAVE
GIVEN POWER
TO ONE WHOSE
FAITH MUST BE
FAR GREATER
THAN MINE.

NOW I
MUST
PROVE
MYSELF...

SO I
ACCEPT
YOUR TEST
OF MY
FAITH.

THIS
"SPAWN"
AND I
SHALL
MEET.

THEN
YOU
WILL
SEE.

THE
HOLY
BIBLE

SPAWNING

NEW SPAWN
ATTACK

SPAWN ON
RAMPAGE

SPAWN
ALLY FOUND

SPAWN
ALLY FOUND

SPAWN
ALLY FOUND

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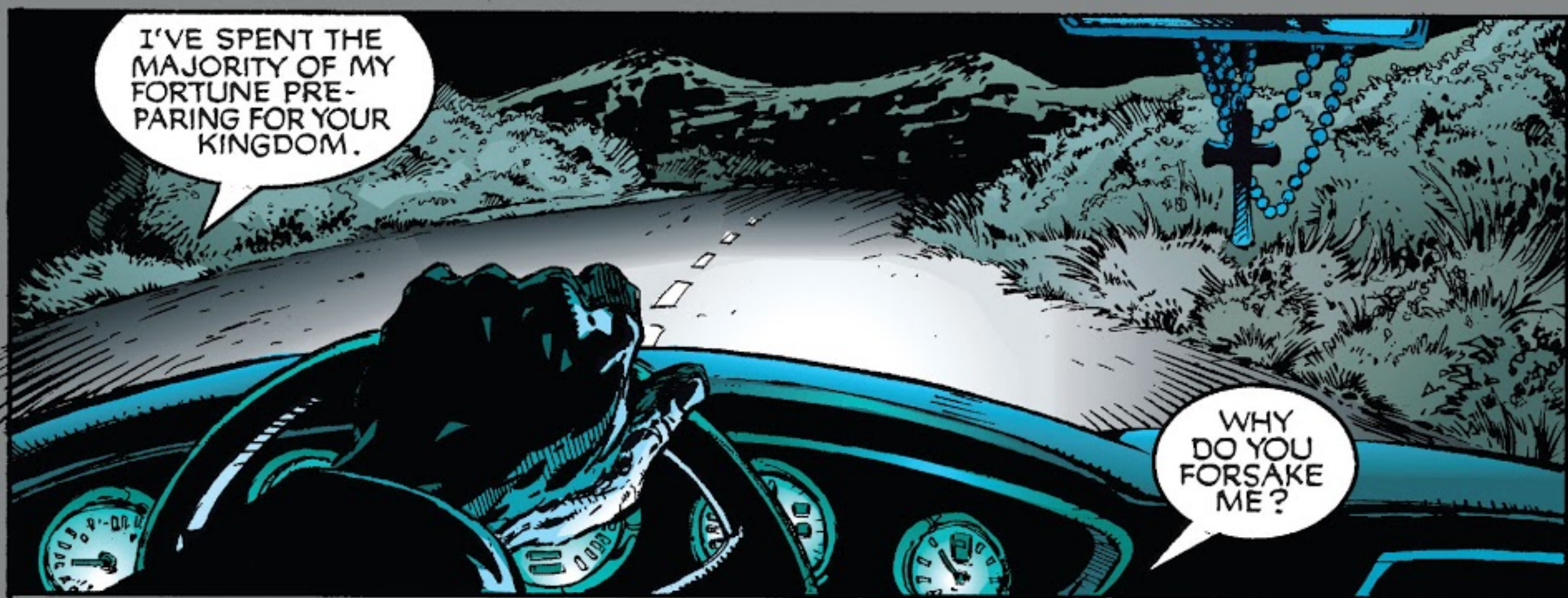
SPAWN
ALLY FOUND

SPAWN
ALLY FOUND



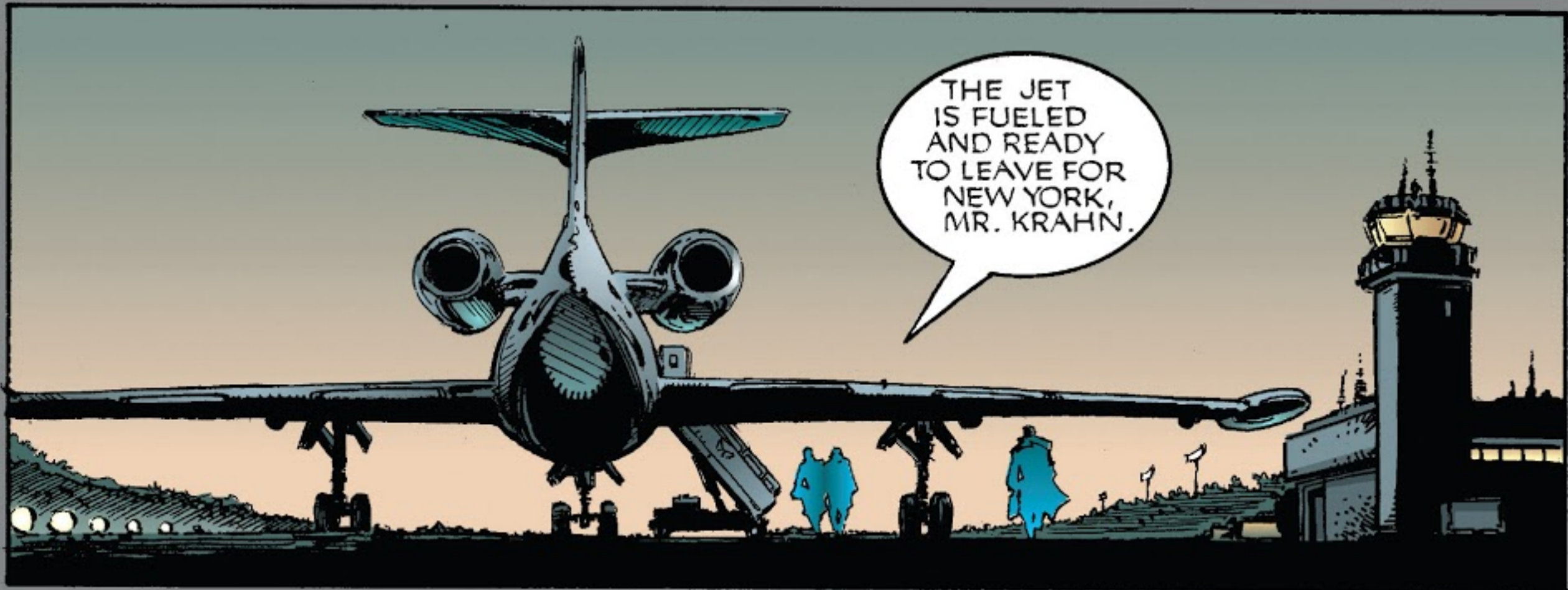
I'LL PROVE WORTHY OF YOUR EMPIRE. I CAN'T BEGIN TO KNOW YOUR GREAT PLANS, LORD, BUT I MUST PROFESS THAT IT DOES CONFUSE ME.

I'M FORCED TO USE TECHNOLOGY FROM THE SECULAR WORLD.



I'VE SPENT THE MAJORITY OF MY FORTUNE PREPARING FOR YOUR KINGDOM.

WHY DO YOU FORSAKE ME?



THE JET IS FUELED AND READY TO LEAVE FOR NEW YORK, MR. KRAHN.



WHY HAVE I BEEN CURSED?



HERE YOU ARE:

...THE 'RED LIGHT' DISTRICT. YOU BE CAREFUL. THEY DO LIKE OUTSIDERS 'ROUND HERE.

THANK YOU FOR YOUR CONCERN, THOUGH I DO PLAN ON HAVING A RATHER PLEASANT EVENING.



'SCUSE ME. 'SCUSE ME. MISTER.

GOT SOME SPARE CHANGE? Y'SEE, MY HEALTH'S NOT TOO GOOD AND I NEED TO GET SOME NEW MEDICINE.

I SWEAR!
BURP

MY ILLNESS GIVES ME GAS, TOO.



HEY STUD.

YOU HAVE THE MONEY, I'VE GOT THE TIME.

MAKE US BOTH FEEL GOOD, I PROMISE.



FORGIVE THEM, FATHER, FOR THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO.

WHAT
ARE YOU
SAYING?

CHAPEL
KILLED BOBBIE
TO GET AT ME.
HE WAS JUST
AN INNOCENT
VICTIM.

I'M GOING
TO HAVE TO
START LIVING
WITH THE FACT
THAT A LOT OF
BLOOD HAS
BEEN SPILLED
IN MY NAME.

I'M
GETTING
SICK OF
THAT.

ANOTHER
MAN DIED
BECAUSE I DIDN'T
DO ANYTHING.*
IT'S TIME I
STARTED
HELPING YOU
GUYS INSTEAD OF
HURTING.

*LAST ISSUE --Tom--

C'MON, AL, THIS *AIN'T*
YOUR FAULT. YOU
DON'T *ASK* FOR
THESE WARS.

NEITHER
DID BOBBIE.
HE *LIKED*
YOU, AL.

A
LOT.

I KNOW
HE DID.

CHAPEL
COULDN'T HAVE
CARED LESS. THEN
THE FRIGGIN' IDIOT
WENT AND BLEW
HIS OWN HEAD
OFF. THE
PSYCHO!

... DIDN'T
ALLOW ME
THE CHANCE TO
KILL HIM
MYSELF!

* YOUNGBLOOD
ISSUES 8 • 10 --Tom--



YOU'RE TALKING CRAZY, AL!

YOU DON'T WANT TO BE LIKE THEM. THEY'RE JUST PUSHING YOUR BUTTONS. THEY'RE **MESSED UP**. **ALL** OF THEM. YOU'RE **RIGHT**-- THEY DON'T GIVE A **CRAP** ABOUT US.

BUT I KNOW **YOU** DO.

HE'S **RIGHT**, AL.

SO DON'T GO DOING SOMETHING YOU'RE GOING TO REGRET. **BOBBIE** WOULDN'T WANT THAT.

THANKS, FELLAS.

UNFORTUNATELY, THIS WAR ISN'T GOING AWAY. I'M GOING TO HAVE TO **ACCEPT** THAT. MY EXISTENCE HAS SET THINGS IN MOTION THAT I CAN'T CONTROL.



BUT I'VE BEEN GIVEN **POWER**.

IT'S TIME I TRIED USING IT FOR SOMETHING POSITIVE.

YOUR **MAGIC**?! I THOUGHT IT **HURTS** TO USE IT.

SO DOES SEEING MY FRIENDS BEING MURDERED.



YOU THINK YOU CAN HEAL HIM OR SOMETHING?

YOU'D BE A **MIRACLE WORKER**.

THAT'S JUST THE PROBLEM. I'M NO GOD, JUST SOME TWISTED HUMAN. MY POWER KEEPS GIVING YOU A FALSE MESSAGE.

I WANT TO SEE IF **BOBBIE** CAN DO SOMETHING FOR ME.

LIKE WHAT?!



HAVING NOW RESURRECTED THE DEAD, AL SIMMONS FALLS TO HIS KNEES. THE CONSEQUENCE OF USING HIS ENERGY IN THAT MANNER CAUSES HIS BODY TO SHUDDER.

THOUGH IN PAIN, HE ALLOWS HIMSELF A WEAK SMILE BENEATH HIS MASK.

HE'S LOST VALUABLE ENERGY, BUT GAINED BACK SOME RESPECT.



7:0:1:2



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7:0:1:2

THE QUEENS, NEW YORK
HOME OF WANDA BLAKE.

WHEN
WILL
YOU BE
HOME?

NOT 'TIL
SUPPER-
TIME.

WERE
YOU ABLE
TO FIND
OUT ANYTHING
MORE FROM THE
AGENCY?

YOU KNOW
AS WELL AS I DO
THAT PEOPLE AROUND
HERE PROTECT ONE
ANOTHER WITH THEIR
LIVES. FORTUNATELY, I
WAS ABLE TO GET SOME
PRETTY INTERESTING
FILES OUT OF
SUNDIN'S OFFICE.

GOOD.
I HOPE WE
CAN GET *SOME*
KIND OF LEADS
AS TO WHY THE
C.I.A. WANTED
TO MAKE YOU
DISAPPEAR
SO BADLY.

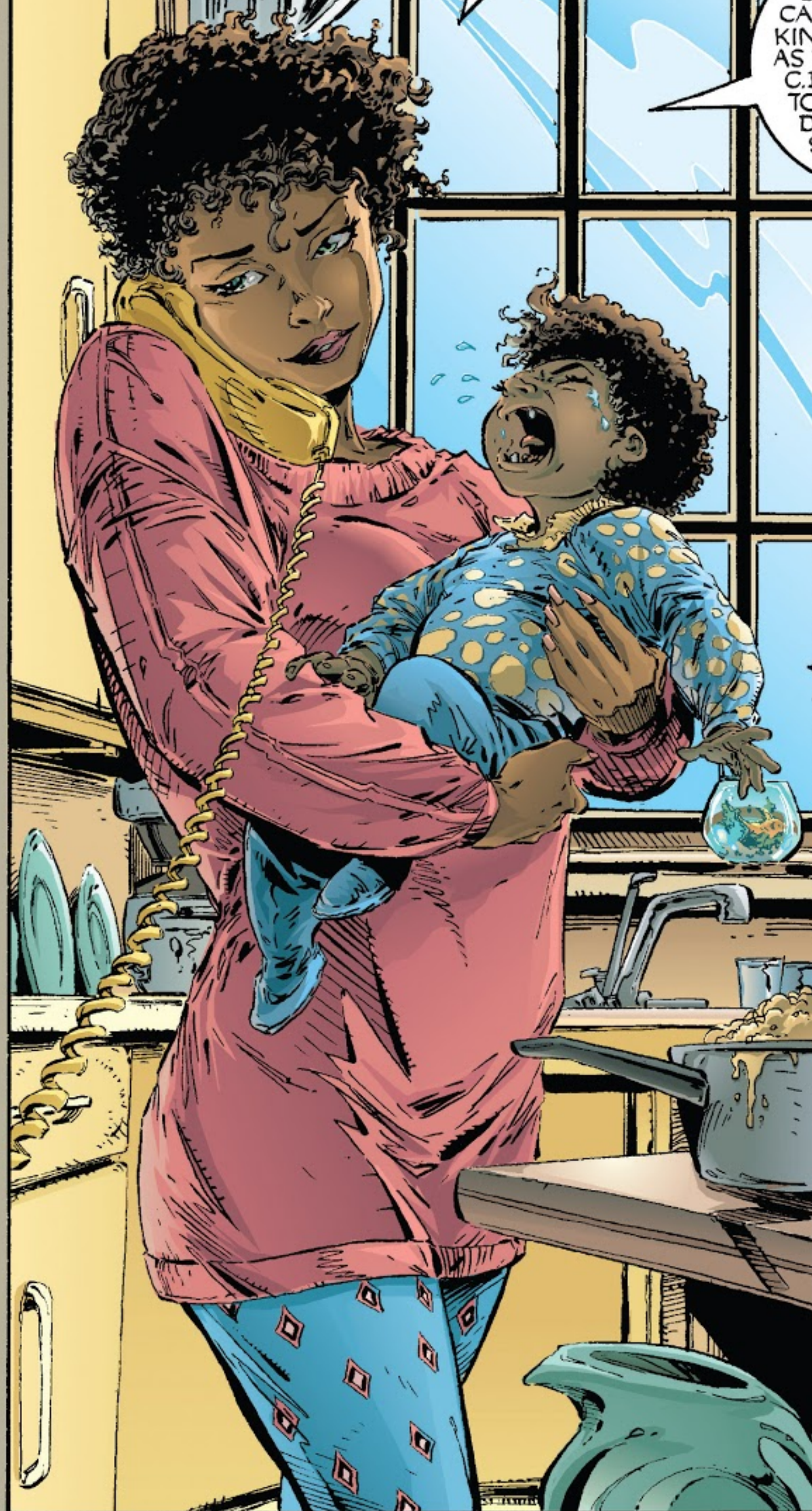
BELIEVE
ME, I'M *TRYING*.
MOST OF THESE
FILES DON'T MAKE
ANY SENSE,
THOUGH IT LOOKS
LIKE JASON WYNN
IS INVOLVED SOME-
HOW. I JUST
CAN'T TELL
HOW DEEP.

ANYWAYS,
I'M BRINGING
THESE FILES
HOME, ALL 57 OF
THEM. MAYBE WE
CAN MAKE SOME
HEADWAY...
AFTER CYAN'S
ASLEEP.

HOW'S SHE
DOING,
ANYWAYS?

Oh, A
BIT FUSSY.
I'M GOING
TO PUT HER
DOWN FOR
A NAP.

OKAY,
SWEETHEART,
I'M GOING TO DO
A BIT MORE WORK
WITH THESE
FILES...



"... SEE IF I
CAN'T CATCH
THE BOYS
WITH THEIR
BACKS
TURNED!"

THERE
HE **IS**,
SIRE!





THANK
YOU, MY
FLOCK.
YOU'VE
SERVED ME
WELL.

YOU'LL
NOT BE
FORGOTTEN
WHEN I
RECEIVE
THE POWER.
I WILL NOT
SHUN YOU, AS
I HAVE BEEN.

SO PROMISES

THE CURSE!

BELIEVE
US, IT'S OUR
PLEASURE.
THE GUY WAS
A SCAB.

THOUGHT
HE OWNED
THE
ALLEYS.

IN HIS
WEAKENED
STATE, SPAWN
AND HIS
COSTUME WERE
ILL- PREPARED
TO PROTECT
THEMSELVES
FROM THE
SUDDEN AMBUSH.



SO IT ENDS.
I'D HAVE THOUGHT
THIS 'SPAWN' WOULD
BE BETTER PREPARED.
A TRUE BELIEVER
WOULDN'T FALL
SO QUICKLY.

NOT IF
HE HAD
FAITH.

MERE
HUMAN
TECHNOLOGY
SHOULDN'T
PREVAIL SO
EASILY.



MAYBE I'VE
MADE A MISTAKE
IN THINKING MY LORD
GAVE HIM HIS POWERS.
THE MASTER CHOOSES
ONLY THE **STRONG-
WILLED**
FOLLOWERS.

OBVIOUSLY,
THIS CAPED
CREATURE IS
NOT FROM THE
HEAVENS, NOR
SOMEONE
WITH **DIVINE**
POWERS.



HE'S MERELY
AN AGENT OF
SATAN, MAKING
A MOCKERY OF
OUR BELIEFS.

LET
HIM ROT IN
HELL.

MAN!

WOULD
YOU LOOK
AT THE **SIZE**
OF THAT
HOLE!





DRINK MOMMA--
PEEZ!

IN A
MINUTE,
CYAN.

ARE YOU SURE
TAKING THOSE
FILES WON'T GET
YOU INTO
TROUBLE?

NOT
REALLY, BUT
SOMETHING'S
GOT PEOPLE
ACTING
WEIRD.

IT'S LIKE EVERYONE'S
TRYING TO FORGET THAT
I WAS ON THE AGENCY'S
HIT LIST.* ACTING
LIKE NOTHING
HAPPENED.

*STARTING WITH
ISSUE 12 -- Tom.



EITHER THEY'RE *SCARED* OR
SOMEONE'S GOT SOMETHING
ON ONE OF THE BIG BOYS.
MAYBE BOTH.

GOOD!

AFTER
WHAT THEY
DID TO YOU,
I DON'T HAVE
ANY SYMPATHY
FOR THEM.



FOR
HEAVEN'S
SAKE, TERRY,
YOU WERE
ALMOST *KILLED*!
AND WE *STILL*
DON'T KNOW
WHY.

WELL, HOPEFULLY,
THIS STACK OF FILES
WILL GIVE US A
FEW ANSWERS.

IT SEEMS SOME-
THING *BIG* HAD TO
TRIGGER ALL THOSE
EVENTS. I MEAN, YOU
JUST *DON'T* TICK OFF
THE C.I.A., POLICE,
MOB *AND* F.B.I.



AND THAT
COSTUMED GUY,
SPAWN. SOMEHOW
HE KNEW ME. BUT
WHY'D HE SAVE MY
BUTT? I'D BE DEAD
MEAT IF HE
HADN'T
SHOWED.

MAYBE *HE'S*
THE ONE THAT'S
GOT THEM IN
A TIZZY.

WHAT'S
REALLY
SPOOKY IS
THE GUY
KNEW MY
NAME.



WEEO
WEEO
WEEO

JIMMY,
YOU KNOW
WHAT TO DO.
GO.
HURRY!



EVENIN',
OFFICER.
WHAT'S UP?

THERE'S
BEEN A
REPORT OF
LOUD GUN BLASTS
AROUND HERE.
KNOW ANYTHING
ABOUT IT?

NOPE.

NOPE.

THEN
WHAT'S
WRONG
WITH YOUR
BUDDY,
THERE?



OH, YOU
MEAN *AL*.
THE GUY'S
A SLOPPY
DRUNK.
CAN'T HOLD
HIS LIQUOR
WORTH A
DARN.

WELL, I
NEED MY CAR
THROUGH THIS
ALLEY, SO GET
YOUR PAL *OUT*
OF MY WAY,
NOW!

Um...
SURE.
RIGHT
AWAY.



EIEEE!

WHA...?

THAT
CAME FROM
THE OTHER
DIRECTION.

BETTER
HURRY.



THE OFFICER
SLAMS HIS CAR
INTO REVERSE,
RUSHING TO THE
AID OF A SIMU-
LATED "VICTIM".

THAT JIMMY
SCREAMS LIKE
A BLOODY
WOMAN.



OKAY, WE BOUGHT OURSELVES SOME TIME, BUT HE'S STILL TOO HEAVY TO MOVE.

JUST KEEP HIM COVERED WITH THAT HAT AND TRENCH COAT. I'M GOING TO GET A FEW MORE GUYS TO HELP.

HEAR ME, BROTHERS!

THE PLACE YOU LIVE IN HOLDS MUCH EVIL. I HAVE *ALREADY* VANQUISHED ONE OF SATAN'S MINIONS, THANKS TO YOUR EFFORTS.

BUT THERE ARE STILL TOO MANY UNBELIEVERS IN THESE STREETS... THOSE WHO WOULD PROTECT THE **SINNERS** AROUND US.

THEY ALL LACK SOMETHING YOU AND I HOLD DEAR:

FAITH!

... AND THE *FEAR* OF GOD. THESE VIRTUES MAKE UP THE *MORAL FIBER* OF THIS GREAT COUNTRY!

BLIND, UNQUESTIONING FAITH.

HEAR MY TALE, FRIENDS...

PEACE. IT'S ALL I DESIRED WHEN I WAS A BOY. WHILE THE OTHER KIDS PLAYED, I PRAYED. AS YEARS ROLLED BY, THOUGH, IT SEEMED AS IF I WAS BEING IGNORED.

EVERY DAY WAS PLAGUED WITH INJUSTICE. THE PEACE I DREAMED OF SEEMED SO DISTANT.

THEN I REALIZED *WHY*. I HAD NOT MADE A PERSONAL SACRIFICE. WHAT COULD I GIVE?

AS AN OFFERING TOWARD THE END OF SUFFERING, THEN, I TOOK OUT MY LEFT EYE WITH A SHARP STICK. THEN I MARKED MY FACE WITH A CUT DEEP ENOUGH TO SCAR ME FOREVER.

EVEN WITH THAT, MY PRAYERS WENT UNANSWERED, SO I KNEW I'D HAVE TO GIVE *MORE* OF MYSELF.

WITHOUT HESITATION, I SACRIFICED MY RIGHT ARM.

THE DOCTORS SAID I WANTED ATTENTION, THAT MY ACTIONS DEFIED LOGIC. SELF-MUTILATION, THEY SAID, WAS NOT THE ACT OF A RATIONAL PERSON.



BUT THEY MISSED THE POINT. IT WAS *TRUTH*

I WANTED. IT WOULD BE FOUND THROUGH *FAITH*, NOT LOGIC. BUT THEY COULDN'T UNDERSTAND, SO I BEGAN TO LIVE THE WAY THEY WANTED ME TO. WENT TO COLLEGE. STARTED BUSINESSES. ACQUIRED FORTUNES.

MONEY ENABLED ME TO BUILD A NEW AND *STRONGER* ARM. MY FAITH BECAME EVEN *MORE* RESILIENT.

YES. TRUTH.

SO NOW I AWAIT HIS BLESSINGS. HIS *POWER!* HIS *TRUTH!*



SPARK





I'LL TELL
YOU SOMETHING
THAT'S IMPORTANT
TO REMEMBER:

MAKE
SURE YOUR
ENEMY IS
COMPLETELY
DEAD BEFORE
YOU WALK
AWAY.

OTHER-
WISE YOU'LL
THINK YOU'RE
BEING CHASED
BY A
GHOST.



BLASPHEMER!
BLASPHEMER!

I'LL NOT
SUBMIT TO
THE DEVIL'S
CHILD.

MY **LORD**
WILL TAKE
CARE OF ME,
SO DO YOUR
WORST. I WILL
ACCEPT MY
BURDEN.

GOOD.

'CAUSE
I'M IN A
BAD
MOOD.

I WON'T
EVEN **USE**
THESE GUNS TO
KICK YOUR BUTT.
USING MY **FISTS**
WILL MAKE ME
FEEL MUCH
BETTER.



IN MY TIME
I'VE SUFFERED
ENOUGH INSOLENCE
FOR ANY TEN MEN.

THE TIME
HAS COME TO
SILENCE THE NON-
BELIEVERS. *YOU*,
RED-CLOAKED DEMON,
SHALL BOW AT THE
FEET OF MY
MASTER.



I KNOW
EXACTLY WHAT
I'M DOING, AND THE
REWARDS FOR MY
ACTIONS WILL BE *GREAT*.
THIS TIME, MY LORD
CANNOT IGNORE
ME.

THIS TIME HE'LL
ACKNOWLEDGE
MY EXISTENCE!

VICTORY!

THE DEVIL
WILL *NEVER*
SUCCEED IN HIS
BATTLE WITH
GOOD. *HEAR ME*,
MY FOLLOWERS.
TONIGHT WE
WILL...



EAT ME,
OLD MAN!

KIK!

BACK OFF,
SPAWN! YOU'RE
NOT GOING TO LAY
ANOTHER HAND
ON HIM. NOT UNLESS
YOU INTEND ON
GOING THROUGH
US.

SWAK!

SP

ACCORDING TO *THIS*, INTERNAL AFFAIRS WAS FED FALSE INFORMATION ON THE DISAPPEARANCE AND POSSIBLE THEFT OF SOME MILITARY HARDWARE.* NOW THAT INFO *HAD* TO COME ABOVE. BUT WHOEVER THE THIEVES *WERE*, THEY WOVE A PRETTY CONVOLUTED SCHEME TO KEEP THEMSELVES FROM BEING DETECTED.

FROM WHAT I WAS ABLE TO MAKE OUT, THE *MAFIA'S* TIED TO ALL THIS, TOO. IT CAN'T BE COINCIDENCE, BUT I CAN'T FIGURE THE CONNECTION. ILLEGAL ARMS TRADE?

YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING. THIS BUSINESS HAS BECOME SO BLURRED IT'S GOING TO TAKE SOME PRETTY LONG HOURS TO FIND THE STARTING POINT OF ALL THIS. I PROBABLY HAVEN'T SAID IT YET, BUT I'M REALLY *PROUD* OF YOU FOR DECIDING TO HELP ME, WANDA.

THANKS.



TERRY'S GOING THROUGH SO MUCH. IF I CAN FIGURE OUT EVEN ONE PIECE, THAT MIGHT HELP HIM FEEL LIKE THINGS ARE GOING FORWARD.

THE C.I.A. AND F.B.I. ARE WAY OUT OF MY LEAGUE.



I ALWAYS TRIED TO AVOID PUTTING YOU THROUGH ANYTHING LIKE THIS, ESPECIALLY AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TO AL.

*I WAY BACK IN ISSUE SIX -- TOM.



IN THE SQUALOR OF NEW YORK'S ALLEYS, A DEAD-MAN-TURNED-DEMON, DRIVEN TO RAGE, **EXPLODES** THROUGH A GAUNTLET OF HIS FRIENDS TO REACH HIS TARGET.

HE'S **BEYOND** CARING ABOUT WHO'S IN HIS WAY.

THE THIRST FOR **REVENGE** HAS CONSUMED HIM. NO ONE WILL STOP HIM TONIGHT... NOT EVEN THE THREAT OF DIVINE RETRIBUTION.



THE END?



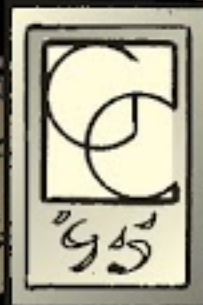
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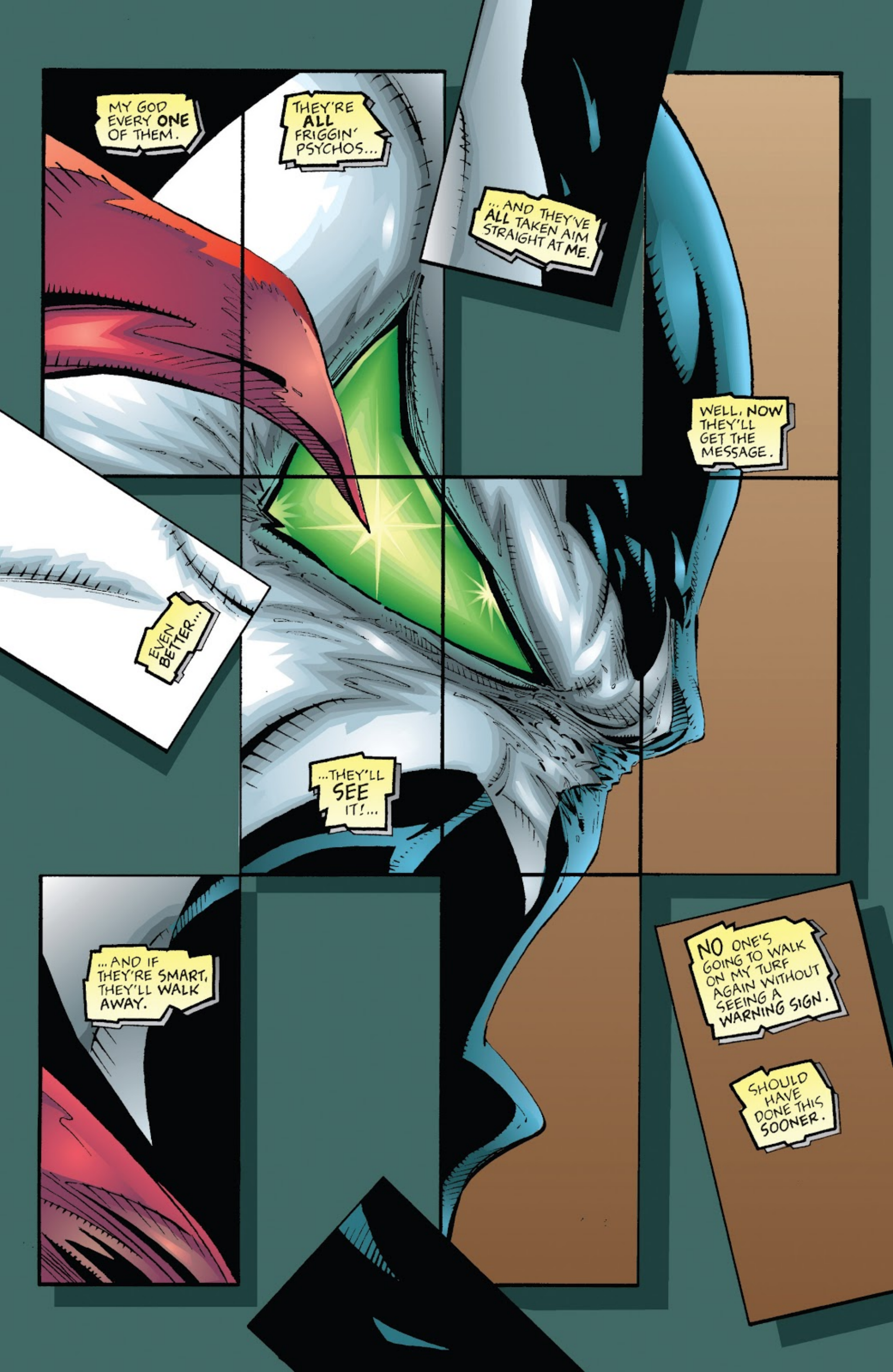
28
FEB

DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN®



McFARLANE
QUINN



MY GOD
EVERY ONE
OF THEM.

THEY'RE
ALL
FRIGGIN'
PSYCHOS...

...AND THEY'VE
ALL TAKEN AIM
STRAIGHT AT ME.

WELL, NOW
THEY'LL
GET THE
MESSAGE.

EVEN
BETTER...

...THEY'LL
SEE
IT!...

...AND IF
THEY'RE SMART,
THEY'LL WALK
AWAY.

NO ONE'S
GOING TO WALK
ON MY TURF
AGAIN WITHOUT
SEEING A
WARNING SIGN.

SHOULD
HAVE
DONE THIS
SOONER.

SINCE HIS RETURN FROM THE GRAVE, THIS MAN, NOW CALLED SPAWN, HAS BEEN HUNTED.

AND HOUNDED. AND BEATEN. AND SHOT AT.

HE'S BECOME LIKE A RAGING BULL PENNED UP TOO LONG. ANGER HAS BEEN SMOLDERING DEEP INSIDE AND HE'S READY TO EXPLODE. THIS MAN ONCE TRAINED TO BE SO RATIONAL IN HIS EVERY MOVE.

LORD HAVE MERCY ON THE NEXT FOOL TO CROSS HIS PATH.

YOU SHALL **DIE** FOR THIS!!

SHUT UP.



A comic book page featuring Hellspawn, a character with a black mask, a red cape, and a blue suit. He is standing in a city of rubble, holding a severed head. In the background, a green, mechanical figure is visible. The scene is dark and dramatic, with a lot of detail in the background architecture and debris.

WATCH YOUR *TONE*, HELLSPAWN. MY TIME WILL COME. THOUGH YOU MAY HAVE BROKEN ME PHYSICALLY, MY *SPIRIT* HAS BEEN FORTIFIED.

I'VE *SEEN* THE ERROR OF MY WAYS. RELIED FAR TOO HEAVILY ON THE LORD. HE'S *FORSAKEN* ME. I UNDERSTAND THAT NOW.

EVEN AFTER ALL I'VE GIVEN OF MYSELF, I SHALL NEVER ENTER HIS KINGDOM.

SO I CAST AWAY MY ALLEGIANCE. IT'S TIME TO FIGHT MY BATTLES *ALONE*... AND MY WAR STARTS WITH YOU, DEMON. THOUGH YOU'VE TAKEN A HUMAN SHAPE, I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE...

...WHERE YOU COME FROM.

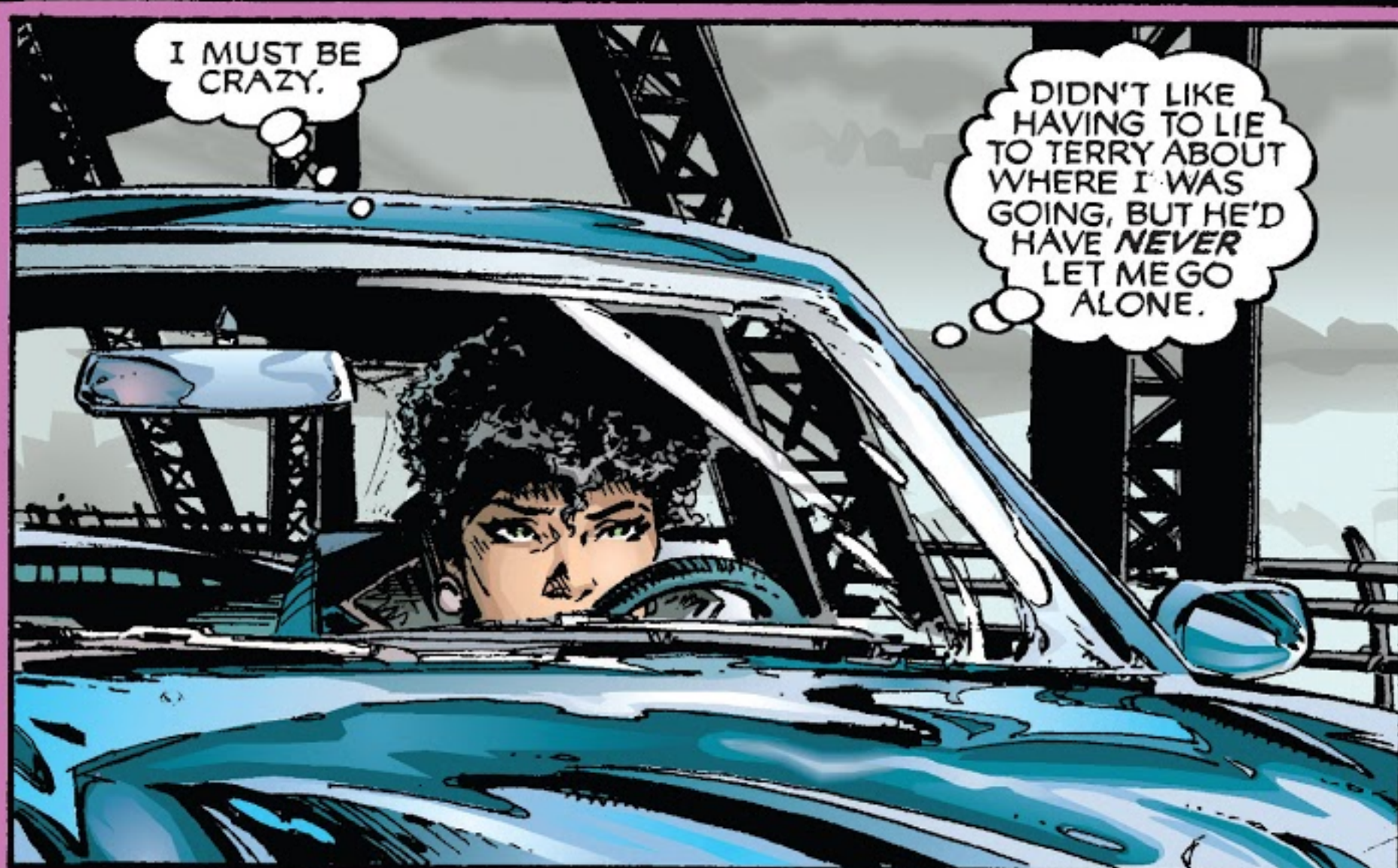
LIKE ME, YOU HAVE *ALSO* BEEN CURSED.

IT SADDENS ME THAT I MUST KILL YOU.

DO YOU *HEAR* ME?

AS CLOUDS GATHER FOR AN IMMINENT RAINFALL, WANDA DRIVES ACROSS THE TRIBOROUGH BRIDGE INTO NEW YORK CITY.

SHE MUSES HOW THIS IS THE FIRST TIME SHE'S TAKEN THE CAR INTO THE BIG APPLE.



I MUST BE CRAZY.

DIDN'T LIKE HAVING TO LIE TO TERRY ABOUT WHERE I WAS GOING, BUT HE'D HAVE *NEVER* LET ME GO ALONE.

THE DUMB THING IS, HE'D'VE BEEN RIGHT.

THE CHANCES OF ME BEING ABLE TO FIND THE SPAWN ARE PRETTY REMOTE, ESPECIALLY SINCE HE'S BEEN ABLE TO DODGE THE MEDIA SO WELL. ...AND THE AUTHORITIES...!

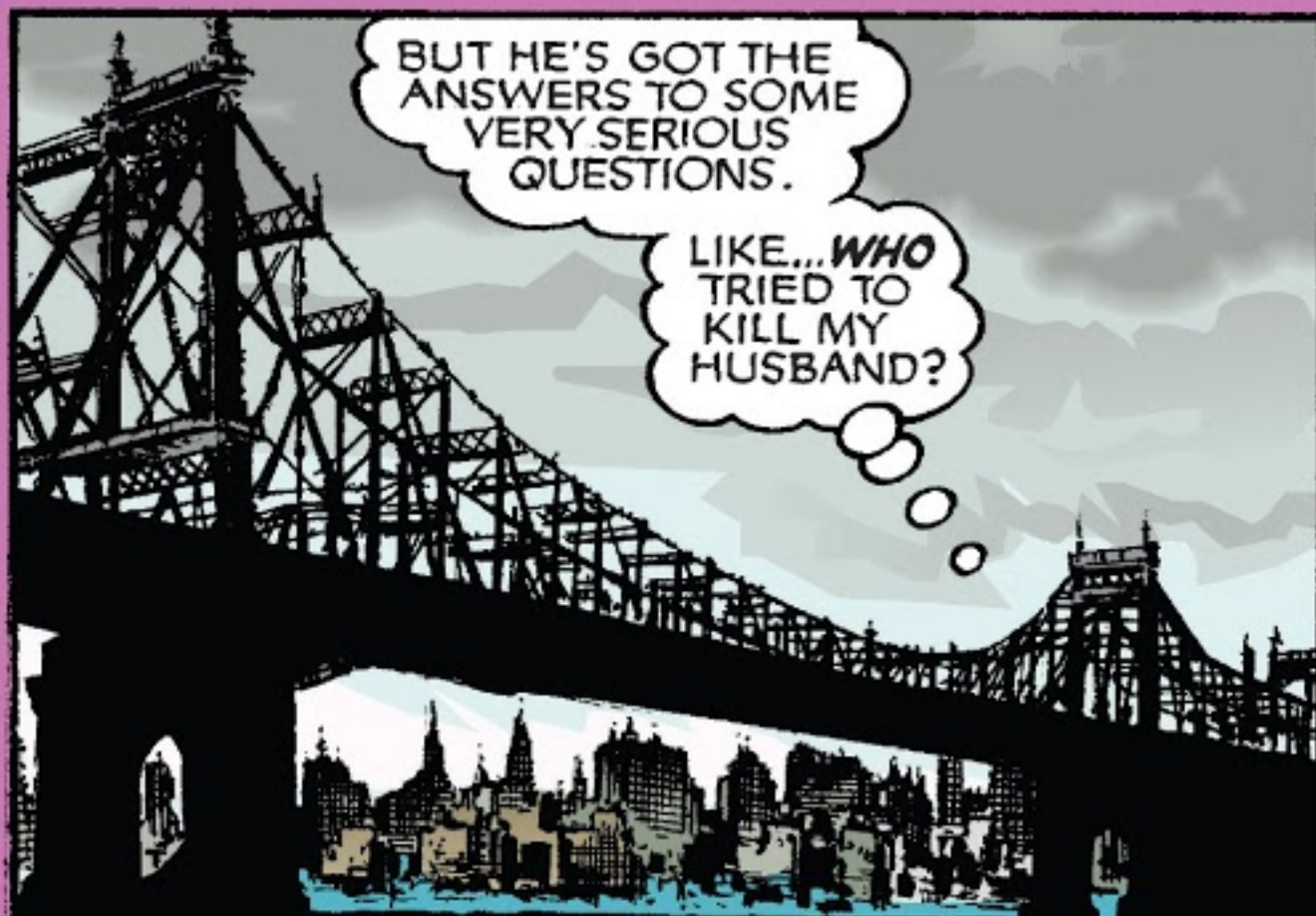
IT'S LIKE HE'S A GHOST...



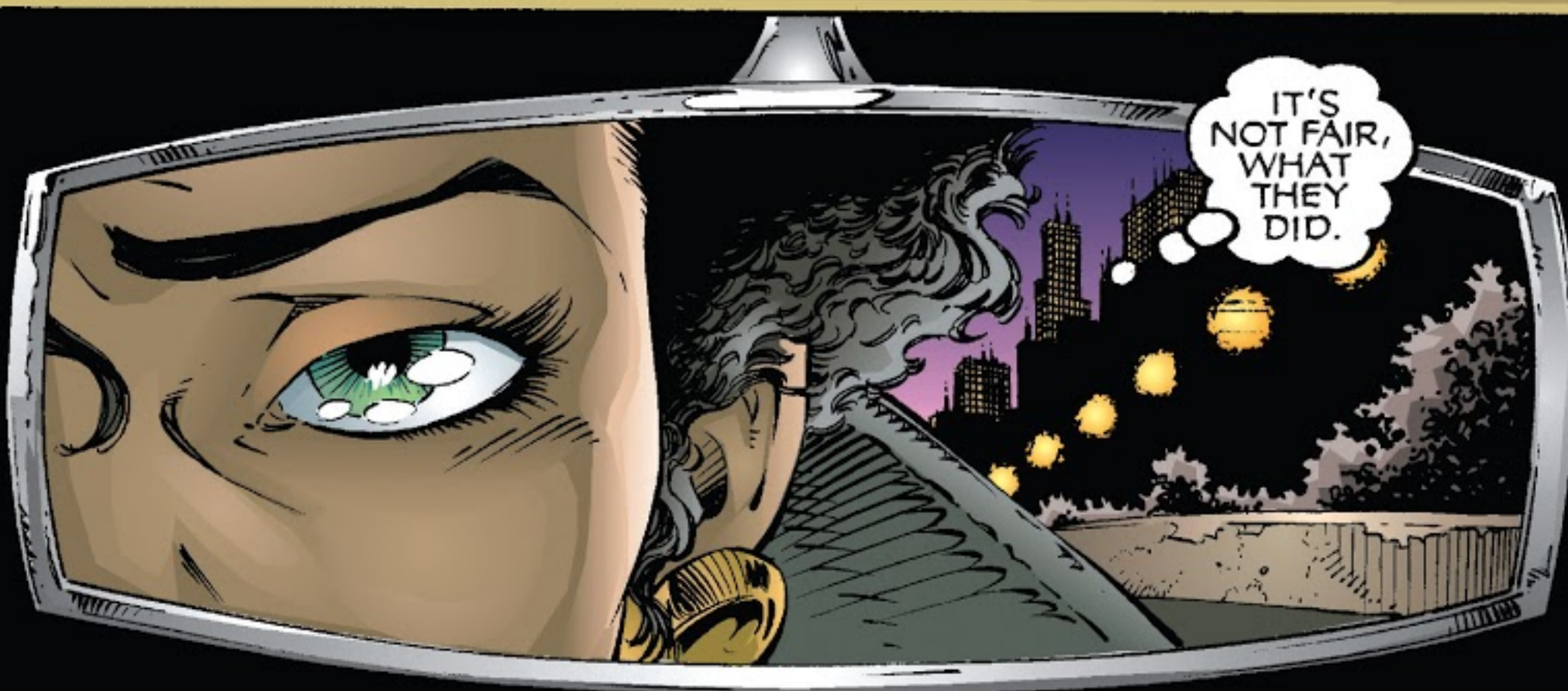
... COMING OUT OF NOWHERE, THEN DIS-APPEARING INTO THE DARK.

BUT HE'S GOT THE ANSWERS TO SOME VERY SERIOUS QUESTIONS.

LIKE... *WHO* TRIED TO KILL MY HUSBAND?



? **A**N IRONIC QUESTION, CONSIDERING THAT HER FIRST HUSBAND, AL SIMMONS, WAS KILLED... AND IS NOW THE VERY ONE WHOM SHE IS IN SEARCH OF.



"HE'S HAD TO **ENDURE** SO MUCH, SINCE HIS OWN **FRIENDS** AT THE AGENCY TURNED ON HIM. I KNOW **THAT'S** REALLY EATING AT HIM.

"HIS INJURIES ARE STILL BOTHERING HIM, BUT HE'S PUTTING ON A STRONG SHOW FOR ME AND CYAN.

"PLUS, HE'S TRYING TO DEAL WITH HIS SO-CALLED CO-WORKERS AGAIN, AS IF THEY HADN'T BEEN SPYING ON HIM IN CONJUNCTION WITH **OTHER** AGENCIES.

"IF THE MOB WANTED HIM DEAD, THAT MAKES **SOME** SENSE, BECAUSE THEY'RE THE BAD GUYS..."

"...BUT BY HIS OWN **PEOPLE**...! THEY'RE **SUPPOSED** TO BE ON **HIS** SIDE. DAMN THEM ALL.

"I **KNOW** IT'S TAKING A TOLL ON TERRY, NO MATTER HOW MUCH HE TRIES TO HIDE IT. I'VE CAUGHT HIM A COUPLE OF TIMES, JUST STARING OFF INTO THE DARKNESS. HE LOOKED SO... **BROKEN**.

"HE'D BE DEAD IF IT WASN'T FOR THAT **SPAWN**. I NEED TO KNOW WHY **HE** CAME TO TERRY'S RESCUE, WHILE **EVERYONE ELSE** HAD TURNED THEIR BACKS.*

"TERRY WORKS IN AN **OFFICE**, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE. WHERE COULD HE HAVE **MET** ANYONE LIKE THAT?"



*ISSUES
21 TO 24
--Tom--



CONSUMED IN THOUGHT, WANDA BARELY PAYS ATTENTION TO HER DECREPIT SURROUNDINGS.

HEY,
GILMOUR...

YEAH,
I SEE...



I'M
KING
HERE!

THIS IS MY
HOME. HOW DARE
YOU COME HERE
AND TRY TO TURN
MY PEOPLE
AGAINST ME?!



BELIEVE
ME, CURSE,
YOU'RE IN NO
POSITION TO
THREATEN
ANYONE!

I MAKE
THE
RULES
HERE!

YOU
GET THAT
THROUGH
YOUR THICK
SKULL.



SO YOU
RANT ABOUT
REVENGE
ALL YOU WANT.
I'VE GOT A FEW
THINGS TO TAKE
CARE OF.



I'LL BE
BACK.

BUT DON'T
GET TOO
COMFORTABLE,
'CAUSE I'M NOT
CLOSE TO BEING
FINISHED WITH
YOU.



IT WASN'T THAT SHE WAS TIMID, OR A PRUDE-- JUST VERY FOCUSED ON THE PERSONAL PATHS SHE WANTED TO WALK.

RAISED IN A CLOSE NEIGHBORHOOD, WANDA HAD RARELY STRAYED FROM THE WATCHFUL EYES OF FAMILY AND FRIENDS.

EVEN IN COLLEGE SHE WAS CAUTIOUS ABOUT HER AFTER-HOUR ACTIVITIES.



PUTTING HERSELF IN SUCH POTENTIAL DANGER NOW SHOWS THE DEPTH OF HER COMMITMENT TO HELPING HER HUSBAND.

AS THE NIGHT AIR'S TEMPERATURE BEGINS TO DROP, HER HEARTBEAT INCREASES.



FLINCHING AT EVERY SOUND AND MOVEMENT, SHE KEEPS TELLING HERSELF THAT IT'S ALL JUST HER IMAGINATION RUNNING AWAY WITH HER.

NOT QUITE.





TERRY GOES STONE COLD SILENT. THE POSSIBILITIES OF WHAT MIGHT BE HAPPENING ARE TOO HORRIFIC TO THINK ABOUT.

AS THE MINUTES TURN INTO HOURS, WANDA FINDS THE PATH LEADING TO SPAWN BLOCKED AT EVERY TURN.

THOUGH SHE'S QUESTIONED OVER THREE DOZEN OF THE HOMELESS, NOTHING HAS COME OF IT.

EITHER THIS CAPED VIGILANTE DOESN'T EXIST, OR THESE VAGRANTS HAVE AGREED TO KEEP HIS WHEREABOUTS A SECRET.



SHE CONTINUES HER SEARCH...

NEVER HEARD OF THE FELLER.

BUT IF IT MAKES ANY DIFFERENCE, I'D PUT ON A PAIR OF SHORTS TOO, IF IT MEANT YOU'D COME LOOKING FOR ME.

AND I'D LET YOU CATCH ME...

IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.



RED CAPE?

~hic~

NOW THAT'S A GOOD ONE. PEOPLE 'ROUND HERE THINK I'M CRAZY... BUT A DUDE WITH SKULLS AND CRAP... THAT'S FUNNY!



YOU'VE GOT NO BUSINESS BEING IN THESE ALLEYS.



FINALLY, SHE RESORTS TO SIMPLER TACTICS...

... AND SHE QUICKLY FINDS A BELIEVER IN FREE AGENCY.



LADY, YOU JUST BOUGHT YOURSELF A TOUR GUIDE.





PLEASE ...

SAVE ME

NO! NO!
STAY AWAY!

SHE FLEES.



TOK



UMPF.

SPAT!



SHE DOESN'T GET TOO FAR.

MMMMMM!

YOU'RE
A PRETTY
ONE, TOO.

THAT'S JUST
GOING TO BE A
BONUS!

WHAT'RE
YOU
DOING?!

PLEASE
DON'T...

GIMME
GIMME.
SHE'S
MINE.

NO WAY,
I SAW HER
FIRST!

BOYS, **BOYS!**
THERE'LL BE
PLENTY OF TIME
FOR **ALL**
OF US!

MROW!

Uw?

FRIGGIN'
CAT'S SURE
SCARED
OF **SOME-**
THING.

WHO'S
IN
THERE?

I SAID,
WHO'S IN
THERE?!



GYAA!

SCH!

WHUD!

KCH!

SCARED AND CONFUSED,
THE THIRD ASSAILANT
DARTS INTO A SIDE ALLEY.

KRAK
SNAP
KRUNCH

THE SICKENING SOUNDS OF
BONES BREAKING AND
CARTILAGE TEARING
ASSAULT WANDA'S EARS.
THERE ISN'T A SCREAM TO
ACCOMPANY ANY OF IT.

WHO'S
NEXT?

HAUNTINGLY, HE EMERGES FROM THE SHADOWS, A SPECTRE OF DEATH PREPARED-- EVEN WAITING-- FOR THE NEXT MOVE.

SEVERAL YEARS AS A C.I.A.-TRAINED ASSASSIN TAUGHT HIM TO FEAR NOTHING.

ESPECIALLY NOW, IN HIS NEW LIFE, HE IS THE ONE TO INSTILL THE FEAR.

INFLECT THE PAIN.

BACK AWAY FROM THAT WOMAN.

NOW!

ANXIETY. DREAD. PANIC. ALL THE EMOTIONS SPAWN SOUGHT TO INSPIRE NOW SURGE THROUGH THIS FINAL STANDING GANG MEMBER.

HAVING PULLED THE JAGGED SHARD FROM HIS LEG, THE THUG REACTS INSTINCTIVELY.

BACK OFF, MAN! OR SHE **BUYS** IT!!

HOW DARE YOU...

...THREATEN ME?!



THE THUMB WILL BE
THE ONLY USEABLE
DIGIT ON HIS RIGHT
HAND AFTER TONIGHT.





BANG.

YOU'RE DEAD.

FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE HE WAS FOUR YEARS OLD, DOUGIE "MAD DOG" GILMOUR WETS HIS PANTS AND DOESN'T CARE.



GET OUTTA MY SIGHT.

DEAR LORD.



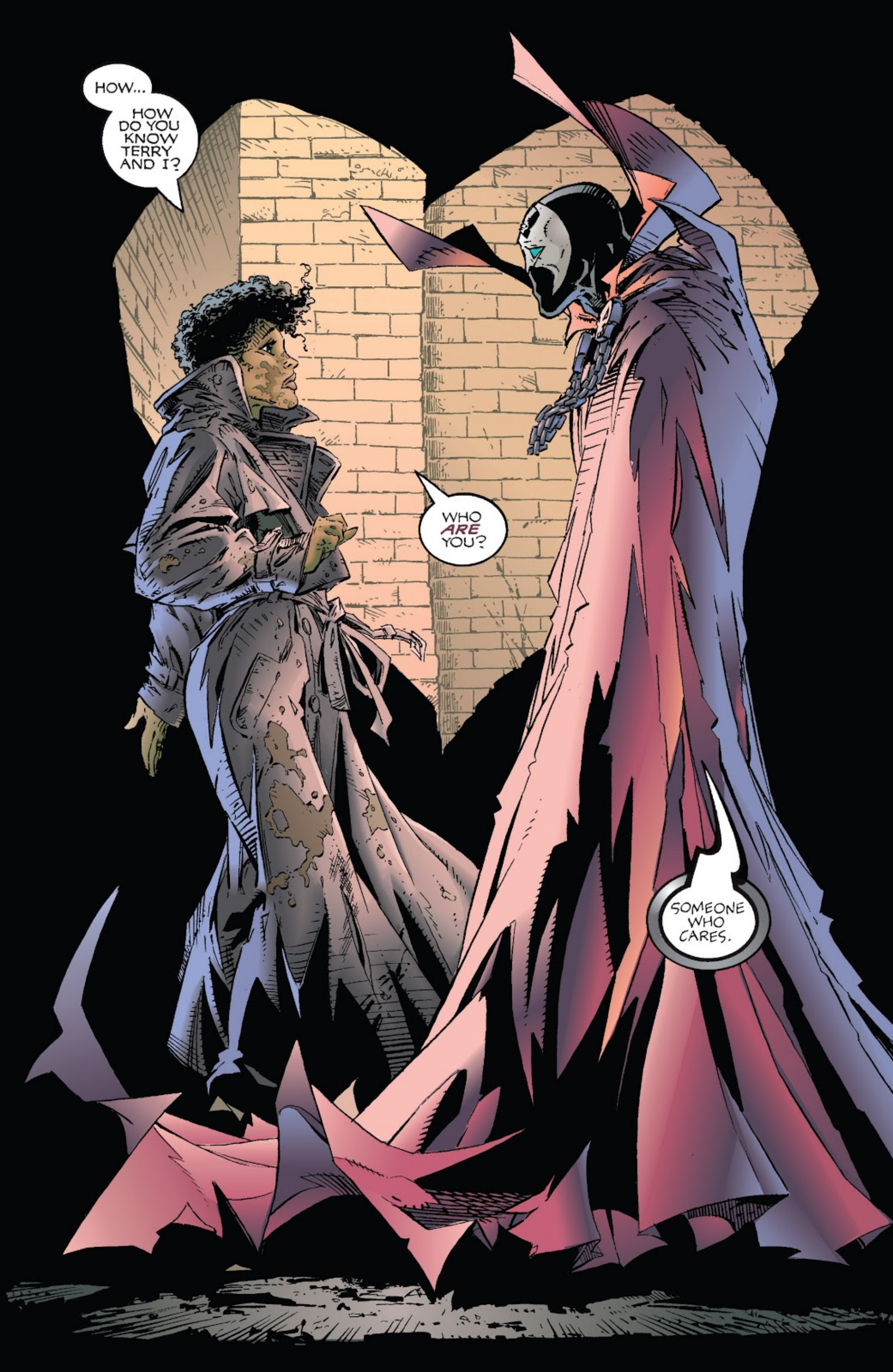
YOU OKAY, LADY? NEXT TIME, YOU MIGHT WANT TO PAY ATTENTION TO WHERE YOU'RE WALKING.



I-I'M SORRY... I DIDN'T MEAN FOR ANY OF THIS TO HAPPEN.



WANDA?!

A comic book panel featuring a woman with curly hair, wearing a grey trench coat with a dark collar and a belt, looking towards a figure on the right. The figure is wearing a red and black hooded cloak with a white mask that has a single blue eye and a wide, toothy grin. The figure is also wearing a chain around their neck. They are standing in front of a brick wall. The ground is dark and appears to be covered in debris or rubble. There are three speech bubbles in the panel.

HOW...

HOW
DO YOU
KNOW
TERRY
AND I?

WHO
ARE
YOU?

SOMEONE
WHO
CARES.



I NEED TO **KNOW** SOMETHING. WHY DID YOU SAVE MY HUSBAND? HE'S SO CONFUSED RIGHT NOW. NONE OF THIS MAKES ANY **SENSE** TO HIM.

OR TO ME.



I SAW WHAT YOU DID TO THOSE MEN JUST NOW.

YOU COULD HAVE KILLED THEM, I DIDN'T WANT THAT.

I CAME HERE FOR ANOTHER REASON.



TO THANK YOU.

"WHEN ALL OF THIS WAS GOING ON, I DIDN'T WANT TO BELIEVE ANY OF IT. TERRY, BEING **INVESTIGATED** BY INTERNAL AFFAIRS... **DEAD MEN**, CONNECTED TO THE **MAFIA**, ON MY **FRONT LAWN**... **TERRY BLAMED FOR THE MURDERS**!... EVERYONE HAD TURNED ON HIM.



"HE NEARLY DIED FROM THE BEATING **OVERTKILL** GAVE HIM. HE'S ALIVE, THOUGH-- THANKS TO YOU. YOUR HELP SAVED HIS LIFE. *

"I COULDN'T BEAR TO LOSE HIM. I LOVE HIM SO MUCH. WE HAVE A LITTLE GIRL, BUT YOU PROBABLY **KNOW** THAT...



... SHE NEEDS
HER DAD. SO
VERY MUCH.
WE **BOTH** DO.

BUT...

I...

YOU
SCARE ME.
I KNOW I
SHOULD BE
GRATEFUL TO
YOU FOR SAYING
ME TONIGHT,
BUT WHAT
YOU DID--
IT...

IT
LOOKED
LIKE YOU
ENJOYED
YOURSELF.
THAT'S
SCARING
ME.

PLEASE,
WANDA,
DON'T TURN
AWAY. I AM
HERE TO
HELP.



HE RAISES HIS
HAND, TO WIPE
SOME MUD FROM
HER CHEEK.

SHE RECOILS,
FEARING THAT
HE IS ABOUT
TO STRIKE HER.



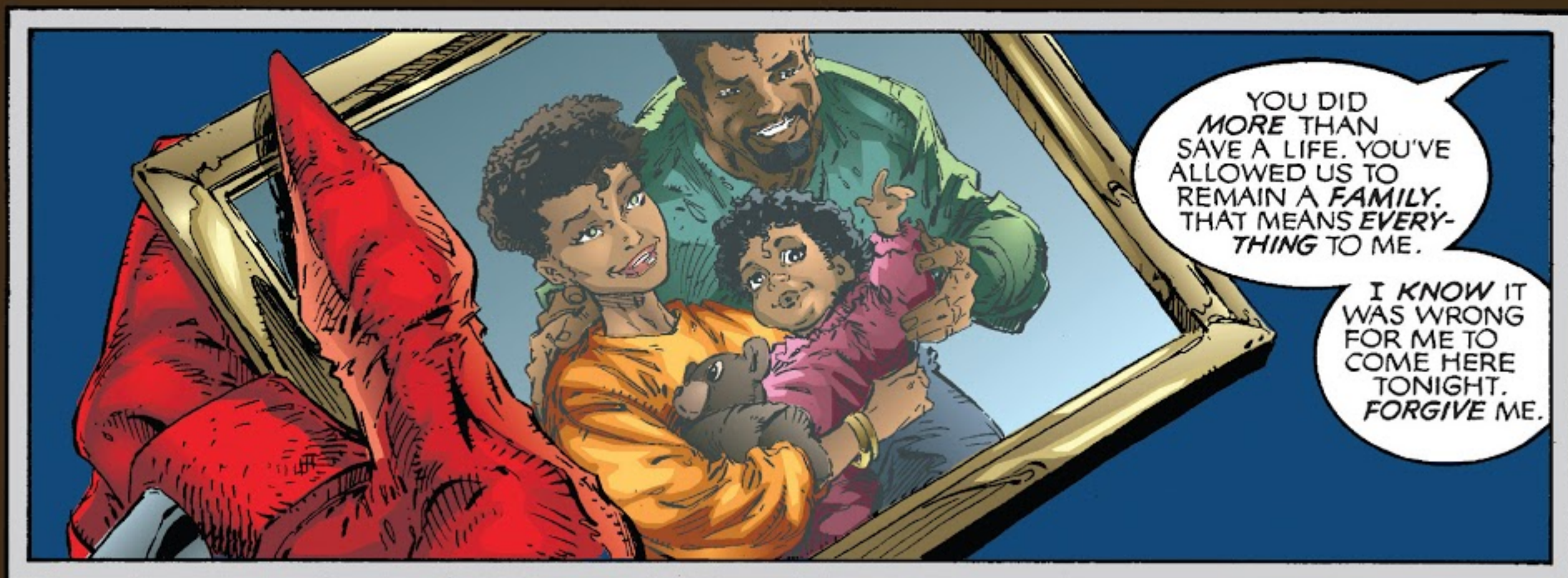
YOU'RE
THAT
AFRAID
OF ME?

I'M
SORRY.

NO.
THIS
IS MY
FAULT.

HERE.
BEFORE
I GO...

I
WANT
YOU
TO HAVE
SOME-
THING.



YOU DID MORE THAN SAVE A LIFE. YOU'VE ALLOWED US TO REMAIN A *FAMILY*. THAT MEANS *EVERYTHING* TO ME.

I KNOW IT WAS WRONG FOR ME TO COME HERE TONIGHT. *FORGIVE ME.*

I WON'T COME BACK. *EVER* AGAIN.

WAIT, WANDA...

PLEASE.

LATER.

HE'S BEEN STARING AT THE PHOTO FOR THREE HOURS.

7:0:1:2

IT'LL BE ANOTHER TWO BEFORE HE PUTS IT DOWN.

SPAWN

image

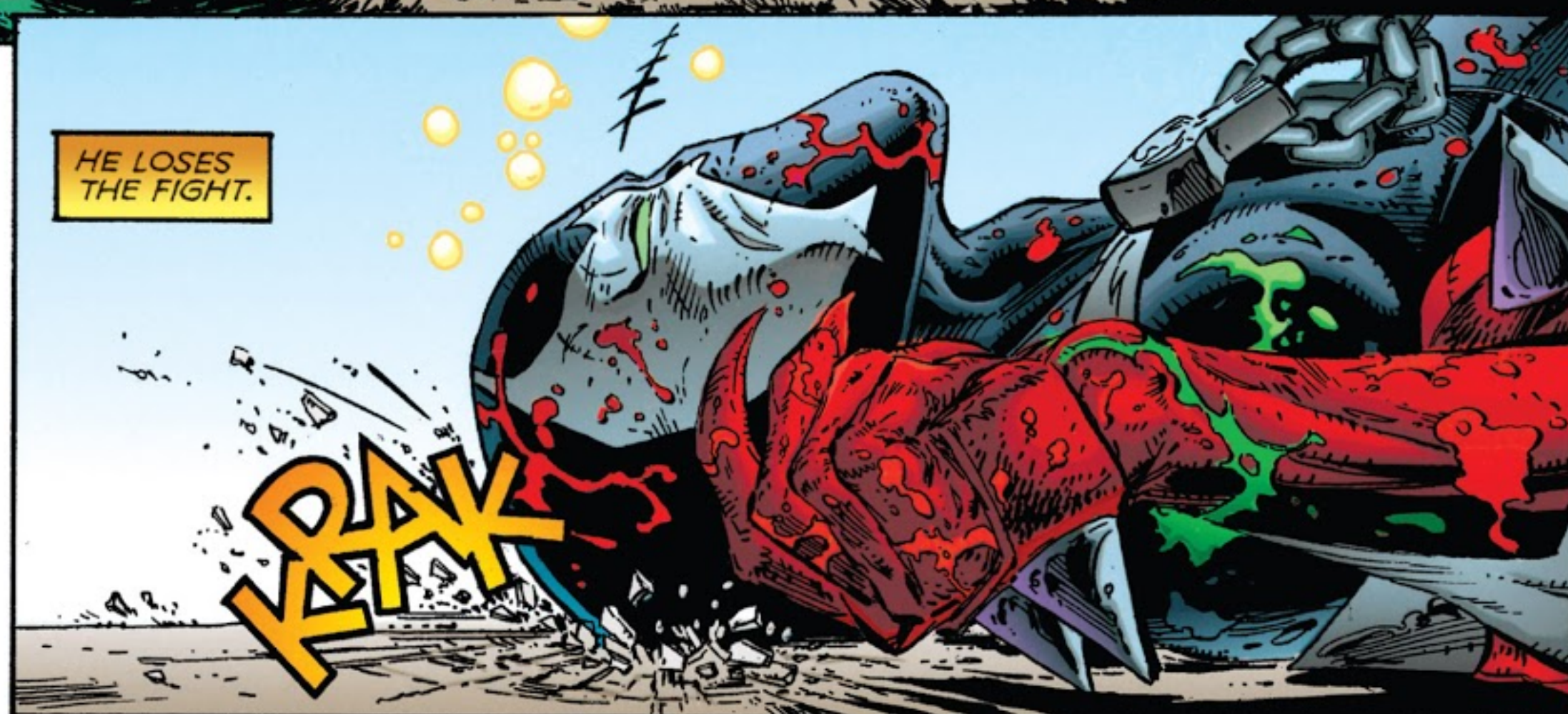
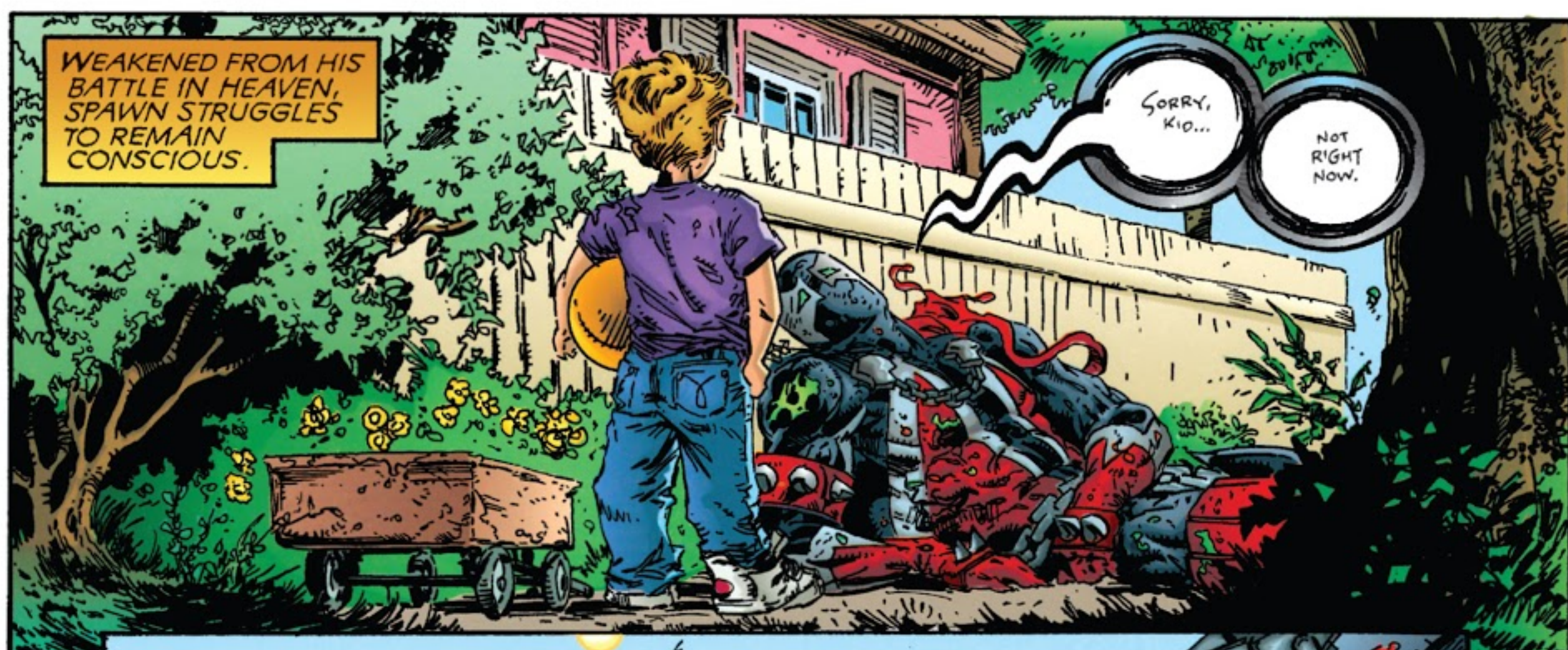
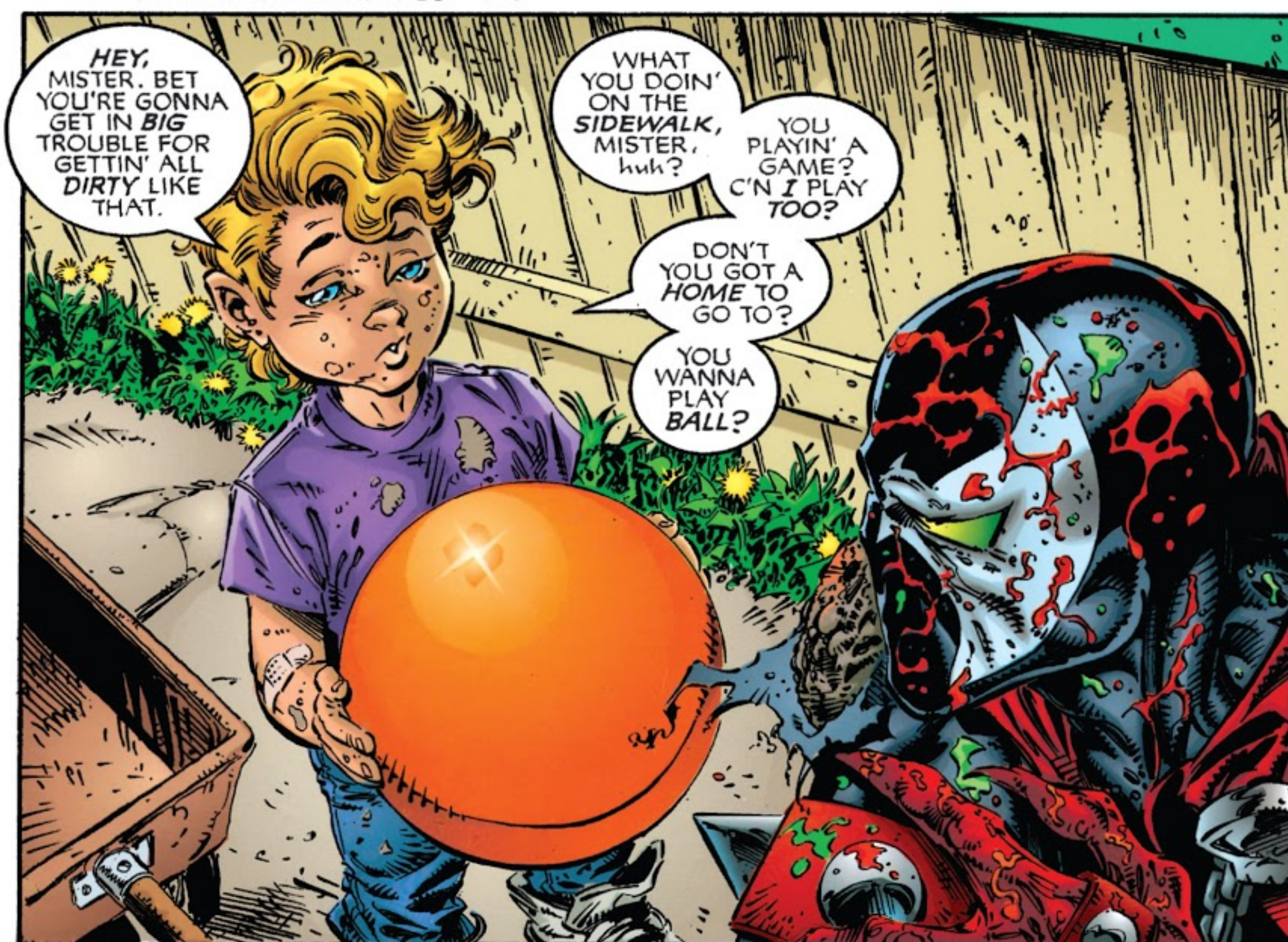
29
MAR

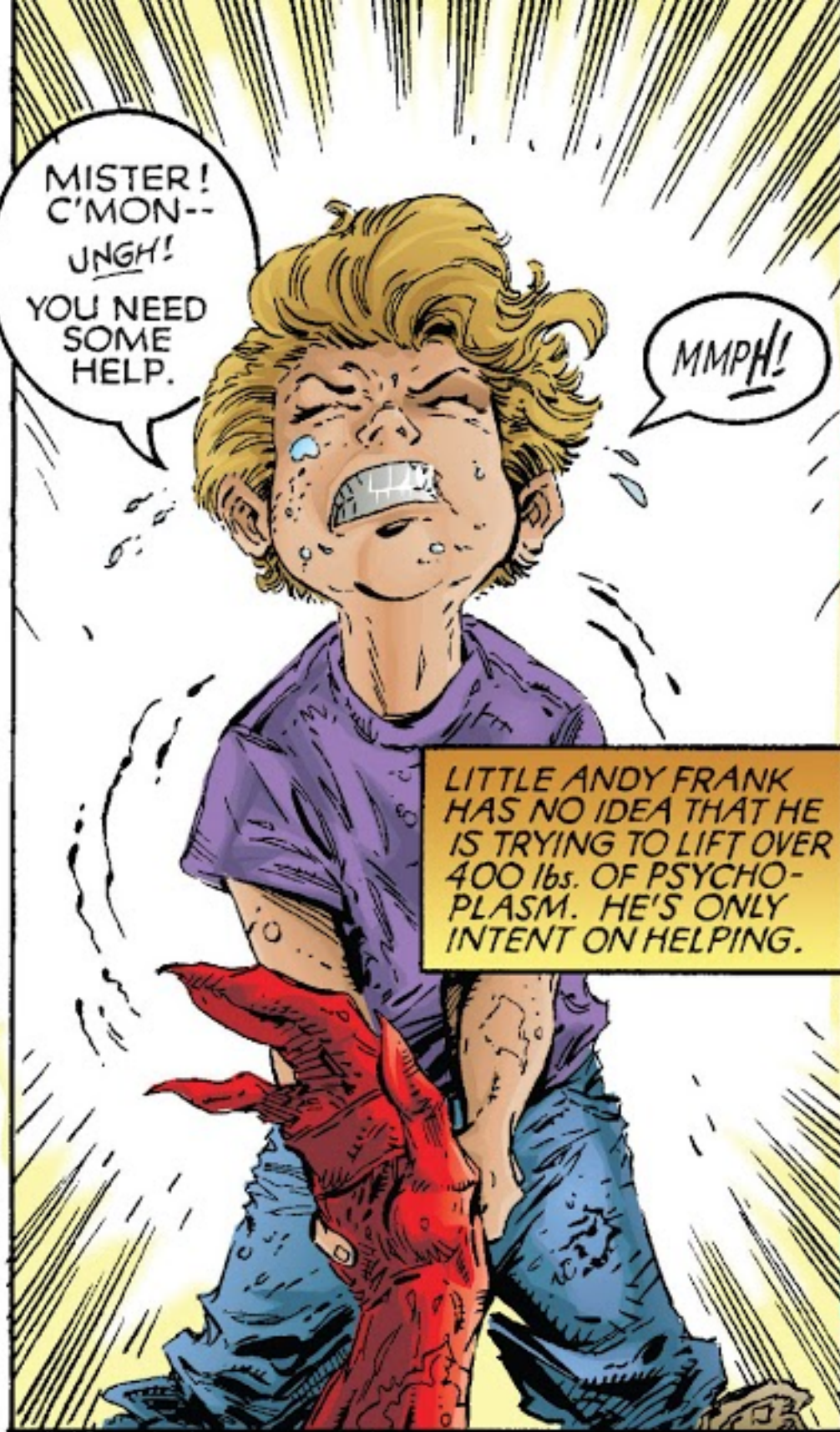
DIGITAL
EDITION



McFARLANE
QUINN

NOTE: THIS STORY BEGINS WHERE WE LEFT SPAWN AT THE CLOSE OF THE ANGELA MINISERIES, ISSUE 3. -- Tom





MISTER!
C'MON--
UNGH!
YOU NEED
SOME
HELP.

MMPH!

LITTLE ANDY FRANK
HAS NO IDEA THAT HE
IS TRYING TO LIFT OVER
400 lbs. OF PSYCHO-
PLASM. HE'S ONLY
INTENT ON HELPING.



HE SURPRISES HIMSELF
BY BEING ABLE TO LIFT
A GROWN MAN. HE IS
UNAWARE THAT THE
CHAINS ATTACHED AT
SPAWN'S WAIST HAVE
COME TO LIFE.

CREATED IN THE
DEPTHS OF
HELL'S EIGHTH
LEVEL, THE
CHAINS
INSTINCTIVELY
HELP THEIR
HOST, BEARING
SPAWN'S TOTAL
WEIGHT.

grunt!
YOU'RE
KINDA *LIGHT*,
ACTUALLY.



MOMMY?

NO! *Giggles*--
I'M NOT YOUR
MOTHER, BUT I
THINK WE SHOULD
GET OFF THE
STREET. YOU LOOK
FUNNY.



PUSHING THE WAGON FOR-
WARD, THE CHAINS SHATTER
THE CEMENT IN A SERIES
OF FORCEFUL SHOVS.

KRK!

KRK!

THOUGH IGNORANT OF THE FACT, ANDY WOULD BE VERY THANKFUL TO KNOW HIS WAGON WAS STRESS-TESTED AT THE FACTORY TO WITHSTAND 450 POUNDS.

LUCKILY.



HOME. WHA'D'YA THINK? THOUGH I CAN'T LET PA SEE YOU. HE WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND.



HE NEVER DOES.

AS HIS SHIRT COMES UNTUCKED, IT EXPOSES MORE THAN JUST FLESH.



WELTS AND BRUISES COVER HIS BACK LIKE AN UGLY ROAD MAP.

BEFORE HE CAN ASK, SPAWN AGAIN LOSES HIS FOCUS.

THE QUESTIONS WILL HAVE TO WAIT.

QUEENS, NEW YORK... THE HOME OF WANDA BLAKE AND TERRY FITZGERALD...

I'M SO SORRY, SWEETHEART. I GUESS I THOUGHT I COULD HELP SOMEHOW.

AND YOU ARE HELPING, WANDA, BUT NONE OF THIS IS SO IMPORTANT THAT IT'S WORTH RISKING YOUR LIFE. IF THE BAD GUYS WANT TO COME AFTER US, FINE. WE CAN'T STOP THAT.

BUT WE DON'T HAVE TO GO INTO THEIR DEN.

THERE HAS TO BE SOMETHING IN THOSE FILES I BROUGHT HOME... SOMETHING WE CAN INVESTIGATE FROM A SAFER DISTANCE.

I KNOW-- IT WAS RECKLESS OF ME TO GO OUT THERE.

IT'S JUST THAT I KNOW HOW MUCH ALL OF THIS IS BOTHERING YOU, WHETHER YOU'LL ADMIT IT OR NOT. AND THE ONLY PERSON WHO SEEMED TO BE ON YOUR SIDE WAS SPAWN...

...THOUGH I HAVE NO IDEA WHY.

BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HIM, TERRY. HE BRUTALIZED THOSE THREE MEN IN A MATTER OF SECONDS. DIDN'T LET UP 'TIL THEY WERE JUST MORE GARBAGE IN HIS ALLEY. *

I WAS SO SCARED.

ANYWAY, FOR SOME REASON I CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT HIM. IS THAT CRAZY, OR WHAT?

NOT REALLY. BUT HE KNOWS THINGS HE SHOULDN'T, SO WE'LL JUST...

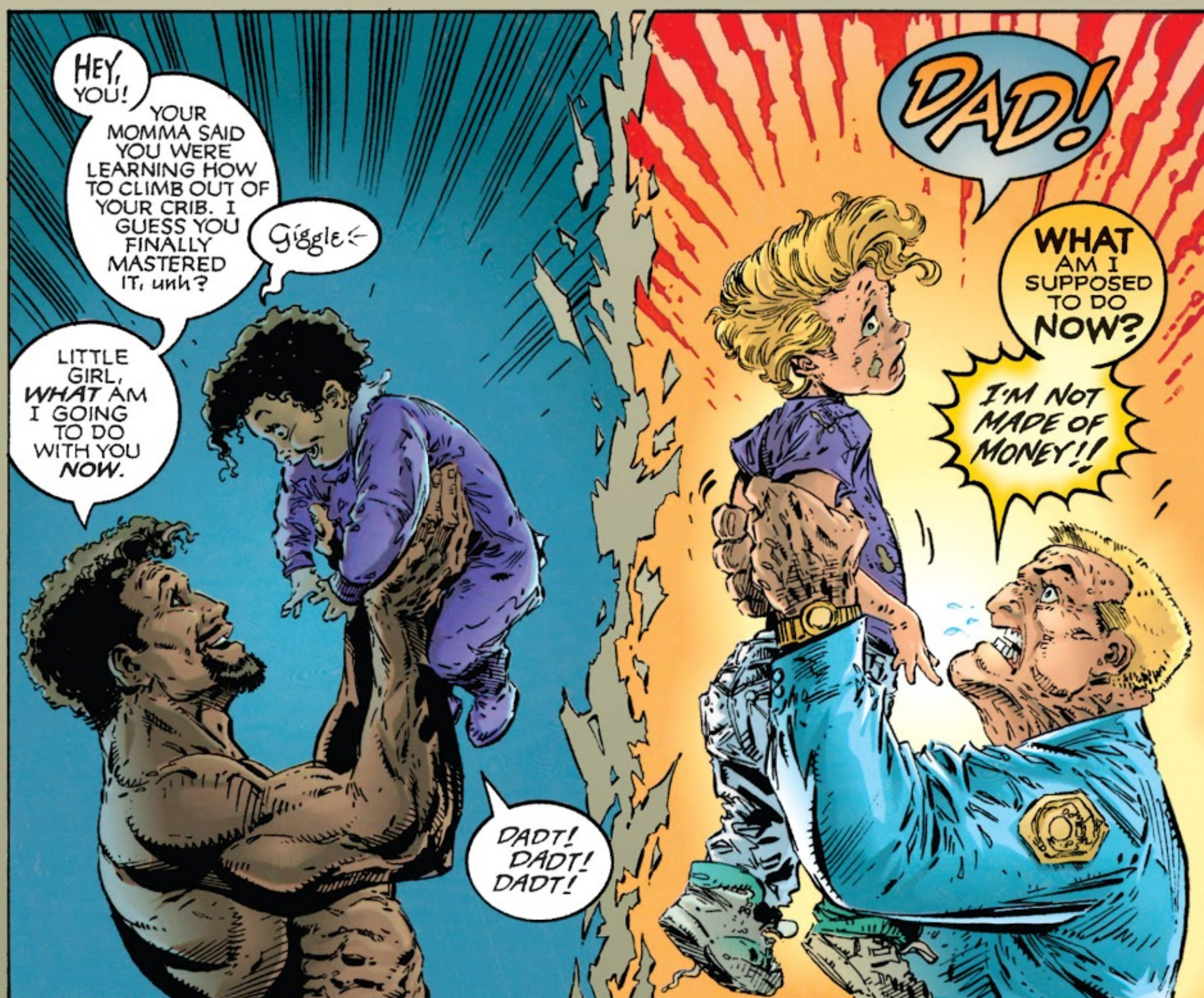
Uk?

DID YOU HEAR THAT?

YES.

OH NO!!

MOMMA!
MOMMA!
MOMMA!



HEY,
YOU!

YOUR
MOMMA SAID
YOU WERE
LEARNING HOW
TO CLIMB OUT OF
YOUR CRIB. I
GUESS YOU
FINALLY
MASTERED
IT, UNH?

Giggle<

LITTLE
GIRL,
WHAT AM
I GOING
TO DO
WITH YOU
NOW.

DADT!
DADT!
DADT!

DAD!

WHAT
AM I
SUPPOSED
TO DO
NOW?

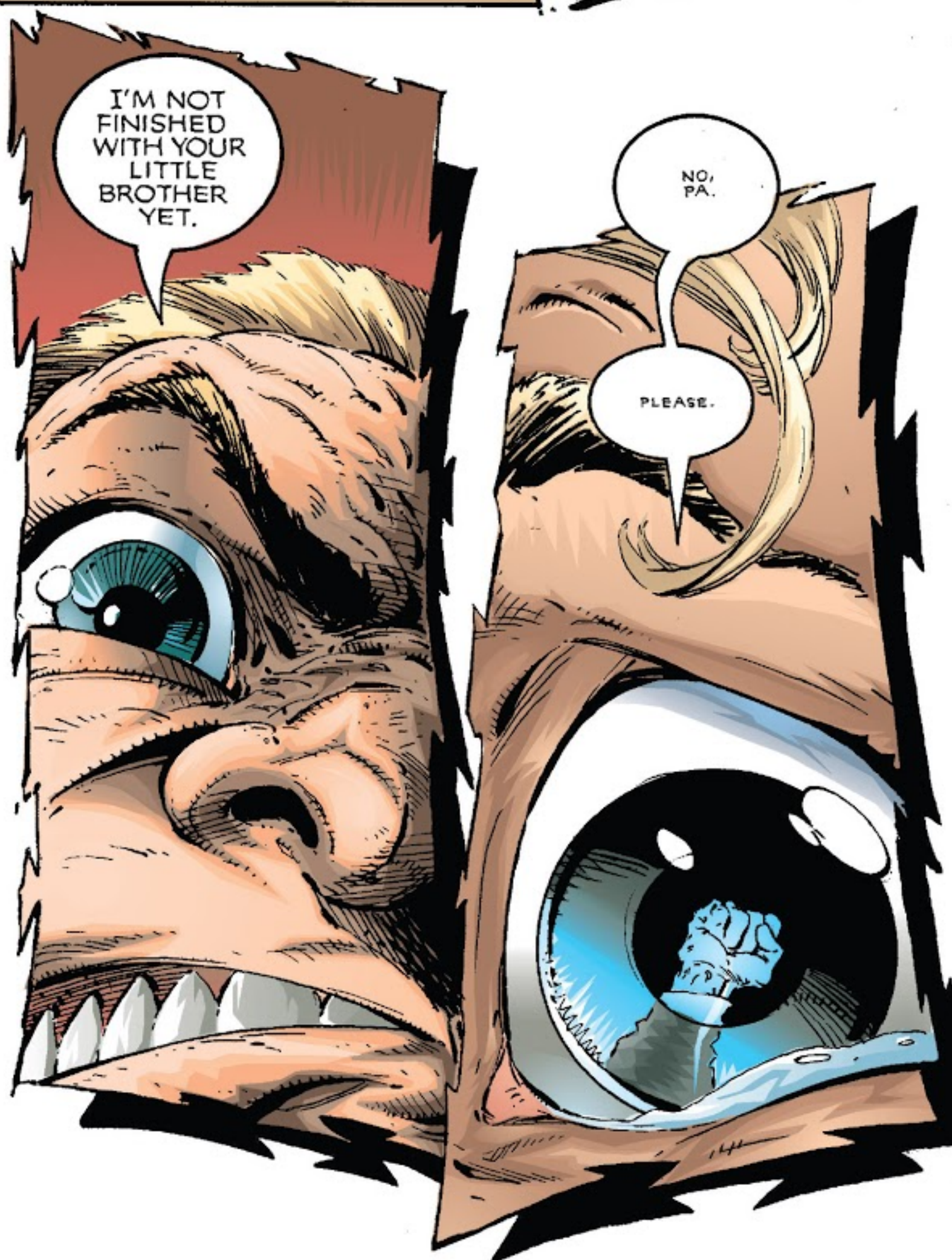
I'M NOT
MADE OF
MONEY!!

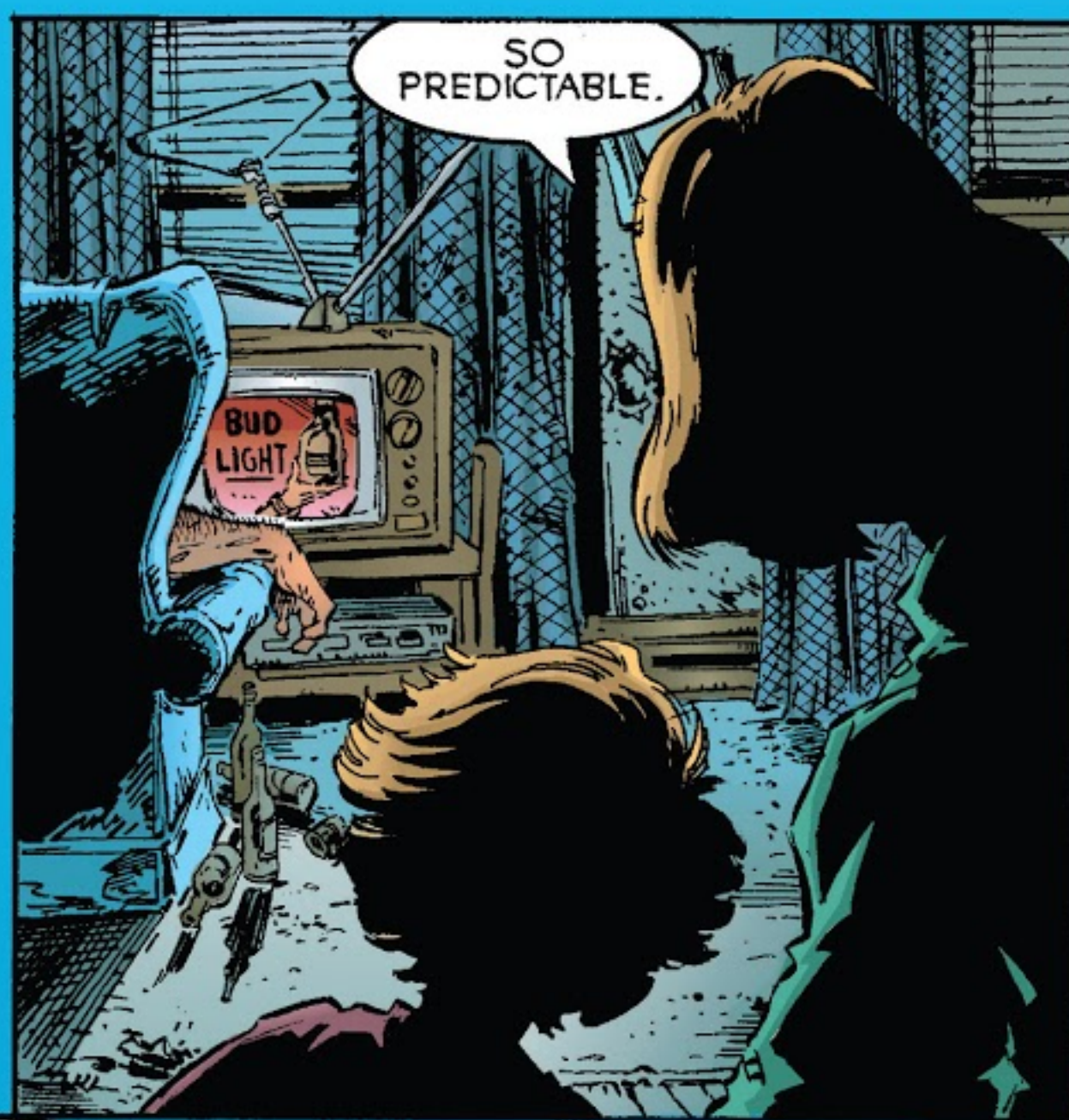
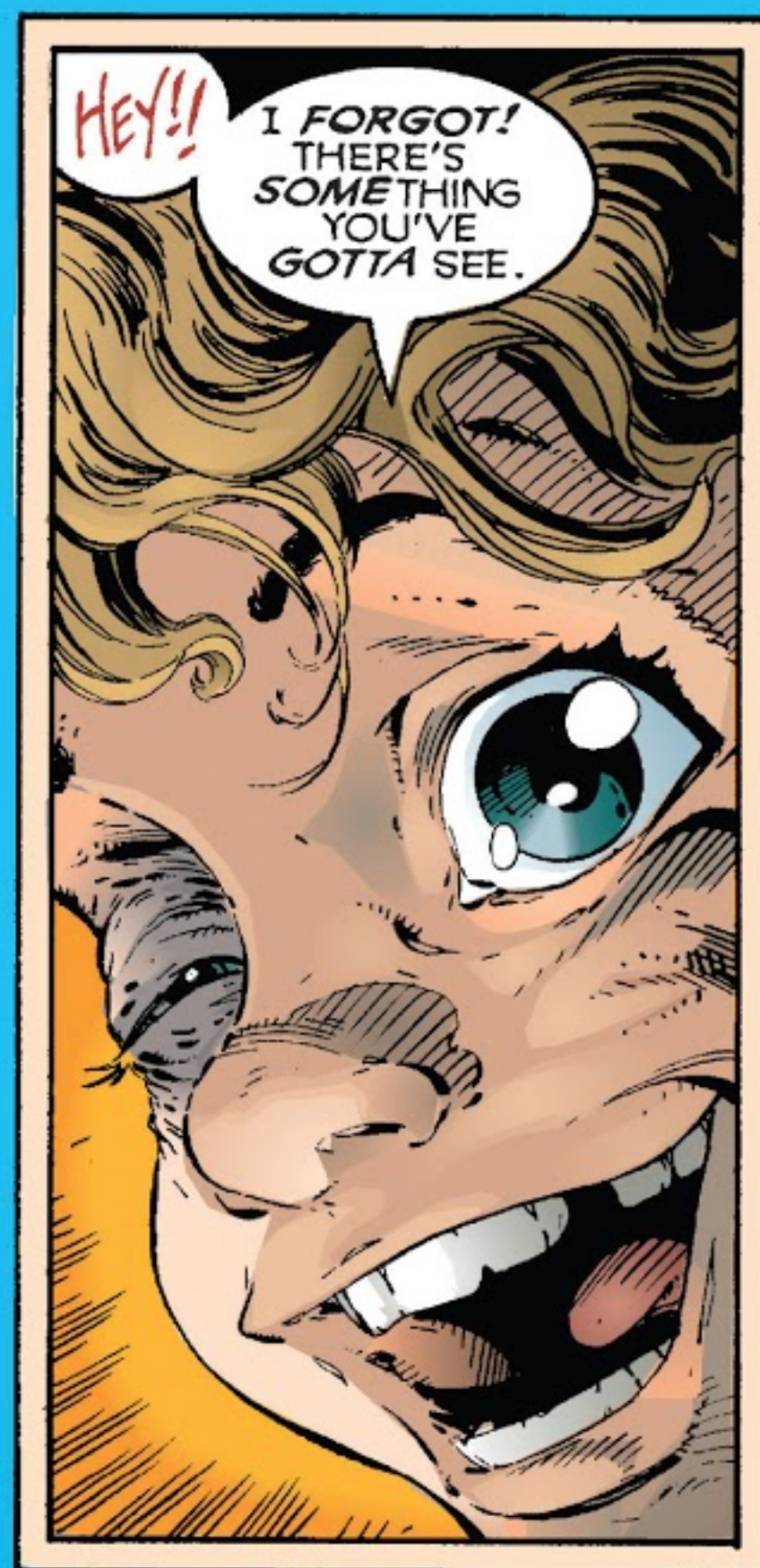
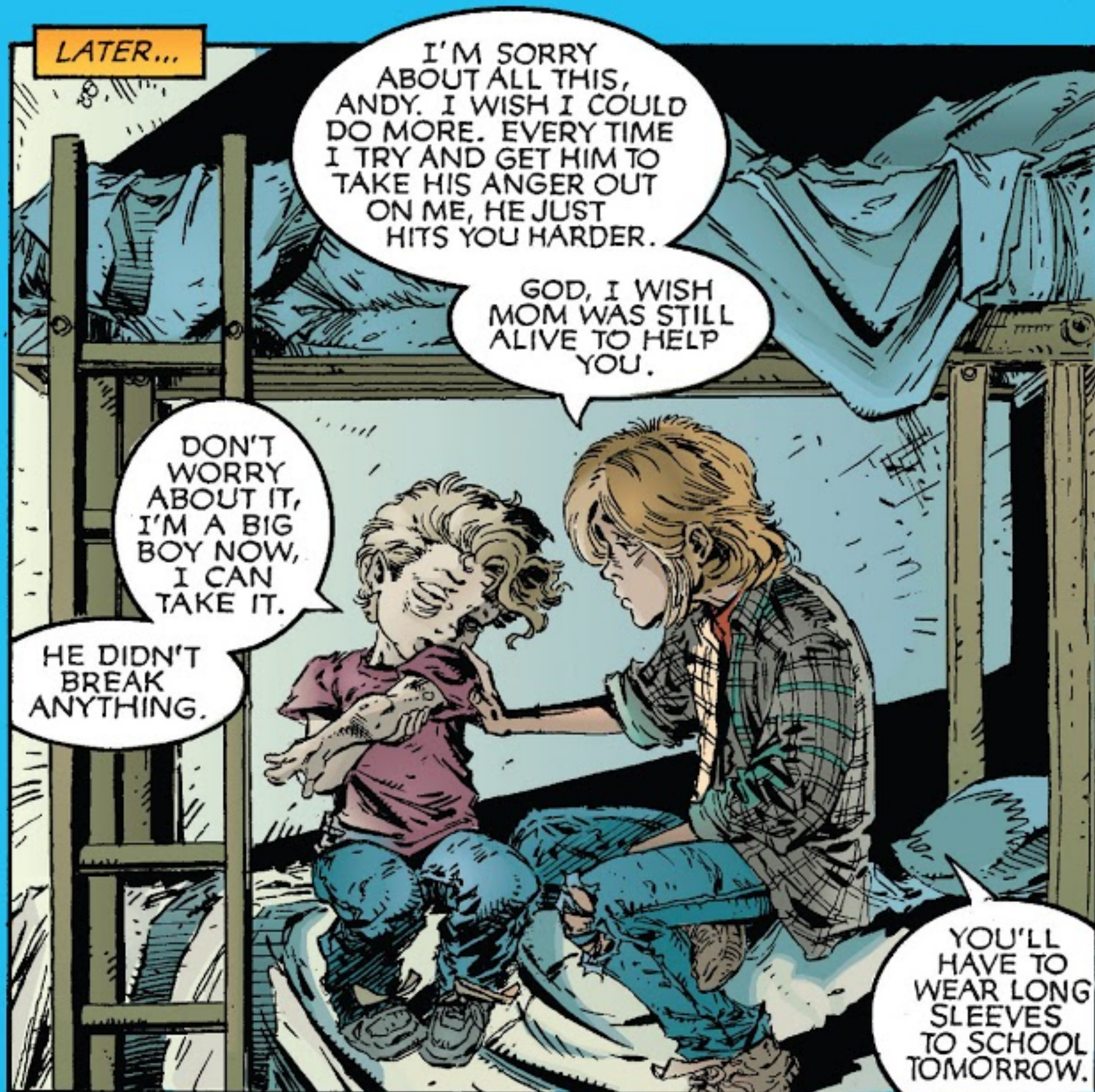
YOU THINK WE
CAN JUST EAT OUT
EVERY DAY?!

WELL, LET ME TELL YOU
SOMETHING, BOY. I EXPECT
A *HOT* MEAL WHEN I GET
HOME FROM WORK, *NOT*
SOME FRIGGIN' SWILL
THAT'S *ICE COLD*!

I'LL GET
YOU SOME
BETTER
STUFF,
PA.

YOU'RE
DAMN *RIGHT*
YOU WILL. BUT
FIRST I WANT
YOU ON YOUR
HANDS AND KNEES.
I'M GOING TO MAKE
YOU EAT THIS
LIKE THE DOG
THAT YOU ARE.







THIS
IS REALLY
COOL.

HELLO?

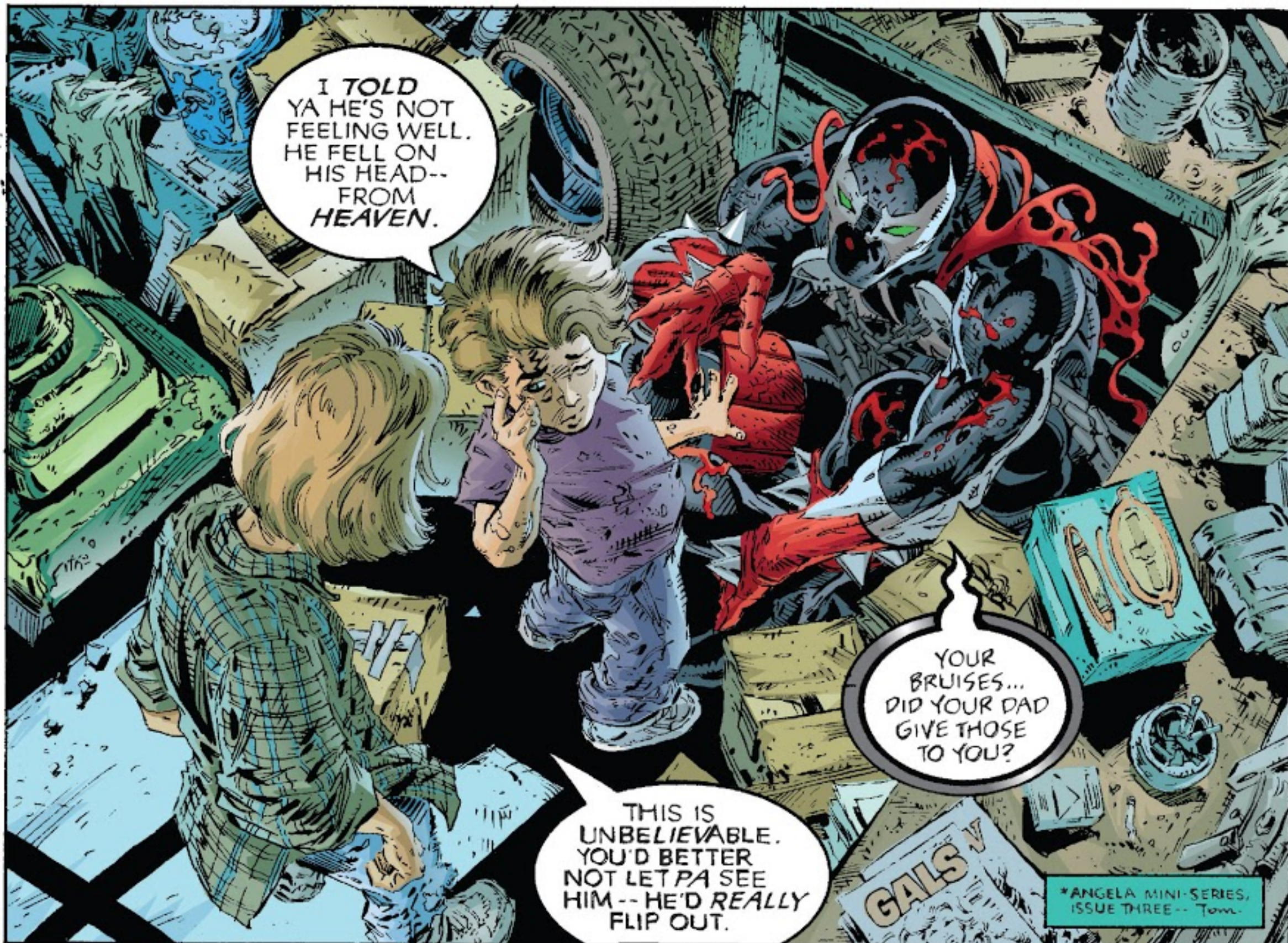
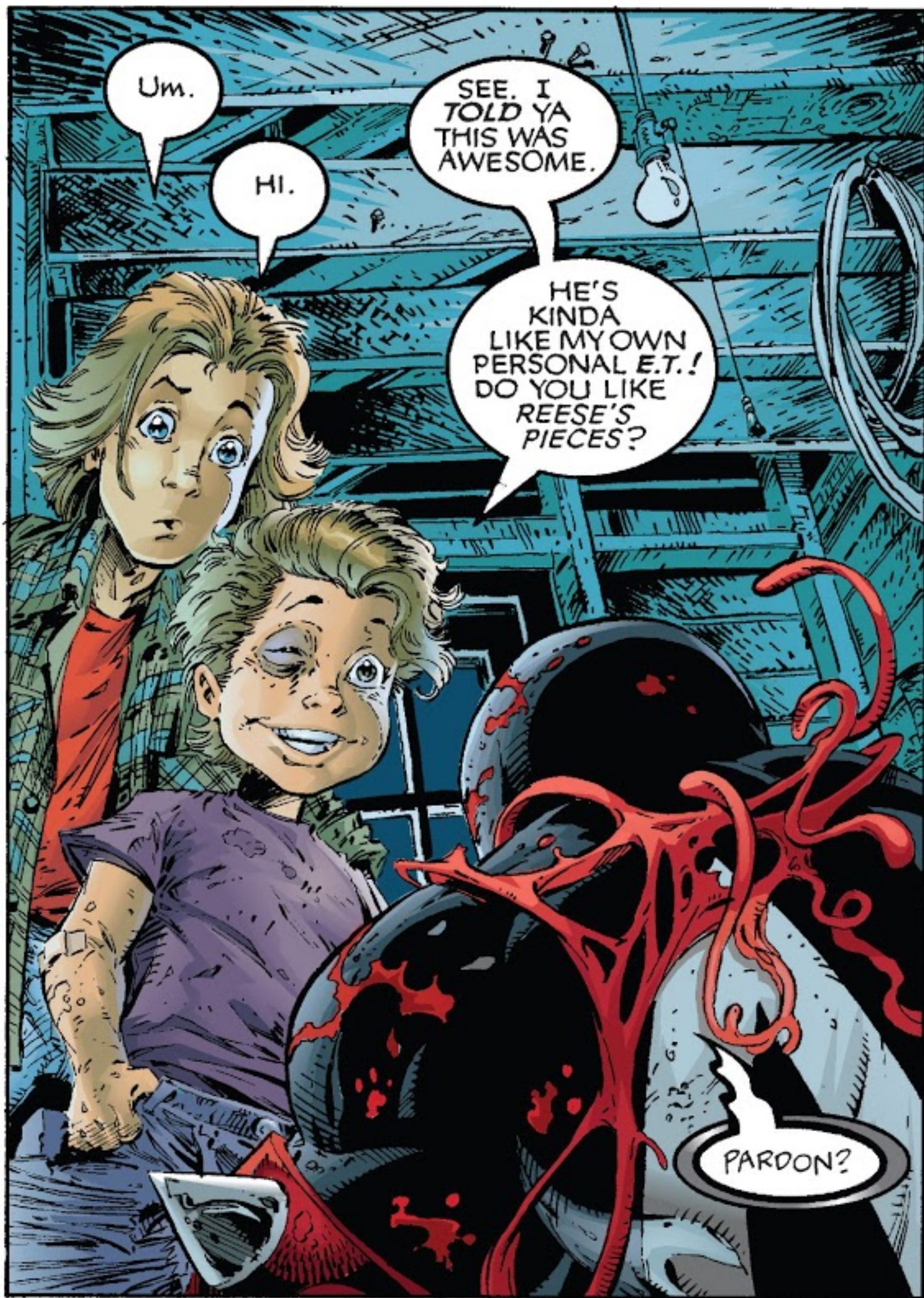


CLOSE
THE
DOOR.

PLEASE.

OK YEAH.
I FORGOT
YOU'RE NOT
FEELING TOO GOOD.
I JUST WANTED
MY BROTHER TO
MEET YOU,
MR. SPAWN.

SAY HI,
EDDIE.





**EDDIE!
ANDY!**



NEW YORK CITY...
POLICE HEADQUARTERS,
12th PRECINCT...

Wow!

HE'S EVEN
SHADIER THAN I
THOUGHT. LOOK
AT THIS, TWITCH--
IT'S NO PROBLEM
TO TRACK EVERY
PHONE CALL
MADE FROM THIS
BUILDING...

EXCEPT...!

...SOMEHOW,
CHIEF BANKS'
OFFICE LINE CAN'T
BE ACCESSED.
PLUS, I'VE BEEN
ABLE TO CHECK
SOME OF HIS
POLITICAL TIES,
AND SO FAR
EVERYTHING
JIBES WITH THIS
CONFIDENTIAL
FILE SPAWN
GAVE ME.

I'VE READ
IT MYSELF,
SIR. IT **IS**
QUITE
THOROUGH.

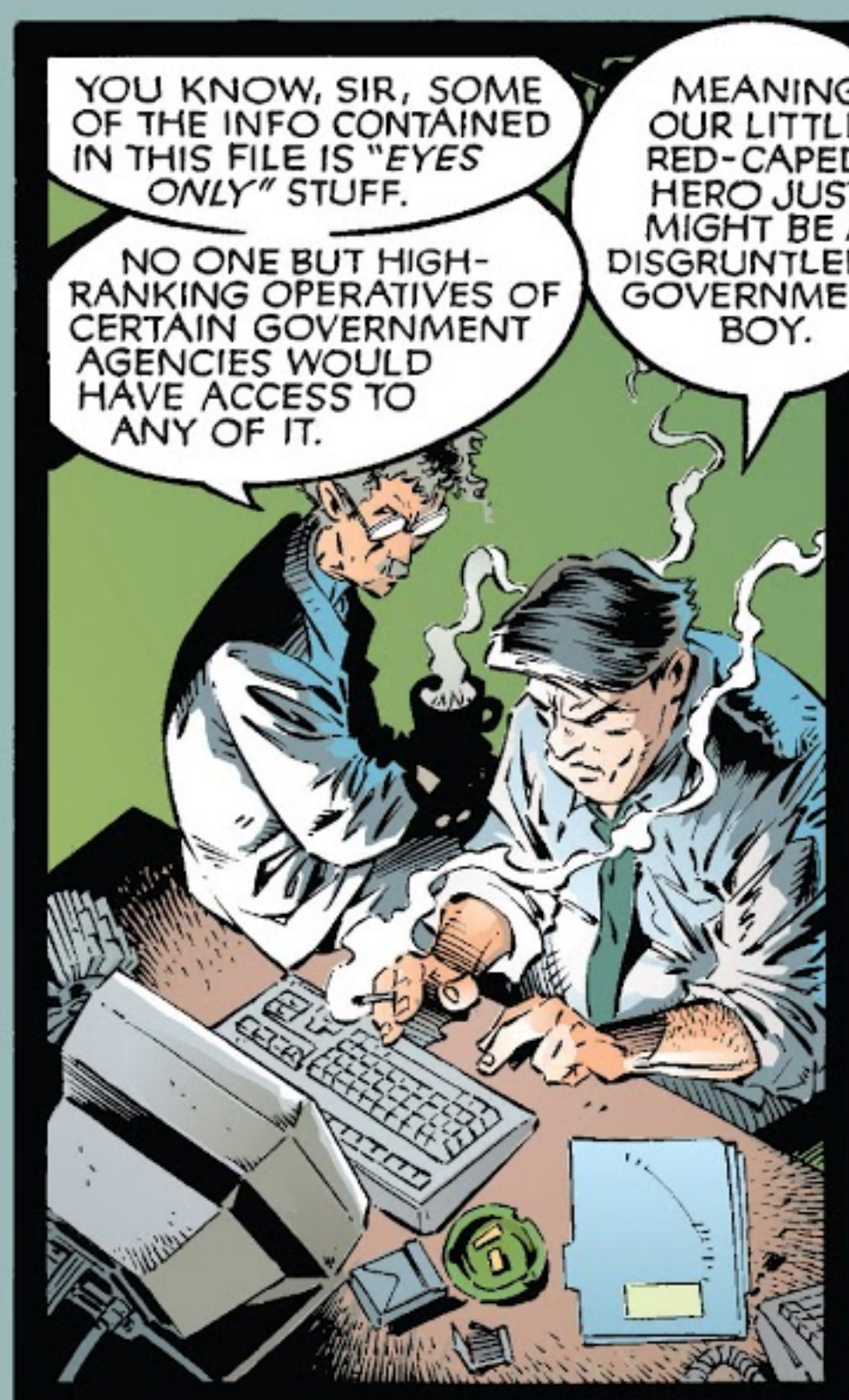
THE POSSIBILITY
THAT CHIEF BANKS
WAS RESPONSIBLE
FOR HIRING BILLY
KINCAID TO KILL
A SENATOR'S
CHILD... IT'S
INCOMPRE-
HENSIBLE.

HERE I THOUGHT
KINCAID WAS JUST
A CLASS-ONE
NUTCASE, WORKING
ON HIS OWN.

NO **WONDER**
THE CHIEF WIGGED
OUT WHEN KINCAID'S
BODY WAS FOUND IN
OUR OFFICE. * HE
PROBABLY THOUGHT
WE KNEW
SOMETHING.

WELL,
NOW
WE
DO...!

* WAY BACK IN
ISSUE 5-- Tom.



YOU KNOW, SIR, SOME OF THE INFO CONTAINED IN THIS FILE IS "EYES ONLY" STUFF.

NO ONE BUT HIGH-RANKING OPERATIVES OF CERTAIN GOVERNMENT AGENCIES WOULD HAVE ACCESS TO ANY OF IT.

MEANING OUR LITTLE RED-CAPED HERO JUST MIGHT BE A DISGRUNTLED GOVERNMENT BOY.

THAT'S OUR **FIRST** POTENTIAL LEAD ON HIM.

I'M GOING TO GET SOME COFFEE. NEED ANYTHING?



A NOSE JOB AND A MILLION BUCKS.

I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO.



BURKE!

WHY ARE YOU ALWAYS MOVING SO **SLOWLY**? DON'T YOU FEEL AN **URGENCY** TO PERFORM YOUR DUTIES ?!

HELLO, CHIEF BANKS.

STUFF IT. I'M NOT HERE TO EXCHANGE PLEASANTRIES.



THERE'VE BEEN INDICATIONS THAT YOU AND YOUR PARTNER WERE INVOLVED IN SOME UNOFFICIAL WORK. WELL, I'M HERE TO TELL YOU THAT IF I CATCH EVEN A **HINT** OF PERSONAL BUSINESS ON CITY TIME, I **WILL** HAVE YOU **SUSPENDED**.

YES, IT **WAS** RATHER UNFORTUNATE THAT INTERNAL AFFAIRS WASN'T ABLE TO NAIL ME FOR KINCAID'S DEATH.

WOULD HAVE REALLY MADE YOUR DAY, eh?



HOW **DARE** YOU!! YOU LISTEN **HERE**, I'M IN NO MOOD FOR...

DON'T TURN YOUR BACK ON ME!!

AND WHAT'S WITH THAT STUPID **GRIN** ON YOUR FACE...?

OK, YOU'LL FIND OUT, CHIEF. **BANK** ON IT. HA-HA.

SUNDAY.

PEERING FROM THE DANK SHADOWS OF A RUNDOWN SHED, THE HIDDEN GUEST EAVES-DROPS ON THE MORNING'S EVENTS.

BOYS!
Boys!!
WHERE ARE YOU? IT'S TIME FOR CHURCH.

RIGHT HERE, PA.

Oh, DID I KEEP YOU WAITING? SORRY. YOU KNOW HOW EMBARRASSED I GET WHEN WE'RE LATE. THANK YOU FOR BEING READY.

YOU'RE WELCOME.

BY GOD'S OWN DIVINE HAND SHALL HE PROTECT HIS ONLY SON, JESUS, WHO IN TURN SHALL USE HIS HAND TO PROTECT ALL OTHERS THAT FOLLOW THE PATH OF THE LORD.

IN JESUS' NAME WE PRAY-- AMEN.

AMEN.

THANKS AGAIN FOR WIPING OUT THAT SPEEDING TICKET, JOE. IT WOULD HAVE REALLY KILLED MY INSURANCE RATES.

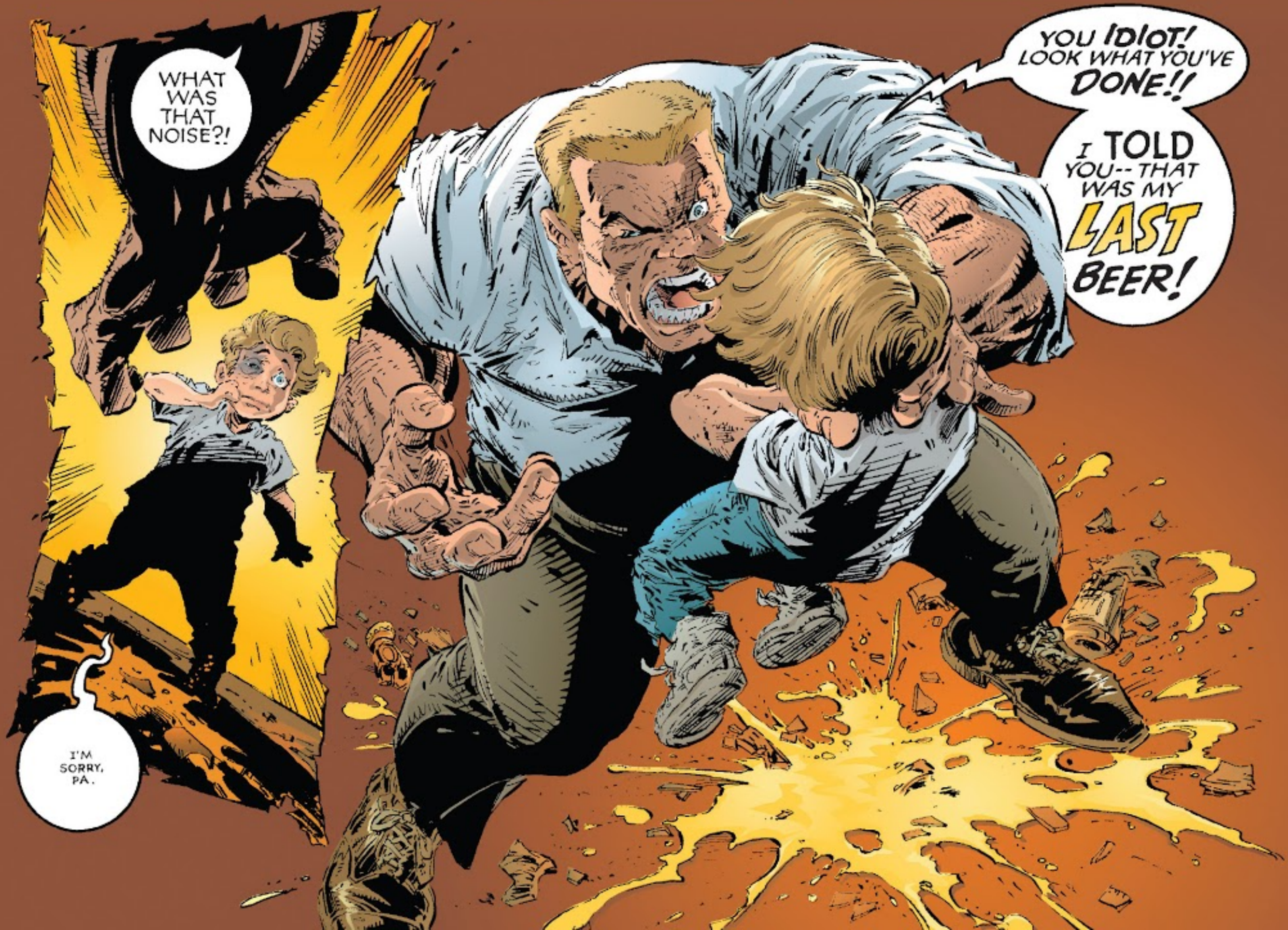
MY PLEASURE.

I SEE YOUR BOYS HAVE BEEN PLAYING SOME MORE TACKLE FOOTBALL! YOU TWO OUGHTTA BE A LITTLE EASIER ON EACH OTHER.

YES, MA'AM.

AW, YOU KNOW HOW BOYS ARE. THE TOUGHER THE GAME, THE HARDER THEY PLAY. BUT THEY SURE ARE GROWING UP TO BE FINE YOUNG GENTLEMEN. I'M SO PROUD OF THEM BOTH.

THEIR MOM WOULD'VE BEEN, TOO.



THAT'S IT!
I'M THROUGH
TRYING TO *BEAT*
SOME SENSE
INTO YOU!

TIME YOU
LEARNED
ANOTHER
LESSON...

...LIKE

DYING!

P-PA!

STOP IT!
STOP IT!

Uk?

READY,
BOY?

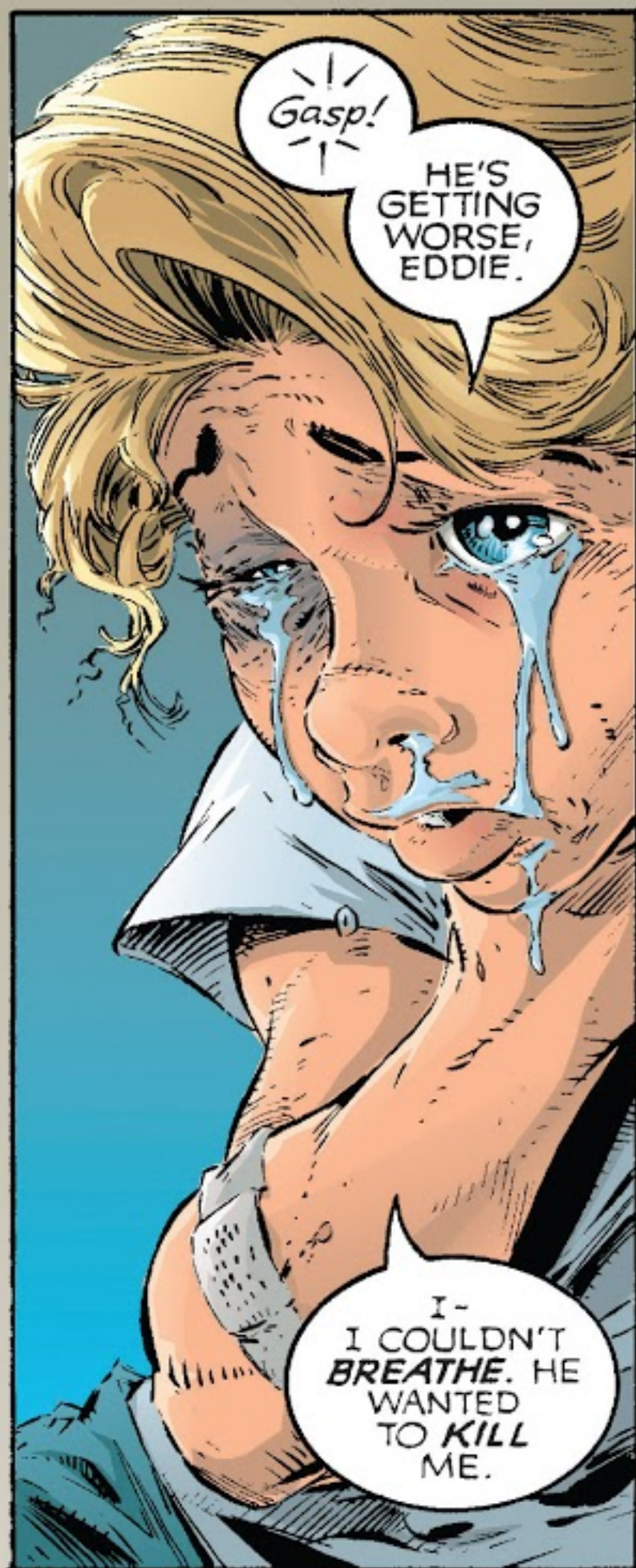
CLICK!

HAHAHAAA

NOW YOU TWO
GET TO BED-- AND
THINK ABOUT WHAT
WHAT COULD
REALLY HAPPEN
NEXT TIME.

I'M GOING
OUT TO THE
PUB.

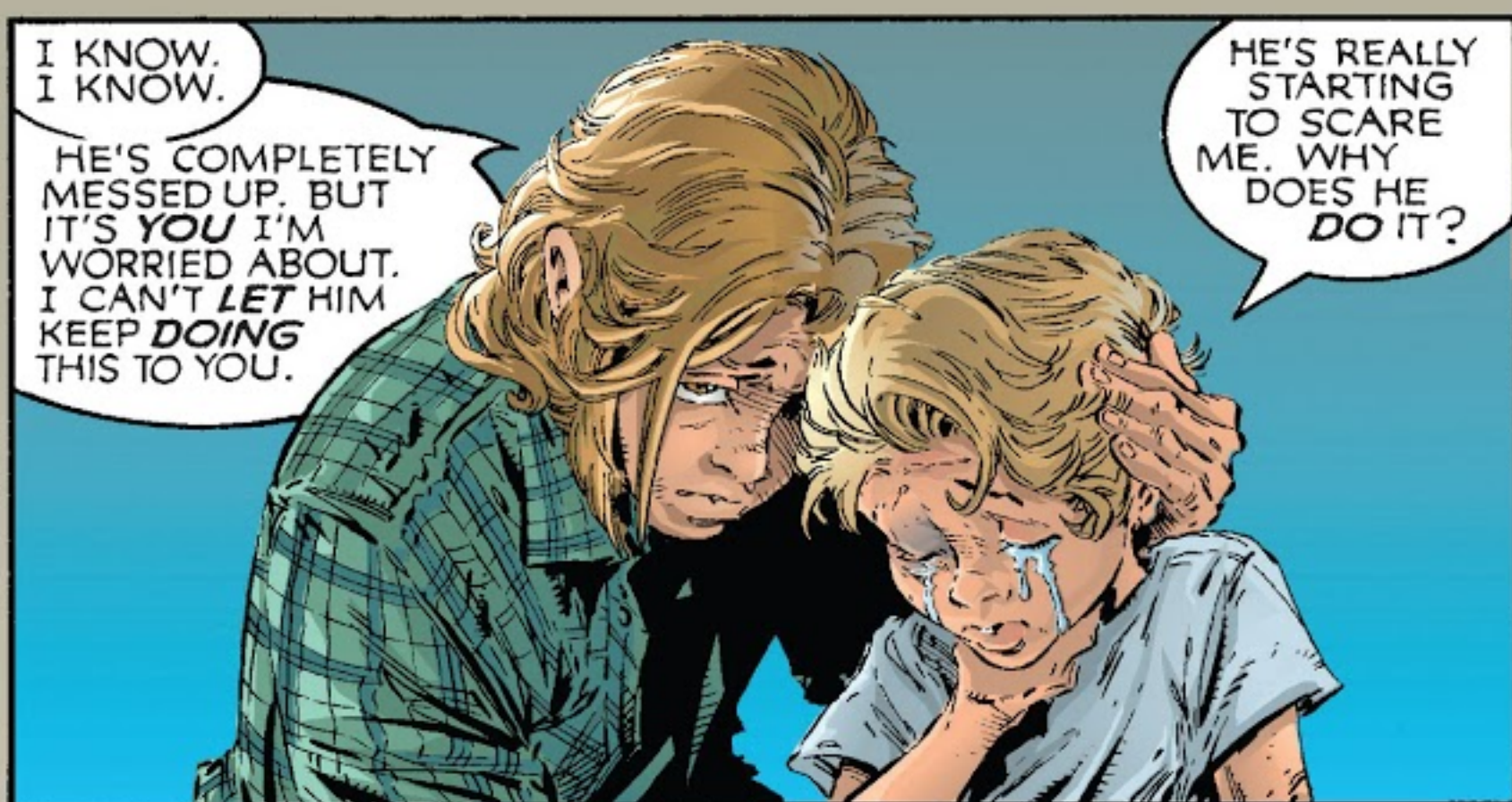
HA HA HA HA



Gasp!

HE'S GETTING WORSE, EDDIE.

I-
I COULDN'T
BREATHE. HE
WANTED
TO **KILL**
ME.



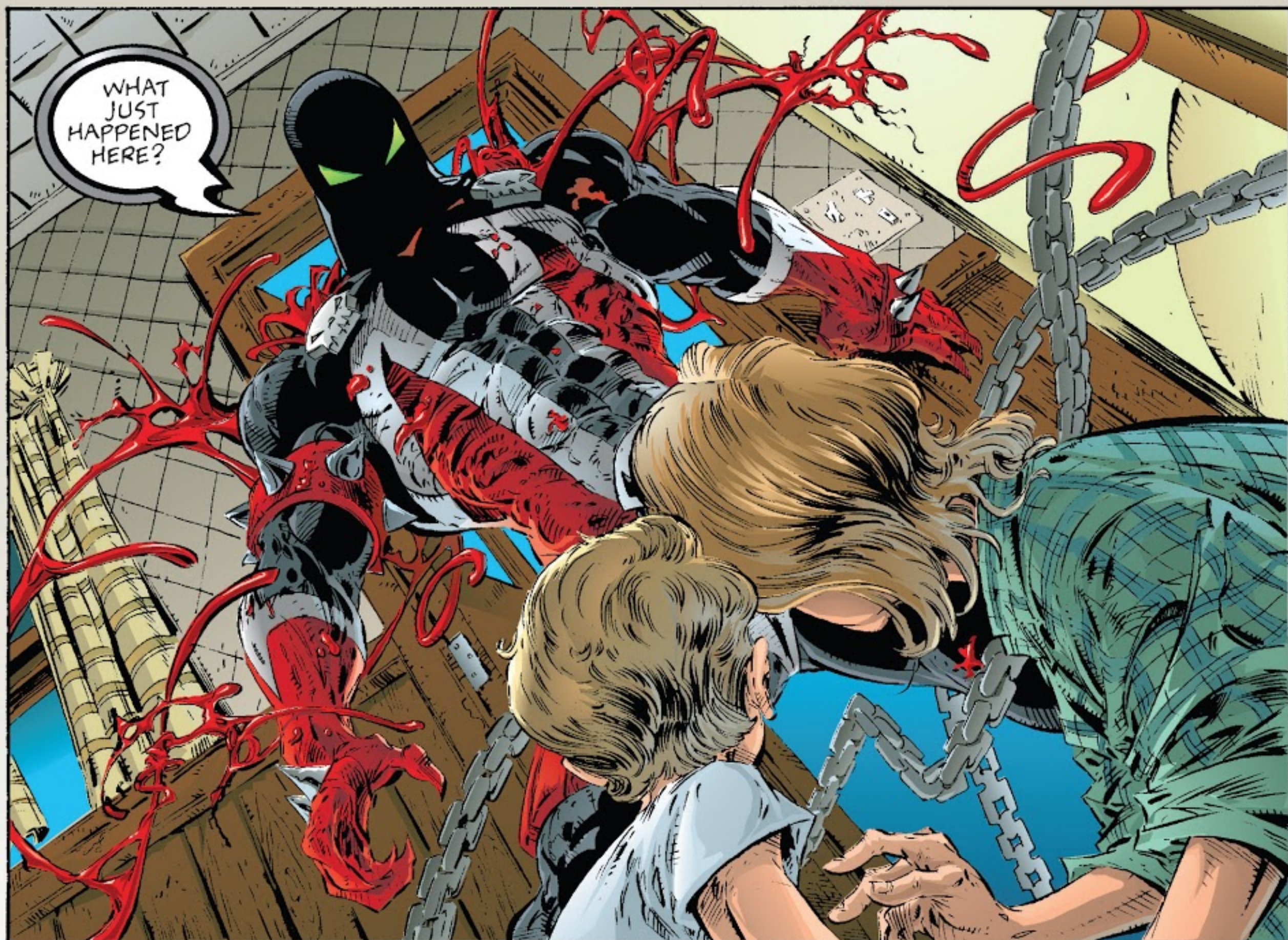
I KNOW.
I KNOW.

HE'S COMPLETELY
MESSED UP. BUT
IT'S **YOU** I'M
WORRIED ABOUT.
I CAN'T **LET** HIM
KEEP **DOING**
THIS TO YOU.

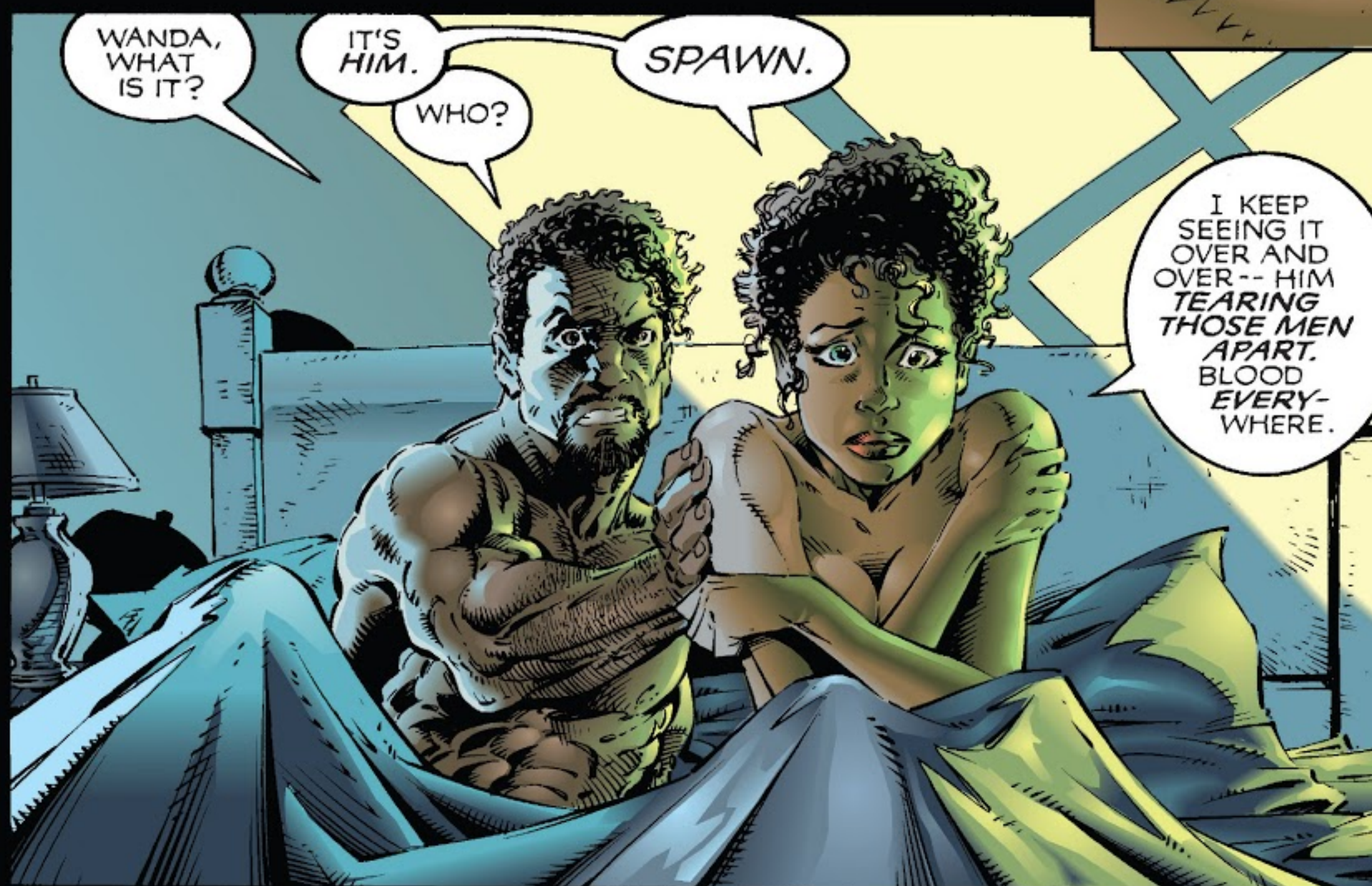
HE'S REALLY
STARTING
TO SCARE
ME. WHY
DOES HE
DO IT?



NO CLUE,
LITTLE
BUDDY.
BUT GOD
HELP US.



WHAT
JUST
HAPPENED
HERE?

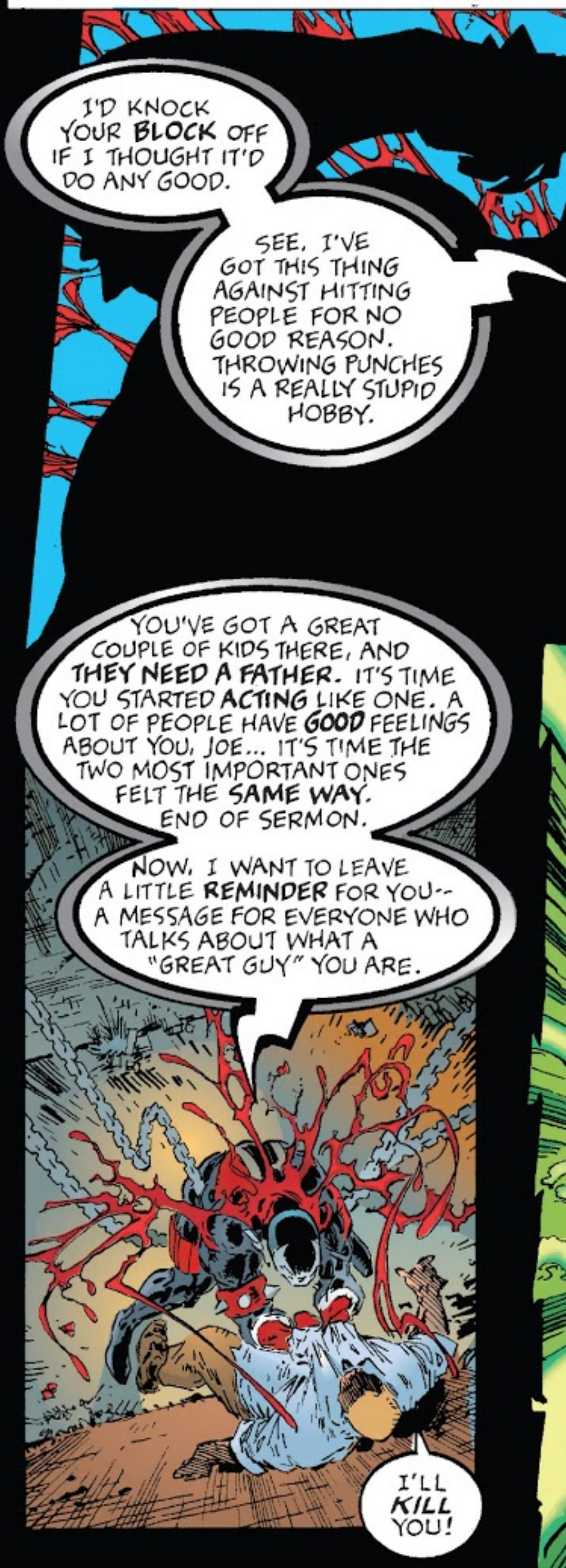


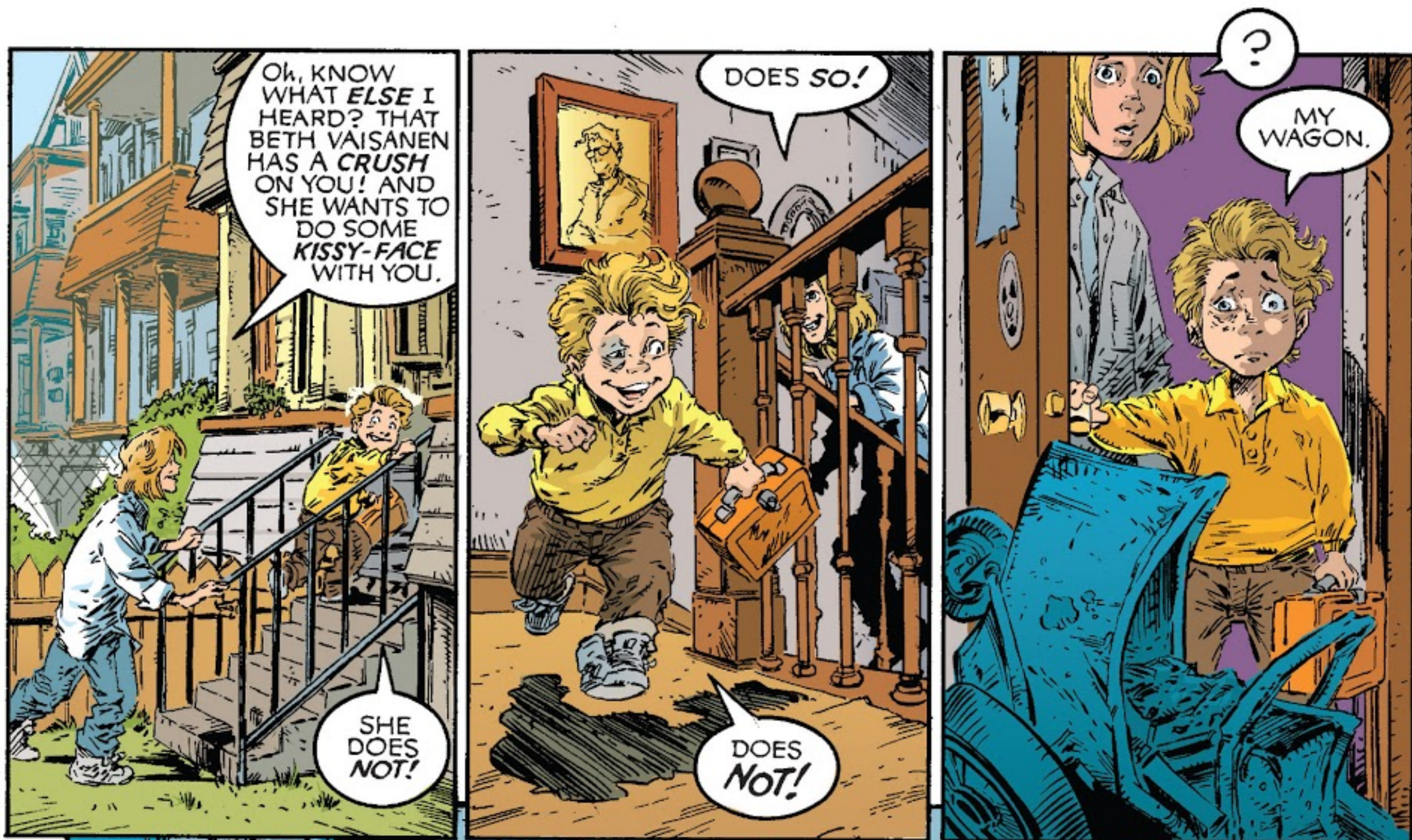
"NOTHING AT ALL."

IT'S OKAY.
I'M NOT
LEAVING. BUT
THINGS WILL
GET BETTER.

I
PROMISE.



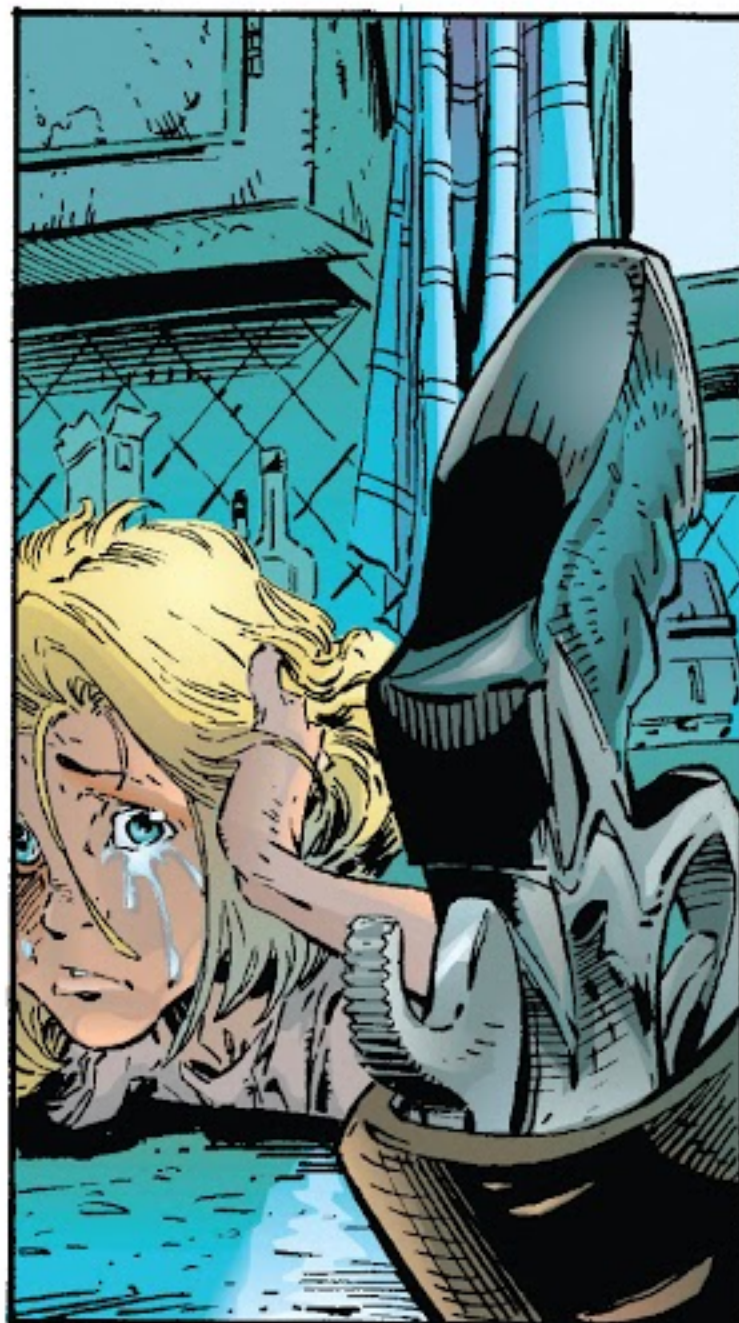




IT
BEGINS.



AGAIN.





BLAM

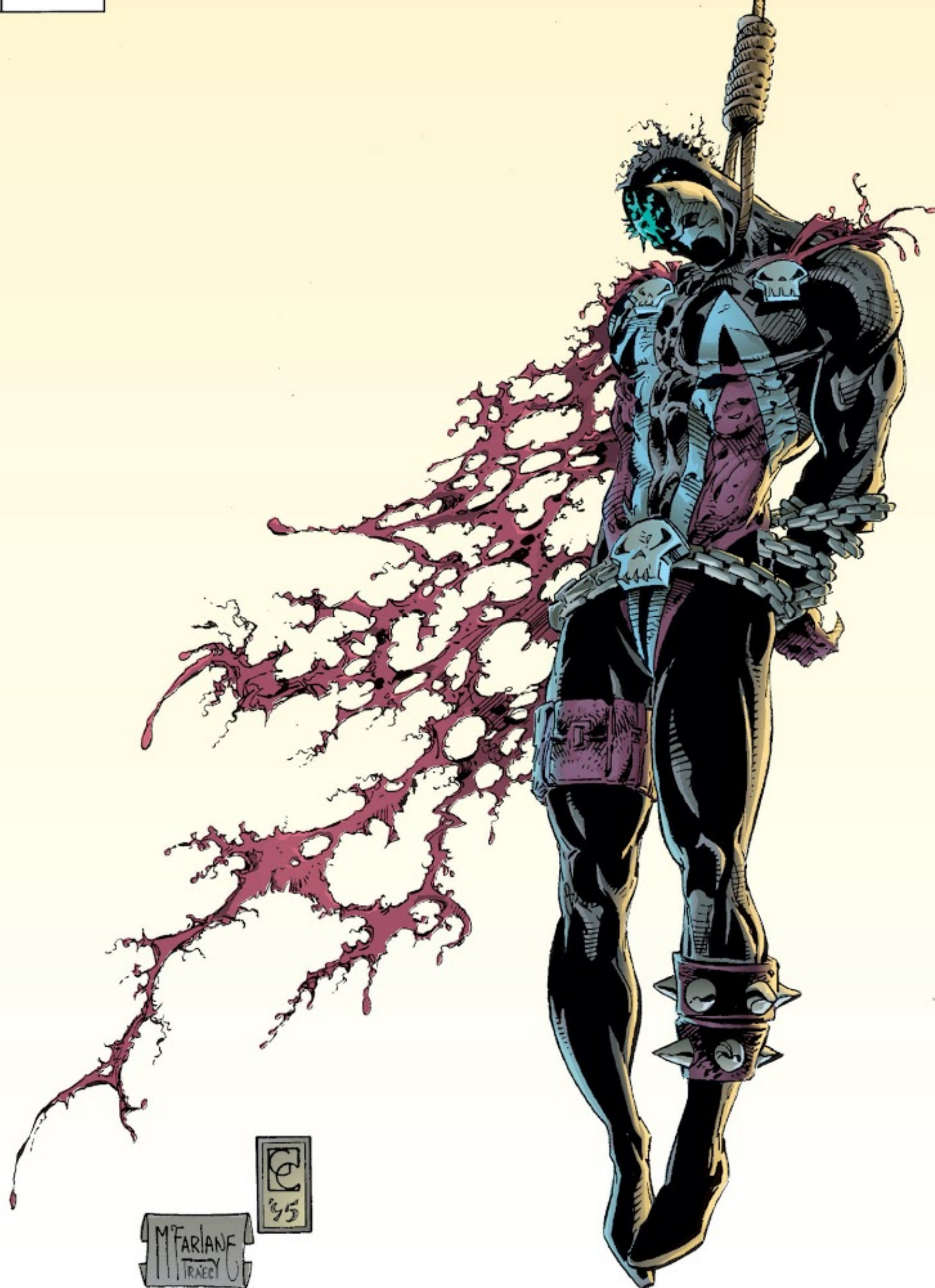




image

30
APR DIGITAL
 EDITION

SPAWN[®]



McFARLANE
TRACY
OLIFF



I CAN HEAR THE DEVIL
LAUGHING AT ME.

I'VE BEEN AWAKE AND
WALKING FOR EIGHT DAYS
STRAIGHT. HAVEN'T SEEN
ANOTHER SOUL IN ALL
THAT TIME.

I LIKE IT
THAT WAY.

MY COSTUME IS
THROBBING. IT'S ANGRY.
IT WANTS TO TELEPORT
US BACK TO NEW YORK--
BACK HOME.

I DON'T WANT TO USE
UP THAT MUCH ENERGY.

I THINK ABOUT THOSE
KIDS IN ALABAMA... AND
THEIR DAD. I MIGHT'VE
OVERDONE IT, PLAYING
WITH THEIR LIVES THAT WAY...
PLAYING GOD, ALMOST...
BUT THAT GUY NEEDED TO
BE TOLD OFF AND I'M
SURE HE GOT THE MESSAGE.*

AND I CAN'T STOP
THINKING ABOUT WOMEN.

WANDA...

ANGELA...

* NOT QUITE.
SEE LAST ISSUE--Tom.



WANDA... I BARGAINED MY SOUL TO GET YOU BACK, BUT WHAT THANKS DID I GET FOR SAVING YOUR LIFE? YOU PULLED AWAY! YOU SAID I "SCARE" YOU!

WAS I SUPPOSED TO BE GENTLE WITH THOSE CREEPS WHO ATTACKED YOU?

THEN ANGELA CATCHES ME IN THE DARK... ONE THING LEADS TO ANOTHER...!

BUT SOME ANGEL DUMPED ME SOMEHOW IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE COUNTY, ALABAMA.* SEE YA AROUND, SOLDIER. SO I WALKED.

IN A MONTH I'VE WALKED NEARLY A THOUSAND MILES, AND EVERY TOWN'S THE SAME.

SHE CAME ON TO ME, WANDA! NO ONE EVER WARNED ME ABOUT ANGELS.

PEOPLE ARE THE SAME.

LIKE THE CARS THAT GO BY-- DIFFERENT SHAPES, DIFFERENT COLORS. SAME NOISE.

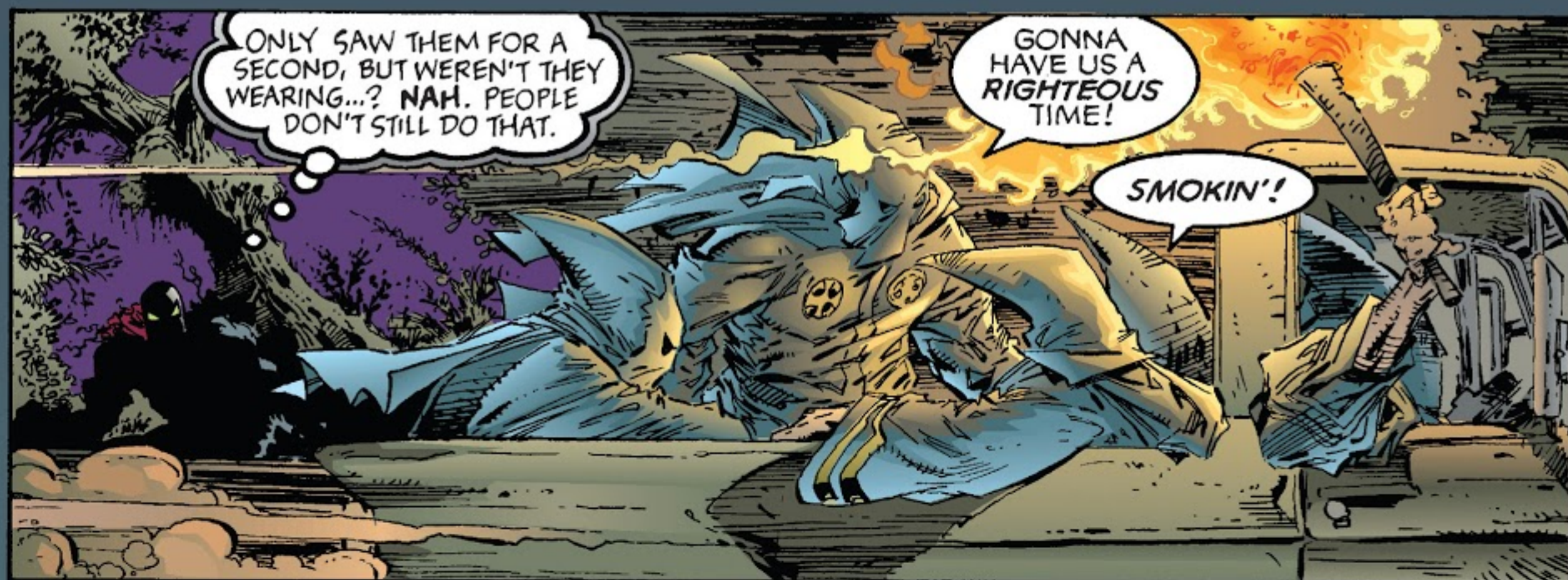
WHAT'S THIS NOW-- BOY'S NIGHT OUT? CARRYING TORCHES TO LIGHT THE WAY? MUST BE FRIDAY. PROBABLY GONNA BE A REAL BARN-BURNER.

GET IT WHILE IT'S HOT!

* ANGELA MINI-SERIES, ISSUE 3-- Tom.

WAH

HOOOOO!



ONLY SAW THEM FOR A SECOND, BUT WEREN'T THEY WEARING...? NAH. PEOPLE DON'T STILL DO THAT.

GONNA HAVE US A RIGHTEOUS TIME!

SMOKIN'!



IT'S NOT LIKE I MADE THE MOVES ON ANGELA. SHE HAD HER OWN IDEAS.

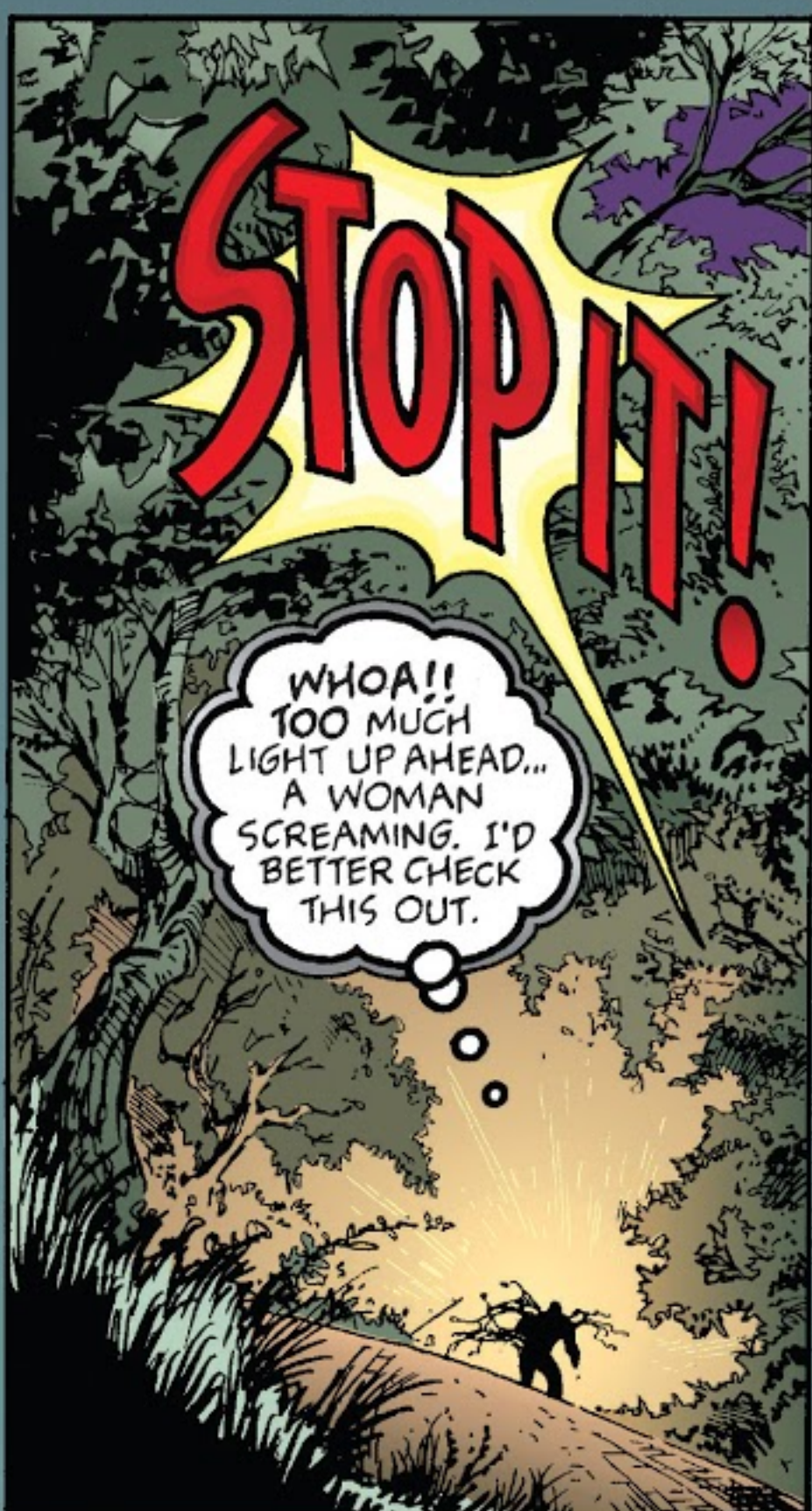
SO THERE IT IS. I CHEATED ON MY OWN WIDOW. hek.

FUNNY, HUH, WANDA. I'VE DONE SO MUCH THINKING ABOUT YOU, I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU REALLY END, AND MY IMAGINATION TAKES OVER.



WELL, TOWN'S OVER THE RISE. MAYBE I'LL LOOK IN ON THE PARTY. MIGHT TAKE MY MIND OFF THINGS.

OH, WANDA. MAYBE IT'S BEST IF I JUST LEAVE HER BE.



WHOA!! TOO MUCH LIGHT UP AHEAD... A WOMAN SCREAMING. I'D BETTER CHECK THIS OUT.





YOU SEE, I'VE DEALT WITH THE WHITE MAN, TOO. THOSE BOYS ARE ALWAYS IN THE POWER POSITIONS, READY TO USE AND ABUSE THE BLACK COMMUNITY. SOMEHOW, WE'RE NEVER GOOD ENOUGH TO DO THE SKILLED WORK, BUT, GOD, HOW THEY LOVE US PICKING UP THEIR GARBAGE.



WHENEVER THE BACKLASH COMES, THEY SHRINK BACK INTO THEIR HOLES, MAKING US AS THE TARGETS FOR PUBLIC SCRUTINY. THE SACRIFICIAL LAMBS. THE BLACK SHEEP.

AND WHEN CONFRONTED, THEY GIVE THAT SAME PLASTIC SMILE -- AND TELL US TO BE PATIENT.



THE BEST WE GET IS THE GOVERNMENT QUOTAS -- FORCING THEM TO HIRE MINORITIES FOR BOGUS POSITIONS.

MY FRIEND TERRY BECAME ONE OF THEIR TOKEN BLACKS.



IF WE TRY TO LEAVE, THEY JUST REPLACE US WITH THE NEXT ONE WHO WAS LET INTO THE LINE...

...SOMEONE FAR TOO EAGER TO PLEASE TO EVEN NOTICE THE DANGER SIGNALS.

SO BELIEVE ME, I UNDERSTAND YOUR ANGER ... BUT THEY'VE ONLY TORCHED YOUR FIELDS.

WHEN THEY'D HAD ALL THEY COULD STOMACH OF ME, THEY TORCHED SOMETHING FAR MORE PRECIOUS.



THAT'S WHY I WEAR THE MASK. BECAUSE OF THEM.

JEEZ! LOOKIT YOU,
YOU'RE SOME KINDA
MONSTER!

THANKS TO
THEM.

PUT THAT GUN
AWAY AND LET
THE MAN TALK,
BRAD! CAN'T
YOU SEE HE'S
SUFFERED
TOO?

HE DON'T **KNOW** SUFFERIN'!
WE GOT THE KLUXERS TRYIN' TA
RUN US OFF LAND THAT WAS
OWNED BY MY GRAMPA!

AIN'T **NO** WAY
SOME CLOWNS
IN PILLOWS AN'
SHEETS ARE
GONNA GET THE
ARMSTRONGS
OUT! I'LL TAKE
THIS TO THE
COURTS IF I
GOTTA! THIS
IS AMERICA,
DAMMIT!

THOSE MEN
AREN'T INTER-
ESTED IN THE
LAW. THEY'RE
ARMED AND
THEY OUT-
NUMBER YOU.
YOU SHOULD
LISTEN TO YOUR
WIFE. NO **GOOD**
CAN COME OF
THIS.

THE NEXT NIGHT...

BRETHREN!

YOU ALL KNOW WHY
WE'RE HERE. IT'S TIME
TO FINALLY RID OUR FAIR
COUNTY OF THE LAST OF THE
HOLD-OUT NEGROS. ONE MORE
CONVINCING PUSH AND THE
ARMSTRONGS SHOULD
BE ON THEIR WAY.

LET'S SEE
HOW THEY
REACT TO
A LITTLE
CLEANSING
FIRE.

HALLELUJAH
AND AMEN,
BROTHER!

WE'LL
MEET AT
JERRY'S
BARN IN
THREE HOURS.
COME PRE-
PARED.

WHILE BEING TRAINED AS A
COMMANDO, A NINJA, AND
AN ASSASSIN, AL SIMMONS
LEARNED TO MAKE DO WITH
THE MATERIALS AT HAND.



BWA- SHOOM!



LEAVE THE
ARMSTRONG
RANCH
ALONE!

HANH?

er...



NOW
WHAT
THE HELL
WAS
THAT?!

NEVER
SEEN
HIM
BEFORE.

WELL, SOME-
HOW HE KNEW
ABOUT OUR
PLANS TONIGHT.
THAT SHOULDN'T
BE!

WELL, BRING
HIM HERE. I WANT
TO SEE IF WE SHOT
SOME **COLORED**
PSYCHO WITH A
DEATHWISH-- OR IF
WE HAVE A
TRAITOR IN OUR
MIDST.



WHAT'S
WRONG,
GUYS?

UNG!

GRUNT!

THE GUY
WEIGHS
A TON!

IDIOTS!
LET ME
JUST SEE
HIS FACE.



HKKK!

IT'S STUCK!
THE FRIGGING
THING WON'T
BUDGE!

FORGET
IT!

FETCH
THE **CHAIN**
FROM THE
TRUNK.

LET'S
FINISH THIS
PROPERLY.





GREG
LOVES
SHELLY



JOHNNY,
PETER. GET
HIM DOWN
FIRST THING
IN THE
MORNING.

I DON'T WANT
THE EVIDENCE
HANGING AROUND
TOO LONG.

NEW
YORK
CITY.

PERFECT!

JUST PERFECT!
I GAVE MYSELF A
BLEEDING ULCER TRYING
TO BUILD A CASE AGAINST
BILLY KINCAID...

SPK SPK SPK

... AND WHAT
HAPPENS...? SOME
COSTUMED FREAK
LEAVES HIM IN MY OFFICE...
**DEAD, NAKED, AND
SWADDLED IN CHAINS.**

COVER
MY BUTT,
TWITCH!

YES,
SIR.

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

BLAM
BLAM

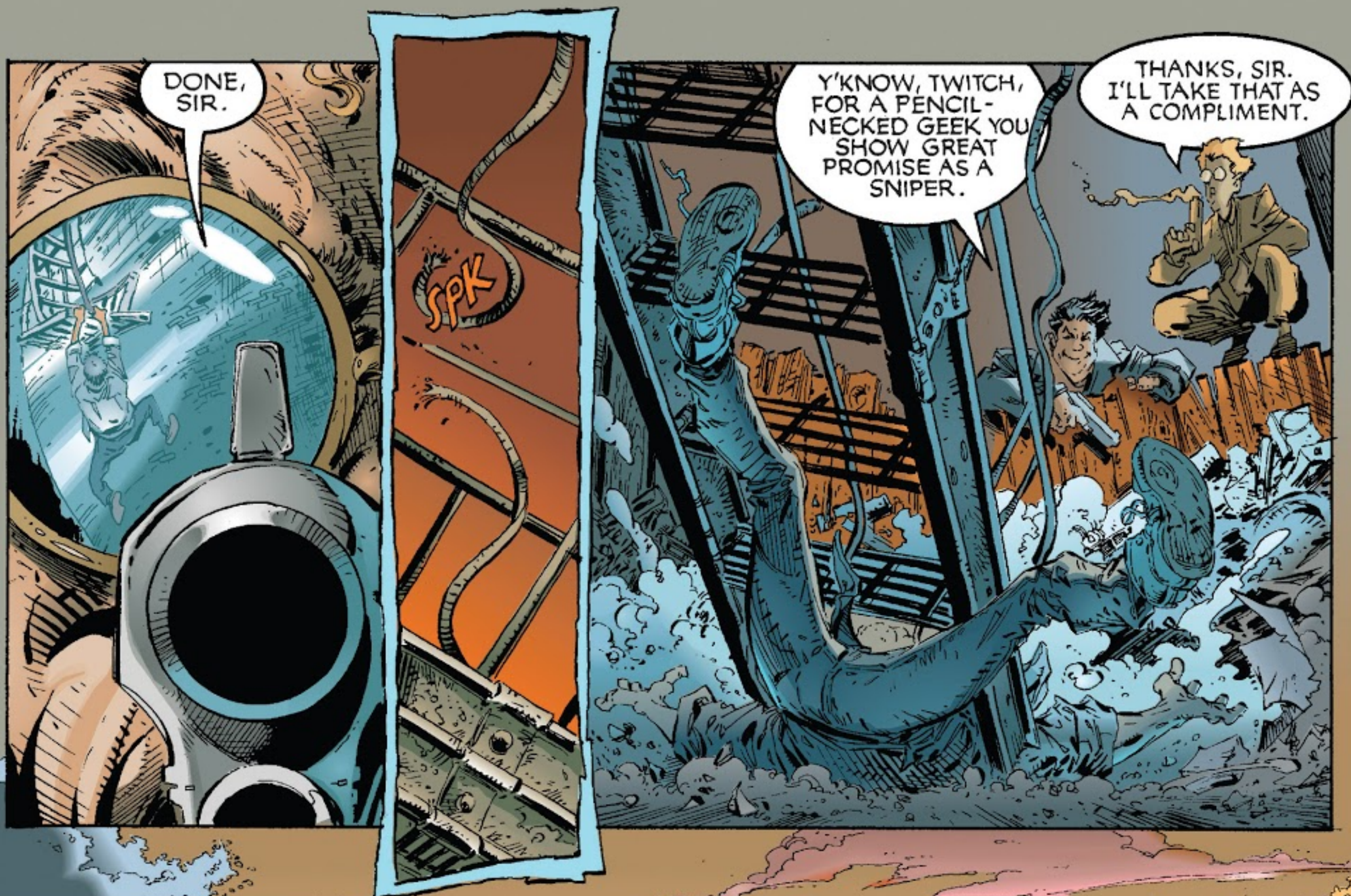
SO NOW
I FIND
THAT CHIEF
BANKS
HIRED THE
KID KILLER
HIMSELF.*

puff

puff

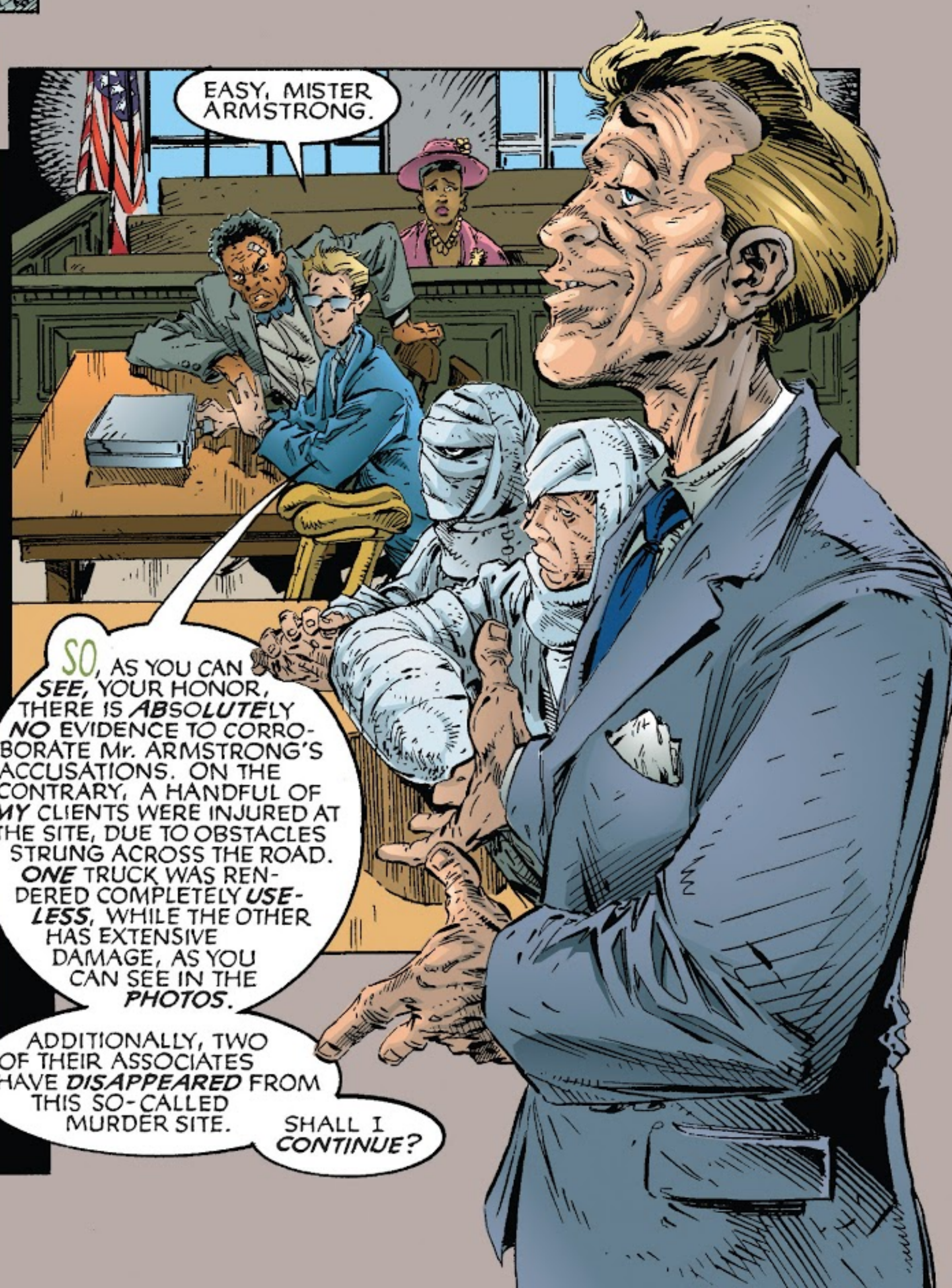
IF THAT
FILE **SPAWN**
GAVE US IS
TO BE
BELIEVED,
THE CHIEF'S
CAREER IS
FINISHED.

SPEAKING
OF WHICH...
THINK YOU
CAN FINISH
THIS...?



WHILE DETECTIVES BURKE AND WILLIAMS SEARCH FOR A WAY TO EXPOSE THEIR SUPERIOR'S **BRAD ARMSTRONG** IS MAKING A SICKENING DISCOVERY...









AS THE DEADLINE
DRAWS NEAR, THE
KLAN MEMBERS
GO ABOUT THEIR
DAILY ROUTINES.



MARKING TIME,
THEY SUBMERGE
THEMSELVES
IN THEIR
PARTICULAR
PASSIONS.



THEY'LL SOON
KNOW WHAT
IT'S LIKE TO
HAVE THAT
PRIMARY FOCUS
TAKEN AWAY.



MICHAEL BALT
CLEANS AND
CARESSES HIS
WEBLEY-FOSBERRY
.455 AUTOMATIC
REVOLVER TWICE A
DAY. HE TREATS IT
LIKE A MUCH-LOVED
MISTRESS.



IT COST HIM OVER
FIVE THOUSAND
DOLLARS. HIS
DEVOTION IS A
TOUCHING THING
TO BEHOLD.



WHEN HE
WAKES FROM
HIS EVENING
NAP, IT WILL
BE A FULL
TWENTY
MINUTES
BEFORE THE
TEARS STOP.

IT TOOK HIM NEARLY TWO YEARS OF SAVING TO MAKE THE DOWN PAYMENT, BUT IT WAS WORTH THE WAIT.

RAY CRABTREE, JR., IS NOW THE PROUD OWNER OF THE MOST POWERFUL 4-BY-4 IN THE COUNTY.

TODAY HE PLANS ON PUTTING HIS NEW TREASURE THROUGH ITS PACES.

YEE HAH!
KRAK!!

AFTER TODAY, HIS FRIENDS WILL TORMENT HIM WITH THE NEW NICK-NAME "2-BY-2."

uh?

AND IN JUDGE ZACHERY MISSENS' CHAMBERS...

I'VE BEEN WAITING, JUDGE.

TIME WE HAD A MEETING OF THE MINDS. THURSDAY. JUST BEFORE MIDNIGHT. AT THE ARMSTRONG RANCH. COME ALONE.

I DON'T CARE WHAT'S HAPPENED TO EVERYONE ELSE! GIVE ME A TEN MINUTE HEAD START -- THEN SEND IN THE CAVALRY.

BY THE TIME THURSDAY ARRIVES, PARANOIA HAS GRIPPED THE ENTIRE CLOAKED CONGREGATION.

A BLOOD LUST HAS SUPPLANTED RATIONAL THOUGHT.

WHERE ARE YOU, SPOOK? **SHOW YOURSELF!!**

SOMETHING FALLS, BEHIND HIM.

Wha...?

KRAACK!

KRAACK!

BRTT!

I KNOW IT'S YOU, ARMSTRONG! QUIT PRETENDING TO BE YOUR DEAD FRIEND.

IT WON'T SAVE YOU!

BRTT!



WHO'S
PRETENDING?

WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?

MORE
THAN YOU
CAN GIVE,
REDNECK.



Y'SEE, I KNOW
YOUR KIND. THERE'S
NOTHING THAT WOULD
HAVE EVEN A REMOTE
CHANCE OF SINKING
INTO THAT RACIST
BRAIN OF YOURS...

...EXCEPT
ONE
THING:

FEAR.

YOU KNOW,
THAT LITTLE
EMOTION YOU
USE TO MAKE
PEOPLE LEAVE
THEIR HOMES.

THEIR
FAMILIES.



BUT THAT
DOESN'T
BOTHER YOU,
DOES IT,
JUDGE.

WELL,
HERE'S
SOMETHING
THAT
MIGHT.



YOUR
LIFE. I CAN
EASILY
SNUFF IT OUT.
LUCKY FOR
YOU...

?

OH. YOUR
BOYS
HAVE FINALLY
ARRIVED.



THAT'S RIGHT,
FOOL! AND
THAT
MEANS YOU'RE A
DEAD MAN! YOU
MUST HAVE FORGOTTEN
ABOUT MY **FRIENDS**.



THEN
LET'S JUST
SEE HOW
WELL YOUR
"FRIENDS"
KNOW YOU.

RAYS OF GREENISH
LIGHT FLASH
INTENSELY FOR
THREE SECONDS.

LOST IN THE COMMOTION OF
SHOUTED ORDERS AND SCREECHING
TIRES IS A SINGLE UNHEARD **SCREAM**.

IN A FEW MOMENTS, THEY
WILL FIND ONLY ONE
PERSON INSIDE.

THE OTHER
HAS VANISHED
LIKE A **GHOST**.



JUDGE!
IT'S US!

OVER THERE!
I SEE SOMETHING.



IT'S THE LEADER!
YOU OKAY, SIR?



WHAT?!

IT'S A FRIGGIN'
COLORED!

HOW DARE
YOU DESECRATE
THE SACRED ROBE?!
NO DARKIE IS
WORTHY OF ITS
TOUCH!

HOW
DARE YOU
MESS WITH
US?!

WHAT
ARE YOU
TALKING
ABOUT?!



BILL!
GARY!!
WHAT
ARE YA
DOING?!

IT'S ME,
MISSEN!

PUT ME
DOWN!

I SAID
**STOP
IT!!**

THE OUTRAGED KLANSMEN PAY NO ATTENTION TO THE INTER-LOPER'S FRIGHTENED APPEALS--EVEN THOUGH HE COULDN'T POSSIBLY KNOW WHO THEY ARE BEHIND THEIR MASKS. THEY VICIOUSLY PISTOL-WHIP HIM, SILENCING ANY FURTHER PROTEST.

SOMEWHERE
NOT FAR AWAY...

AFTER YOUR COURT CASE I COULD SEE YOU WERE JUST GOING TO GET SCREWED, SO I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF EAVESDROPPING ON THEIR MEETING. I KNEW JUDGE MISSEN WOULDN'T BE BRAVE ENOUGH TO MEET ME ALONE.

SO I TURNED UP THE HEAT A LITTLE.

BUT YOU'LL NEED MORE THAN THAT, BRAD.

HERE'S A FILE CONTAINING DETAILED DOCUMENTS. THEY SHOW HOW LAND WAS ILLEGALLY PROCURED THROUGH EXTORTION AND FORCE. THE JUDGE KEPT PRETTY EXTENSIVE NOTES.



HIS MISTAKE.

NO BODY OF GOVERNMENT OUTSIDE THIS COUNTY WILL DISREGARD THESE FACTS.



WITH THESE IN THE HANDS OF THE STATE JUDICIARY, YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT BEING RUN OFF YOUR LAND. YOUR FRIENDS WILL GET BACK WHAT'S RIGHTFULLY THEIRS.

OUR PEOPLE WILL RETURN.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY, STRANGER...

THANK YOU.

DON'T KNOW HOW YOU SURVIVED, BUT GOD SURELY DOES MOVE IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS.

I HOPE THE JUDGE DON'T CAUSE NO MORE PROBLEMS.

I THINK HE GOT THE MESSAGE.







image

31
MAY DIGITAL EDITION

SPAWN



McFARLANE
MARIE

KLAK-KLAK-KLAK-KLAK

HE SITS ALONE.
SWALLOWED
WHOLE BY THE
DARKNESS.

HIS ALLOTTED
SPACE FAR
EXCEEDS THAT
OF THE OTHER,
NAMELESS,
OCCUPANTS.

KLAK-KLAK-KLAK-KLAK

TO THE
MONOTONOUS
RHYTHM OF
WHEELS GLIDING
OVER STEEL
TRACKS,
HE THINKS.

PLAYING THE SAME
THOUGHT OVER.

AND OVER.



KLAK-KLAK-KLAK-KLAK

HER FEAR AND
REJECTION, LIKE
THE FLASHES
OF LIGHT THAT
SNEAK BETWEEN
THE CRACKS,
STAB AT HIM.



KLAK-KLAK-KLAK-KLAK

HE THINKS
ABOUT IT
AGAIN.

ANOTHER
STAB.



HE SHOULDN'T
HAVE BEEN SO
QUICK TO ACT, HE
TELLS HIMSELF.

KLAK-KLAK-KLAK-KLAK

BUT HE WAS
MAD. EVERY-
THING AROUND
HAD BECOME
A CHALLENGE.

HE KNOWS
THAT ANSWER
NOW:
FEAR AND
REJECTION.



KLAK-KLAK-KLAK-KLAK

SO HE BLINKS--A
CUE TO CHANGE THE
CHANNEL. THINK
ABOUT SOMETHING
ELSE.

HOME.

IT MUST BE NEAR.
THE **COSTUME**
TELLS HIM SO.

KLAK-KLAK-KLAK-KLAK

THE COSTUME--
ACTUALLY A
SYMBIONT **LIFE-
FORM**--HAS BEEN
WITH HIM THROUGH
A LOT. IT'S
RARELY WRONG.



WHAT HARM
IN FACING
ANOTHER?

THE MECHANICAL HEARTBEAT
BEGINS TO SLOW AS THE STEEL
BEAST CREEPS INTO THE STATION.

HIS COSTUME
GOES LIMP.

THIS IS SPAWN'S STOP.

THE TIME FOR BANDING
TOGETHER NOW ENDED,
EACH BEGINS WHAT HE
HOPES WILL BE A
NEW LIFE.

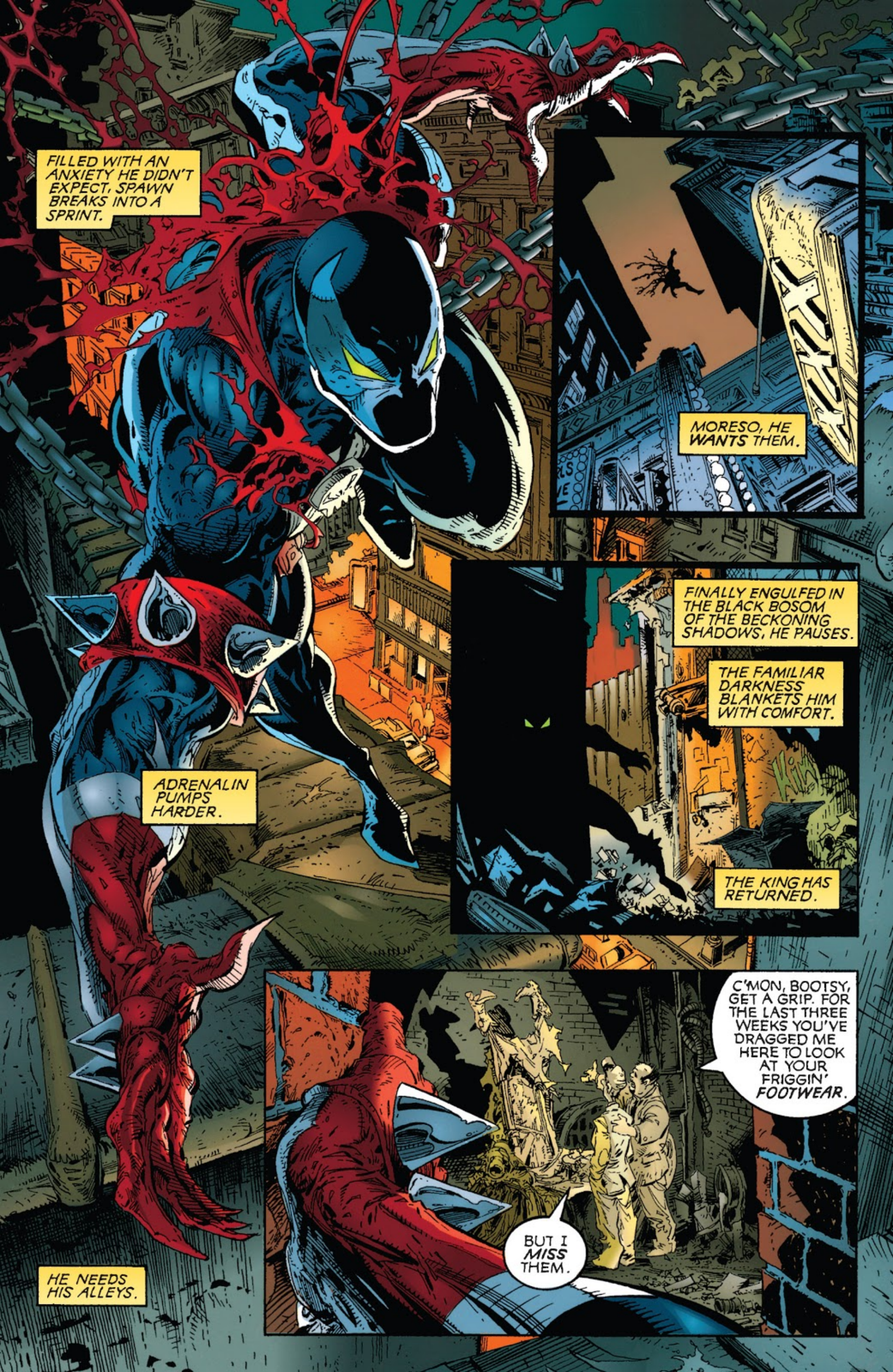
A NEW PATH.

ONE OCCUPANT
CHOOSSES A
PATH NO OTHER
CAN FOLLOW.

EVEN BEFORE IT'S
STOPPED, SEA F
HOMELESS HUMANITY
SPEWS QUICKLY
FROM THE BOX CAR.
THEIR JOURNEY IS
ALMOST OVER. THE
PROMISED LAND IS
BUT A FEW MILES
AWAY.

THIS
FEELS
GOOD.

A CITY ONCE
HATED HAS NOW
BECOME HIS HAVEN.



FILLED WITH AN ANXIETY HE DIDN'T EXPECT, SPAWN BREAKS INTO A SPRINT.

MORESO, HE WANTS THEM.

ADRENALIN PUMPS HARDER.

FINALLY ENGULFED IN THE BLACK BOSOM OF THE BECKONING SHADOWS, HE PAUSES.

THE FAMILIAR DARKNESS BLANKETS HIM WITH COMFORT.

THE KING HAS RETURNED.

HE NEEDS HIS ALLEYS.

C'MON, BOOTSY, GET A GRIP. FOR THE LAST THREE WEEKS YOU'VE DRAGGED ME HERE TO LOOK AT YOUR FRIGGIN' FOOTWEAR.

BUT I MISS THEM.



LOOK! YOU PUT 'EM THERE YOURSELF. MADE A BIG PRODUCTION OUT OF IT TOO, REMEMBER? NOW *LIVE* WITH IT.

Aw, *C'MON*, BOBBY. YOU DON'T JUST LIVE WITH THINGS FOR TWENTY YEARS, THEN FORGET ABOUT THEM. I NEED TO WEAN MYSELF SLOWLY.

JUST KEEP REMINDING YOURSELF *WHY* THEY'RE UP THERE.



YEAH, I KNOW. HE DID MORE FOR US THAN I COULD EVER HOPE TO REPAY.



I MISS AL, TOO.

BUT I AIN'T GOING TO STAND AROUND ALL NIGHT BABY-SITTING. SO WAKE ME WHEN YOU COME TO YOUR SENSES.



Boo!

AMHG!

HOLY...!

AL! WHERE THE HELL HAVE YOU *BEEN*?! WE THOUGHT YOU WERE... YOU KNOW... GONE.

NOT A CHANCE. I'D MISS YOU GUYS TOO MUCH.

MAN, I THOUGHT FOR SURE SOMEONE HAD GOTTEN TO YOU. WITH ALL THE CRAZIES THAT'VE COME THROUGH HERE, WELL, AFTER TEN DAYS WE DIDN'T HOLD MUCH HOPE.

EVEN HAD A MEMORIAL AND STUFF.

I'M GLAD WE WERE WRONG.

THOUGH NOW THAT YOU'RE BACK, THERE'S NO POINT IN LEAVING MY BOOTS HERE.

'LEAST THEY GOT AIRED OUT.



GENTLEMEN, LET THIS SERVE AS A FORMAL INTRODUCTION. I AM **RAFAEL**. I AM TAKING OVER FOR GABRIELLE, WHO HAS BEEN REMOVED AS COMMANDER OF TERRAN AFFAIRS.*

THE EMBARRASSING DEBACLE OF HER DEALING WITH THE CURRENT 'SPAWN'-- AND HER PERSONAL GRUDGE AGAINST A FELLOW ANGEL-- CREATED AN ATMOSPHERE WHICH SHALL NOT BE REPEATED DURING MY TENURE.

I WILL RUN THIS OFFICE WITH FAR GREATER EFFICIENCY THAN YOU MAY BE ACCUSTOMED TO--AND WILL NOT TOLERATE FAILURE ON ANY LEVEL. DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR?



WHAT ARE WE TALKING ABOUT, THEN-- A **PARTIAL** DERIVATIVE? OR AN ENTIRELY NEW ENTITY?

ANALYSIS STILL INCONCLUSIVE... BUT ALL THREE READINGS OCCUR IN THE SAME FIVE-BLOCK RADIUS. THE AREA IS KNOWN LOCALLY AS "THE BOWERY," IN NEW YORK CITY.

YOU MEAN THEY'RE **ALL** IN MY BACK YARD?

IT **APPEARS** SO. THE TWO WEAKER SIGNALS ARE MOBILE SENTIENT BEINGS, INCIDENTALLY.

THIS IS **UNHEARD OF!** IT'S BEEN SPECULATED THAT A POWER TRANSFERENCE **MAY** BE POSSIBLE, BUT WE'VE **KNOWN** THE CHARACTER OF EACH SPAWN. **NONE** HAS EVER WILLINGLY RELEASED POWER TO ANOTHER.

THIS MAY PUT OUR PRIME TARGET IN A VULNERABLE POSITION.

HAVE YOU CHOSEN A NEW VESSEL?

AFFIRMATIVE. THIS SOLDIER WILL BE TAILORED TO OUR CURRENT DATA.

TESTS FOLLOWING OUR OTHER ATTEMPT INDICATE THAT THE ELEMENTAL FIRE CONTENT WAS ACCURATE, BUT INCOMPATIBLE WITH THE SUBJECT.

WE HAVE SINCE DECOMMISSIONED THAT FIRST SOLDIER. *

WE CONCLUDE THAT OUR NEXT SUBJECT MUST WILLINGLY EMBRACE THE VAST POWER OF THE FIRE.

Ah. A SOLDIER WITH A GOOD SOUL. **PERFECT!**

C'MON! NO! NOT AGAIN. THIS WON'T HELP ME FIND MY MURDER CONSPIRACY EVIDENCE.

ACCESS DENIED

HAVE TO GIVE JASON WYNN CREDIT-- HE SURE KNOWS HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF HIS INFLUENCE.

HE EITHER COMES UP SQUEAKY CLEAN OR HAS RENDERED THE INFORMATION FROZEN IN THE DATA LINK-UP. SOMEONE'S BUILT A *HECK* OF A FORTRESS AROUND HIM.

LET ME TRY SOMETHING ELSE.

UNBELIEVABLE.

HIS ENTIRE FILE DIRECTORY HAS BEEN RECLASSIFIED. MY SECURITY CLEARANCE ISN'T ENOUGH TO EVEN GET *CLOSE* TO THIS SECURED DATA. THAT'S NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE.

THE BEST I CAN FIGURE, THOSE RECENT SECURITY CHANGES WERE DIRECTED BY AN OBSOLETE SECTOR. THEY WERE SHUT DOWN MONTHS AGO.

OLD JASON IS HIDING SOMETHING. I DOUBT EVEN THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE COULD GET TO THOSE FILES.

MAYBE IF I REROUTE THROUGH INTERNATIONAL SECTOR F, CATEGORY 12...?

HE'S GOT THE WHOLE SYSTEM WORLDWIDE LOCKED UP!

ACCESS DENIED

GOD!

ONLY ONE OPTION LEFT-- UPGRADE MY STATUS... WHICH MEANS A TRANSFER INTO WYNN'S DEPARTMENT.

LIKE I SAID, BEEN REAL QUIET 'ROUND HERE OF LATE. KIND OF BORING AFTER ALL THE EXCITEMENT YOU CREATED. CAN'T SAY I DON'T *MIND* THE QUIET SOMETIMES, BUT IT GIVES PEOPLE A LOT OF EMPTY TIME TO THINK ABOUT THINGS...

GOOD AND BAD.

WHAT ARE YOU GETTING AT?

WELL, A LOT OF THE GUYS. THEY'VE BEEN TALKING. JUST STUPID STUFF. YOU KNOW-- DUMB RUMORS. EVEN A LITTLE PARANOIA, IF YOU ASK *ME*. BUT THE TALK HASN'T QUIETED DOWN, AL, NOW YOU'RE BACK. IT'LL GET CRAZY.

I HEARD THE OTHER DAY THAT A BUNCH OF GUYS WANT TO DRIVE YOU *OUTTA* HERE. THINK YOU'RE *NO GOOD*. THEY THINK YOU'VE JUST SUCKED THE *LIFE* OUT OF THEIR TERRITORY.

DIDN'T HAVE A CHOICE.

BOOTSY AND I, *WE* WANT YOU HERE. YOU GAVE ME MY *LIFE* BACK.* I'LL NEVER *FORGET* THAT-- NEVER *DESERT* YOU. THAT'S WHY IT WAS SO HARD TO UNDERSTAND HOW YOU COULD JUST SPLIT AND NOT SAY *ANYTHING*.

BUNCH OF ANGELS DRAGGED ME TO HEAVEN, THEN DUMPED ME IN THE *DEEP SOUTH*. BEING A SPAWN MAKES ME A PRIME ITEM ON THEIR AGENDA. IT JUST TOOK ME THIS LONG TO GET BACK WITHOUT USING THE LIMITED ENERGY THAT *DEVIL* GAVE ME.

BEING AWAY WAS A CHANCE TO SEE THAT MY EXISTENCE ISN'T THE ONLY ONE THAT'S OUT OF CONTROL.

"NO ONE SEEMS SAFE FROM CONFLICT. NOT ANGELS."

"NOT CHILDREN."

"AND SOME GO TO DRAMATIC LENGTHS TO CREATE THE VIOLENCE."



SO LET WHOEVER YOU RUN INTO KNOW THAT I'M BACK. TELL 'EM TO DEAL WITH THAT FACT.

ANYWAY, WHERE IS MY GOOD BUDDY, THE CURSE? GOT TIRED OF HANGING AROUND?*

WHAT A MESS, uh?

*FIND OUT NEXT ISSUE -- TOM.

DUNNO. NO ONE DOES. BUT HE'S BEEN MISSING FOR A WHILE. MUST'VE BEEN IN A HELLUVA HURRY, THOUGH. DIDN'T EVEN TAKE PART OF HIS ARM WITH HIM.

SPEAKING OF WHICH...

...WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH YOUR CAPE? IT DOESN'T SEEM VERY IMPRESSIVE ANYMORE. I THOUGHT IT PROTECTED YOU OR SOMETHING.



YOU GOT ME, BOOTSY. IT JUST KIND OF FREAKED OUT WHILE I WAS IN HEAVEN. I LOST MOST OF IT WHILE ESCAPING. IT'S STILL ACTING WEIRD NOW, WEEKS LATER. THE WHOLE COSTUME'S BEEN FAR MORE AGGRESSIVE. THE LARGE PIECES OF ITS CAPE THAT WERE TORN AWAY HAVE LEFT IT WEAK AND IN SHOCK.

I'M HOPING IT DOESN'T GET TOO BIZARRE.

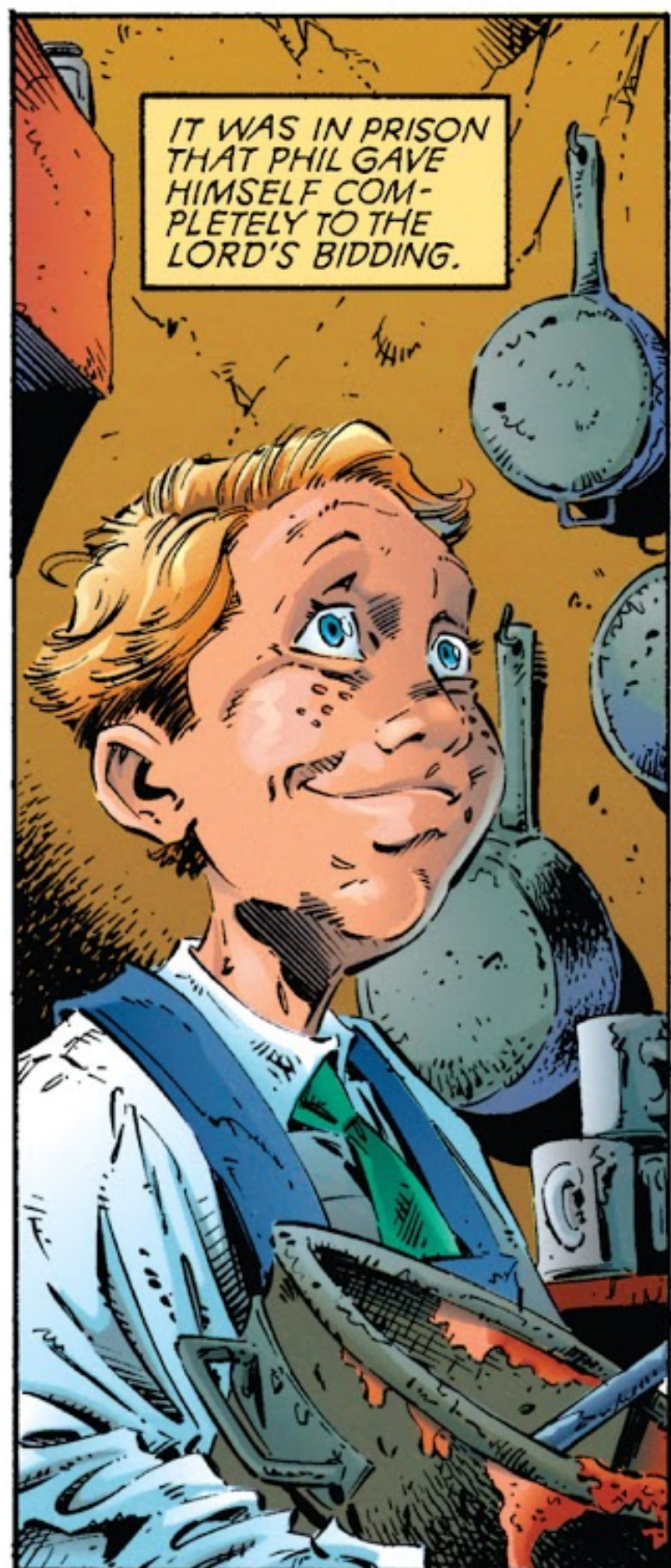


"IT HAD BEEN A MIRACLE," HIS MOTHER KEPT TELLING EVERYONE.



NO ONE, NOT EVEN HIS PARENTS, EXPECTED SUCH A LIFE CHANGE FROM PHIL TIMPER.

CONSTANTLY IN AND OUT OF JUVENILE DETENTION FROM EARLY ON. FINALLY CONVICTED AND INCARCERATED: TWO YEARS FOR FELONY GRAND THEFT.



IT WAS IN PRISON THAT PHIL GAVE HIMSELF COMPLETELY TO THE LORD'S BIDDING.



NOW HE'S THE MODEL CITIZEN, EVEN TRAINING TO BE A MINISTER AT THE LOCAL CHURCH.



AFTER ELEVEN SOLID YEARS SERVING THE LORD, HE STILL PRAYS EVERY NIGHT THAT HE WILL BE WORTHY OF GOD'S KINGDOM WHEN THE TIME COMES.



ORBITAL
STATION
ONE.

BI-LEVEL
SENSORS
INDICATE AN
EVEN GREATER
TOLERANCE FOR
PAIN THAN
ORIGINALLY
PROJECTED.

OUR
SOLDIER
SHALL
BE NEAR
PERFECT.

THE COMBINED
EMOTIONAL AND
PHYSICAL ATTRIBUTES
MAKE HIM INDEED A
SUPERIOR VESSEL. IN
A FEW MINUTES THE
SUBJECT'S BODY
COMPOSITION WILL
COMPLETE THE
INTERNAL TRANS-
MUTATION.

ALL THAT
OUR REDEEMER
YET REQUIRES
IS THE FINAL
STEP:

...NUCLEAR
FIRE
DIFFUSION.



EARLIER TODAY IN NEW YORK CITY'S BOWERY, A "MYSTERIOUS LIGHT" WAS AT THE CENTER OF THE UNEXPLAINED DISAPPEARANCE OF ONE OF THE AREA'S LEADING CITIZENS. PHIL TIMPER HAD WORKED WITH THE HOMELESS THROUGH VARIOUS CHARITIES AND SHELTERS FOR ELEVEN YEARS, AND WAS HONORED LAST YEAR AS "VOLUNTEER OF THE YEAR" BY THE CITY'S MAYOR. NUMEROUS EYEWITNESSES TELL ESSENTIALLY THE SAME STORY, CNN HAS LEARNED. THEY CLAIM TIMPER WAS STRUCK BY WHAT APPEARED TO BE LIGHTNING, AND VANISHED. HIS GRATEFUL CLIENTS SCoured THE AREA IN VAIN. TIMPER IS OFFICIALLY LISTED AS MISSING, BUT SOME HAVE EXPRESSED DOUBT THAT HE COULD HAVE SURVIVED THE EXPERIENCE.



NEW YORK'S FINEST ARE STILL AT A LOSS TO EXPLAIN THE DISAPPEARANCE OF A PROMINENT GOOD SAMARITAN AT THAT BOWERY CHARITY MISSION EARLIER TODAY. A SOURCE AT THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE REVEALED THAT THE INVESTIGATION MAY INCLUDE THE CAPED VIGILANTE KNOWN AS SPAWN. THIS ELUSIVE MASKED FIGURE HAS BEEN A FIXTURE IN THE BOWERY SINCE HIS ARRIVAL SOME MONTHS AGO, AND HAS CONTRIBUTED MORE THAN HIS SHARE OF FUSS AND COMMOTION TO THE SCENE. OUR CRIMSON AVENGER'S RECENT EXTENDED, UNEXPLAINED ABSENCE HAS LEFT THE SHABBY LITTLE DISTRICT MUCH AS HE FOUND IT: DREARIER AND QUIETER THAN ANY RIGHT-THINKING PART OF MANHATTAN SHOULD EVER BE.



NOW, **BAM!**- OUT OF LEFT FIELD COMES ANOTHER NEW YORK MOMENT AS A MODEL CITIZEN **VANISHES** FROM THE MIDDLE OF A SOUP KITCHEN. THIS IS THE SAME WELL-SCRUBBED CITIZEN WHO WAS SHOWERED WITH GOLDEN HYPE DURING OUR PREVIOUS MAYOR'S FAILED REELECTION BID. COULD THE SORE LOSER HAVE CALLED IN ONE LAST FAVOR FROM ON HIGH AND HAD THE POOR LAD **SACRIFIED** ON THE ALTAR OF **UNWELCOME AMBITION**? THE BOYS IN BLUE, MEANWHILE, HAVE GIVEN THIS CASE THE SAME CARE AND ATTENTION THEY WOULD A STOLEN CAR RADIO IN TIMES SQUARE. JUST GOES TO SHOW HOW SINCERE OUR POLITICIANS ARE ABOUT THEIR COMMITMENT TO THE LITTLE GUY. PICK OUT AN "AW-SHUCKS" SOCIAL WORKER, GIVE 'IM A TROPHY AT A PRESS CONFERENCE, THEN LET HIM GO ROT. GOD BLESS US, EVERY ONE!



AN N.Y.P.D. GYMNASIUM...

GOODNESS, SIR. I'VE NEVER **SEEN** THAT MANY DIGITS ON A SCALE BEFORE.

IT'S EVEN GONE UP SINCE THE **LAST** TIME. HARD TO UNDERSTAND, ESPECIALLY SINCE YOU'VE CUT BACK TO ONLY A **DOZEN** DOUGH-NUTS A DAY.

NOT EVEN **THIS** COULD RUIN TODAY.

A LITTLE **PERKY**, ARE WE? THIS WOULDN'T BY CHANCE HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH CHIEF BANKS, SIR?



LET'S JUST SAY THAT **RIGHT** NOW OUR GOOD FRIEND IS RECEIVING A TINY PACKAGE.

"AND I DON'T THINK IT'S GOING TO **BRIGHTEN** UP HIS DAY."



ROSES ARE RED,
VIOLETS ARE BLUE,
NOW THAT KINCAID
IS GONE,
THE TRAIL LEADS
BACK TO YOU

DAMN.



THIS IS BANKS. GET ME WYNN. **Now!**

AT 4:00 a.m., THE BOWERY'S BACKSTREETS FINALLY DRAG TO A HALT. EACH OF THE ALLEY'S OCCUPANTS HAS SOUGHT OUT HIS PLACE OF REST. A CAREFUL PECKING ORDER UNDERLIES THE COZY JUMBLE.

IT IS ONE OF THE SHORT PERIODS WHEN IT'S SAFE TO REST.

ESPECIALLY TONIGHT. WORD SPREAD QUICKLY OF THEIR KING'S RETURN. NOW THEY CAN SLEEP LIKE BABIES. AND LIKE A PROUD FATHER HE STANDS IN THE SHADOWS AND LOOKS DOWN ON THEM, HIS CHILDREN.

"THE MOMENT FEELS SO NATURAL," THE CREATURE CALLED SPAWN THINKS.

AS HE LISTENS TO THEIR MUFFLED BREATHING, A SUDDEN SENSATION GRIPS HIM.

HIS CHAINS PULL TOWARD SOME UNKNOWN DESTINATION.

"Danger," THE COSTUME IS TELLING ITS HOST.

HE SPRINTS THREE CITY BLOCKS BEFORE ROUNDING THE LAST CORNER-- THEN STOPS DEAD IN HIS TRACKS.

HE CURSES THE TWISTED EXISTENCE THAT'S NOW HIS...

... AND CURSES THE FAMILIAR FIGURE BEFORE HIM.



...THEREFORE
YOUR SIGNAL RADIATES
THE MOST WEAKLY OF
THE THREE. A NECRO-
PLASM TRANSFERRAL
FROM A HELLSPAWN
IS THE PROBABLE
SOURCE.

TRUE.

BUT YOUR
NEWFOUND
LIFE HAS
MADE YOU A
RECEPTACLE
FOR A
RESIDUAL AURA
YOU'D HAVE
NO WAY OF
PERCEIVING.

YOU POSE
NO THREAT.
YOU ARE, HOW-
EVER, THE FIRST
SUCH CASE
TO BE DOCU-
MENTED.

ORBITAL
STATION ONE,
ACKNOWLEDGE.
SENTIENT BEING
LOCATED.
PERMISSION
TO RETURN
TO BASE.

WHAT'RE
YOU
TALKING
ABOUT?!
YOU CRAZY
PUNK!

I'M
NOT SPAWN!

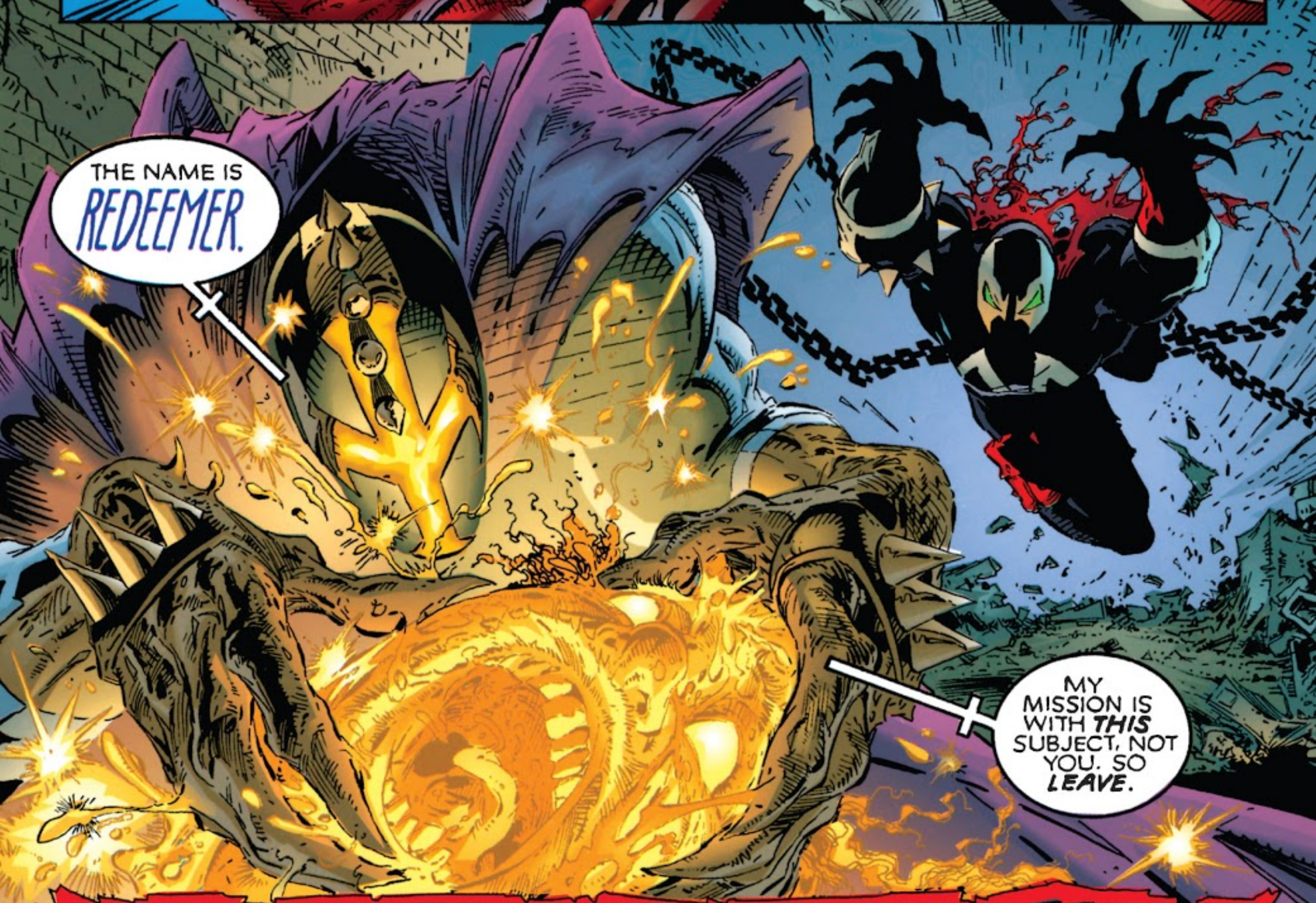
AFFIRMATIVE,
REDEEMER.
LOCATOR
READINGS
CONFIRM
ANALYSIS OF
SOURCE.

THE SCENE
IS BEGINNING
TO PLAY LIKE
A BAD SCI-FI
MOVIE.



I'M GOING
TO ASK JUST
ONCE. BACK AWAY
FROM HIM. NICE
AND SLOW
LIKE.

THIS IS
BETWEEN
YOU AND ME,
ANTI-
SPAWN.



THE NAME IS
REDEEMER.

MY
MISSION IS
WITH *THIS*
SUBJECT, NOT
YOU. SO
LEAVE.

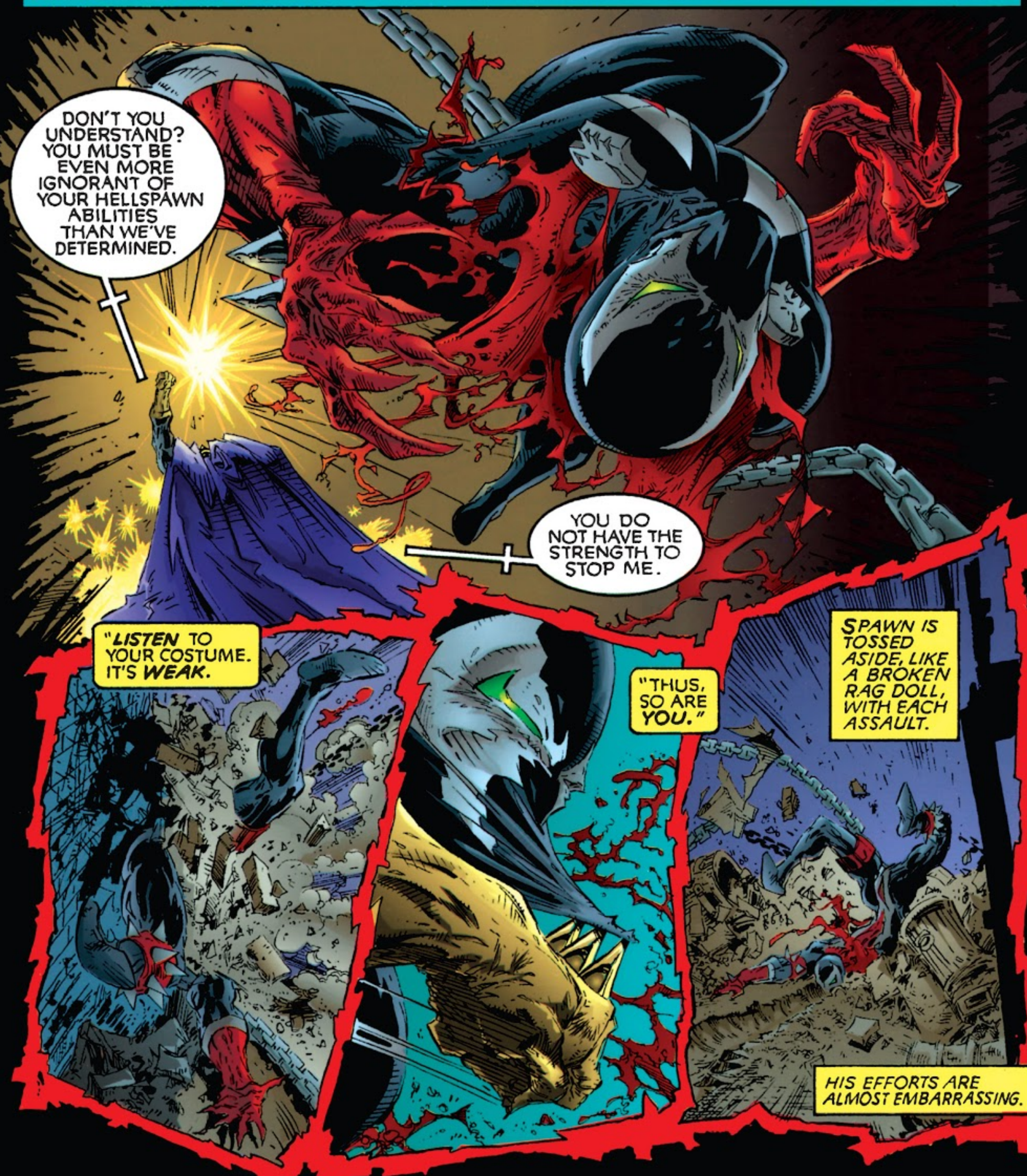


YOUR
TIME
WILL COME
LATER.



NOW *THIS* IS INTERESTING.

DAMN YOU! I SAID LEAVE HIM ALONE!



DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? YOU MUST BE EVEN MORE IGNORANT OF YOUR HELLSPAWN ABILITIES THAN WE'VE DETERMINED.

YOU DO NOT HAVE THE STRENGTH TO STOP ME.

"LISTEN TO YOUR COSTUME. IT'S WEAK."

"THUS, SO ARE YOU."

SPAWN IS TOSSED ASIDE, LIKE A BROKEN RAG DOLL, WITH EACH ASSAULT.

HIS EFFORTS ARE ALMOST EMBARRASSING.

DIRECT ATTACK IS FUTILE.
TRICKERY NOW SEEMS TO
BE HIS ONLY OPTION.

SPAWN POSITIONS HIM-
SELF DIRECTLY IN
REDEEMER'S LINE OF FIRE,
KNOWING THE DAMAGE
WILL BE SEVERE, BUT LESS
CRIPPLING THAN IT
APPEARS.

I SAID,
RELEASE
HIM!!

UNFORTUNATELY, HIS
STRATEGY HAS FAILED. HE
NEVER CONSIDERED THAT
REDEEMER WOULD TELE-
PORT, HIS VICTIM IN TOW.

LYING IN A CRUMPLED,
EXHAUSTED HEAP, SPAWN AND
HIS COSTUME ARE UNABLE TO
RECOVER IN TIME TO HELP
HIS FRIEND.

MAN, LOOKIT THE SIZE OF THAT HOLE!

THE CURSE GAVE IT TO ME A WHILE BACK.* DIDN'T WANT TO WASTE POWER FIXING IT. THE COSTUME MENDED IT-SELF OVER IT.

I WAS HOPING THE REDEEMER WOULD THINK HE'D DONE ME SOME SERIOUS DAMAGE, AND GIVE ME AN OPENING TO AMBUSH HIM.

DOES IT HURK!

HORROR ENGULFS SPAWN AS HIS COSTUME ACTS ON ITS OWN, FLAILING AND SNAPPING UNCONTROL-LABLY.

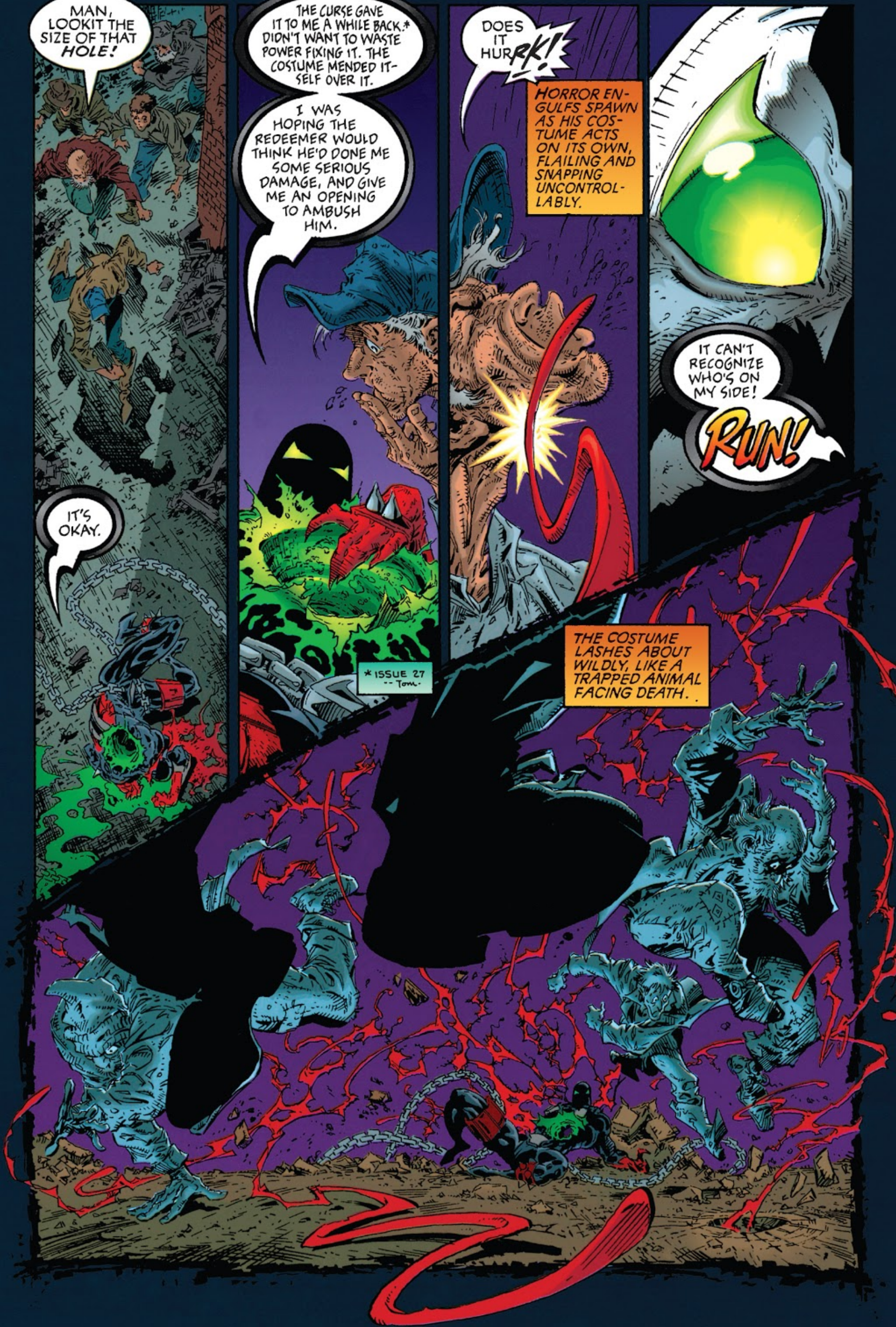
IT CAN'T RECOGNIZE WHO'S ON MY SIDE!

RUN!

IT'S OKAY.

* ISSUE 27
-- Tom --

THE COSTUME LASHES ABOUT WILDLY, LIKE A TRAPPED ANIMAL FACING DEATH.





WITH EVERY POSSIBLE
OBJECT NOW SHREDDED,
THE COSTUME AND
ALLEY GO SILENT.

DEATHLY SILENT.



THE FIRST HINT OF LIFE
COMES HOURS LATER.

TO
GROW.

IT
BEGINS
TO
MOVE.

TO
BREATHE.



THE COSTUME
LIVES.

AGAIN.

NEXT
ISSUE: **A NEW LOOK**





image

32
JUN

DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN



McFARLANE

NEW
YORK
CITY.

IN ANY LIGHT, THIS STRUCTURE IS A
TESTAMENT IN STEEL AND GLASS.
IT TAKES ON A MONOLITHIC
MAGNIFICENCE AT NIGHT.

ITS CLEAN LINES ARE
BROKEN WITH JUST THE
BAREST OF ADORNMENTS,
PLACED TO ACCENTUATE
ITS HEIGHT. TO THE
CASUAL ONLOOKER IT
SEEMS TO TOUCH THE
HEAVENS.

IN SOME
INSTANCES,
IT DOES.



AT THE MOMENT, THIS SELF-
ASSURED FACADE HIDES A
MASSIVE REORGANIZATION. THE
PREVIOUS DIRECTOR OF TERRAN
AFFAIRS WAS UNABLE TO
DISTINGUISH BUSINESS FROM
MISDIRECTED SELF-INTEREST.
HER TAIN MUST BE SWEEP
AWAY. SUPPLANTED.

THE BUSINESS OF BUSINESS,
AFTER ALL, IS BUSINESS. THIS
FRANCHISE WISHES THE
COMPLETE CONFIDENCE OF
ITS "FRONT OFFICE":

HEAVEN
ITSELF.





THIS CREATURE'S PRESENCE HERE HAS EVERYTHING TO DO WITH THE BUILDING'S DIVINE LANDLORD.

COMPOSED OF NECRO-PLASM, THIS NEW WARRIOR OF THE DAMNED COMES BOUND TO A BODY-SHEATHING, RED AND BLACK NEURAL PARASITE.



OVER THE CENTURIES, THESE WARRIORS HAVE BEEN NAMED IN HUSHED WHISPERS:

THEY OCCUR BUT ONCE EACH FOUR HUNDRED YEARS, AND BY THEIR INFREQUENCY ARE RELEGATED TO FABLE AND LEGEND.

EACH OCCURRENCE, THOUGH, SIGNALS THE INEVITABILITY OF AN ULTIMATE, UNHOLY WAR. OUR EARTH IS A CONVENIENT TRAINING GROUND.

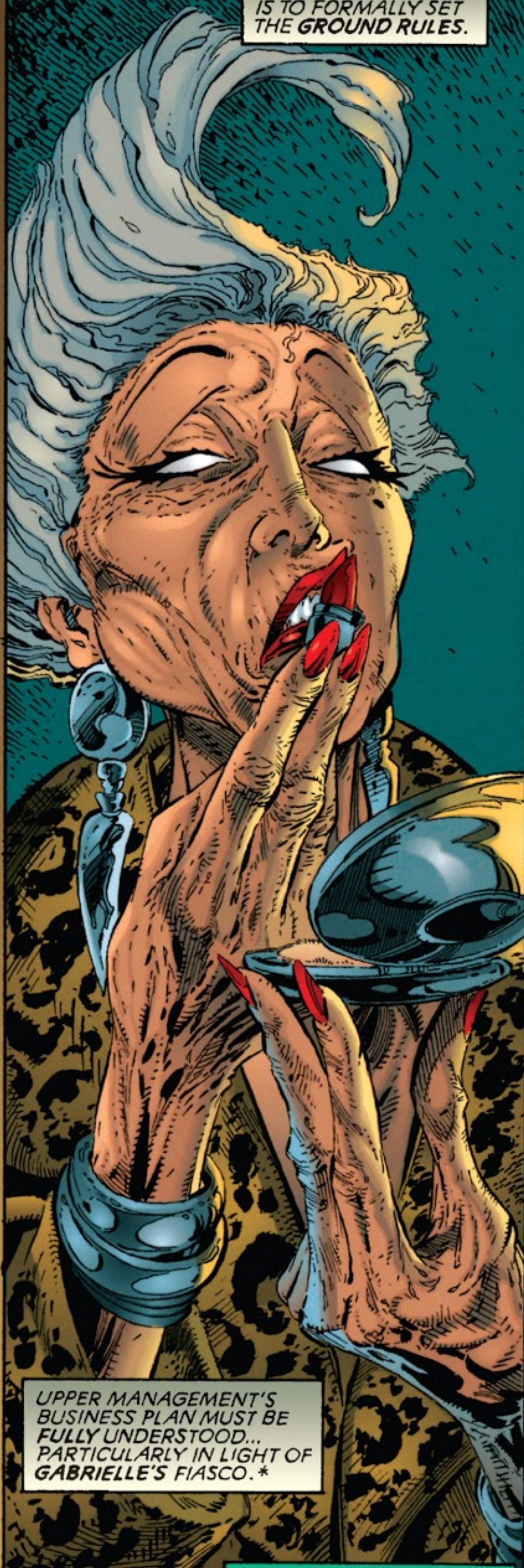


"SPAWN."

MORE APPROPRIATELY, "HELLSPAWN."

THE PENTHOUSE SUITE OF OFFICES COMMANDS A VIEW WHICH SEEMS IMPOSSIBLY FAR-RANGING. WITH HER BACK TO IT ALL, THE NEWLY-APPOINTED DIRECTOR PREPARES FOR A MEETING. A VERY **IMPORTANT** MEETING. HAVING BEEN IN "THE SERVICE" NOW FOR WELL OVER **TWO MILLENNIA**, SHE UNDERSTANDS THE NEED FOR SUCH GET-TOGETHERS.

TODAY'S CONFERENCE IS TO FORMALLY SET THE **GROUND RULES**.



UPPER MANAGEMENT'S BUSINESS PLAN MUST BE FULLY UNDERSTOOD... PARTICULARLY IN LIGHT OF **GABRIELLE'S FIASCO**.*

* SEEN IN THE ANGELA MINI SERIES - TOM.

LIKE ANY SUCCESSFUL EMPLOYEE, **RAFAEL** KNOWS ONE'S **APPEARANCE** IS IMPORTANT AT THESE SESSIONS.



HER REPORTS ARE READY, AND THEY SHOW ALL CURRENT ACTIVITIES ARE **CLEAN**. A FEW NEW POLICIES OF HER OWN ARE ALREADY IN EFFECT, AND SHE HOPES THEY WILL APPROVE.



SHE'S FEELING **CONFIDENT**.



THOUGH
A BIT
NERVOUS.



PLEASE!
MAKE YOUR-
SELVES
COMFORTABLE.

MAY I
GET YOU
ANY-
THING?



NO. BUT
THANK
YOU FOR
ASKING.

AS YOU
KNOW, WE DON'T
HAVE A GREAT
DEAL OF TIME. THERE
ARE OTHER MEETINGS.
I HOPE YOU
UNDERSTAND?

OF
COURSE.

GOOD.
THEN COME HERE,
MY CHILD. LET ME
GET A LOOK
AT YOU.



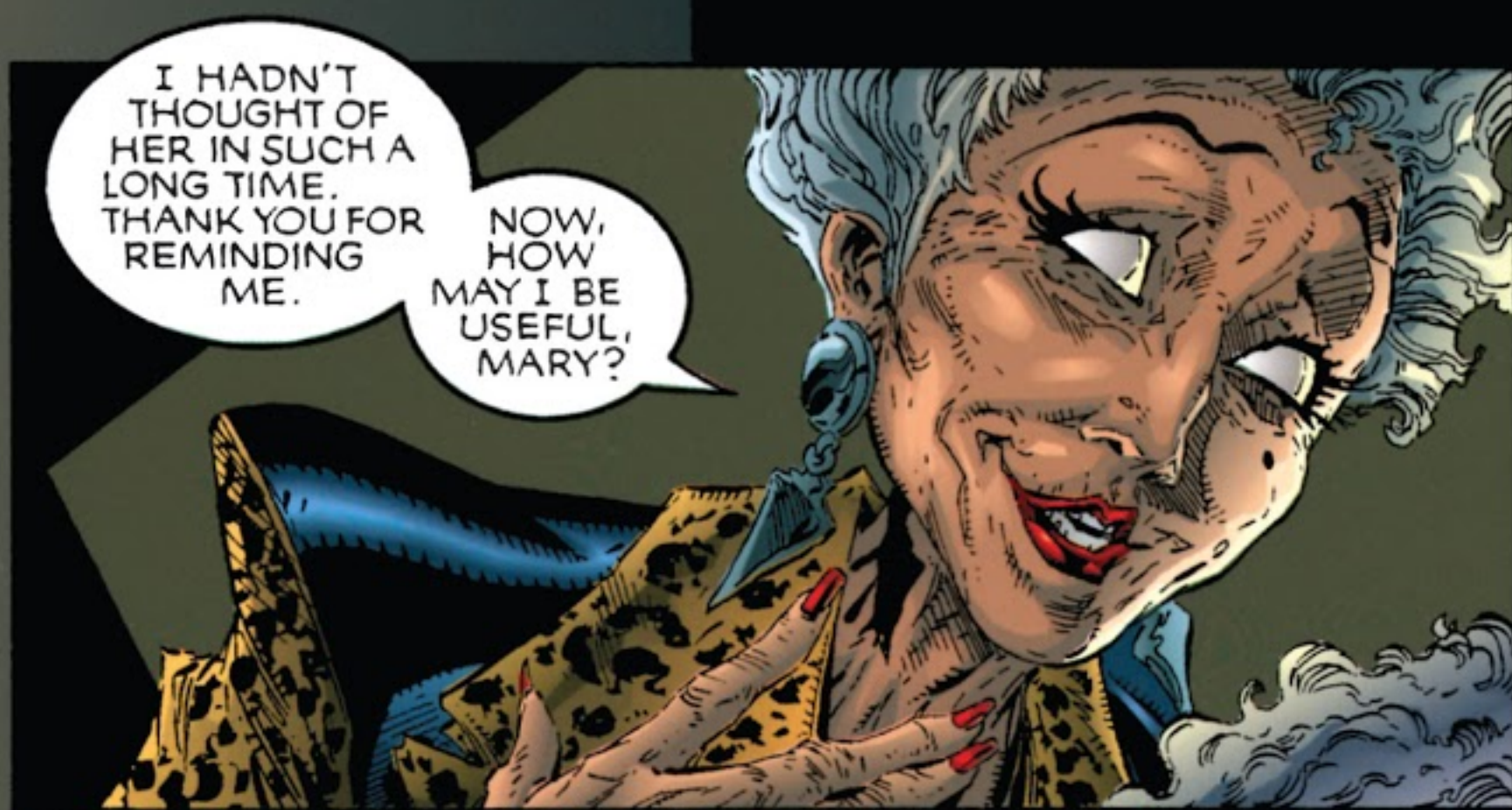
MY, BUT **YOU'RE** A PRETTY ONE, **ALSO**. IT WARMS MY **HEART** TO SEE EVERY-ONE TAKE SUCH **GOOD CARE** OF THEIR VESSELS.

I APPRECIATE YOUR KIND WORDS.

YOU'RE MOST **WELCOME**. WOULD YOU DO ME A **FAVOR** TODAY? YOUR MOTHER'S NAME WAS **MARY**. I'D REALLY LIKE IT IF YOU'D CALL **ME** THAT, TOO.

JUST FOR TODAY.

IT WOULD BE AN HONOR.



I HADN'T THOUGHT OF HER IN SUCH A LONG TIME. THANK YOU FOR REMINDING ME.

NOW, HOW MAY I BE USEFUL, MARY?



YOU ALREADY **ARE**, MY DEAR.

BY HAVING YOU WATCH OVER THIS PLANET I HAVE PLACED A **GREAT** BURDEN ON YOUR SHOULDERS. YOUR POSITION WILL PUT YOU UNDER EXCEPTIONAL **PRESSURE**.



I'M **DIS-APPOINTED** YOUR PREDECESSOR DIDN'T WORK OUT.

WE CANNOT **AFFORD** THOSE KINDS OF ERRORS-- FOR EVIL IS AN **OBSERVANT** ADVERSARY, ONE WHO FLOURISHES IN OUR TIMES OF **WEAKNESS**.



OUR GOAL IS TO **LISTEN**. TO **LEARN**. WE GUIDE **ONLY** THOSE WHO **ASK**, AND EVEN **THEN** THEY MUSTN'T KNOW IT'S **US...**



...FOR THE HUMAN SOUL IS SALVATION FOR **ALL** OF US.



SALVATION?

DOES THAT
INCLUDE THE
TORTURED
AND DAMNED?

GUARDS!
GET SECURITY
IN HERE--
NOW! WE HAVE
A LEVEL EIGHT
ATTACK!! CLEAR
THE LEADER
AWAY FROM
THE THREAT!

VIOLENCE,
FROM EITHER
SIDE, WILL NOT
END OUR
DIFFICULTIES.

WHERE
IS HE?

YOU
KIDNAPPED
MY FRIEND.
I'VE COME
TO TAKE HIM
BACK.

HOW **DARE**
YOU COME HERE!
YOUR MASTER KNOWS
THIS A CONFLICT-FREE,
NEUTRAL ZONE. YOUR SIDE
HAS JUST MADE A **GRAVE**
MISTAKE BY DISOBEYING
THE PEACE TREATY.
OUR CEASE-FIRE
IS NOW **VOID!**

WHAT'S TAKING
SECURITY--?

ABRUPTLY, THAT QUESTION BECOMES MOOT.

SURROUND HIM.

PREPARE TO FIRE, AT MY COMMAND.

YOU'VE GOT NOWHERE TO RUN, HELL-SPAWN. GIVE YOURSELF UP-- OR DIE.

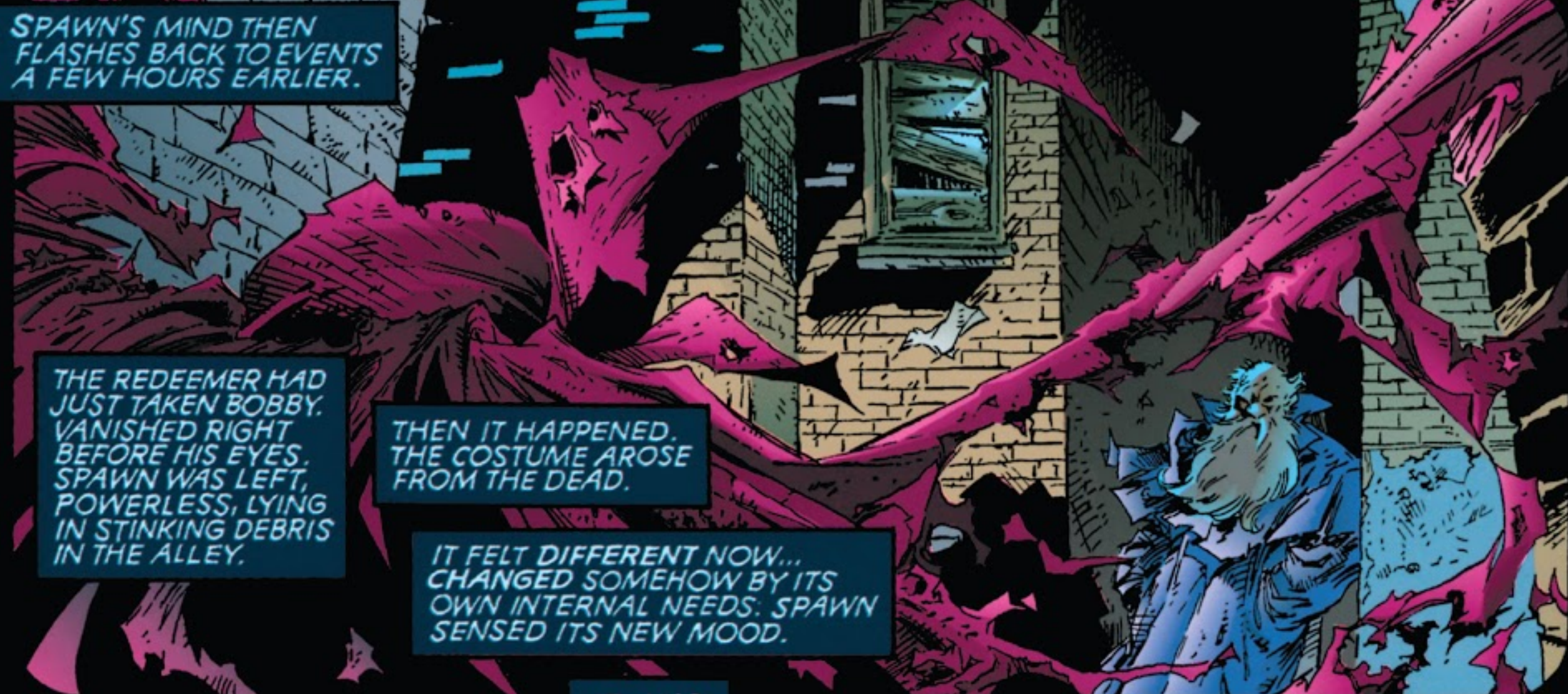
CORNERED.

WITH NO WAY TO ESCAPE, SPAWN CONSIDERS HIS NEXT TACTIC. INSTINCTIVELY, FOR PROTECTION, HE GRABS THE THING CLOSEST TO HIM.

DON'T MAKE ME HURT HER. JUST GIVE ME WHAT I WANT, AND I'LL LEAVE.

AS HE DELIVERS HIS THREAT, HE'S AWARE OF THE COSTUME GOING LIMP.

IT MUST BE TIRED, HE THINKS. THE CHANGES HAVE COME AT A PRICE.



SPAWN'S MIND THEN FLASHES BACK TO EVENTS A FEW HOURS EARLIER.

THE REDEEMER HAD JUST TAKEN BOBBY. VANISHED RIGHT BEFORE HIS EYES. SPAWN WAS LEFT, POWERLESS, LYING IN STINKING DEBRIS IN THE ALLEY.

THEN IT HAPPENED. THE COSTUME AROSE FROM THE DEAD.

IT FELT DIFFERENT NOW... CHANGED SOMEHOW BY ITS OWN INTERNAL NEEDS. SPAWN SENSED ITS NEW MOOD.

IT WAS ANGRY.

THE ONLY THING LACKING WAS A DIRECTION FOR THE ANGER TO VENT.

I SEE YOU'RE STILL TRYING TO LEARN. YOU MIGHT NEED THIS.

CAGLIOSTRO. A MYSTERIOUS VAGRANT, WHO IN SOME STRANGE FASHION, KNEW WHAT SPAWN WAS GOING THROUGH.

WHAT IS IT?

INFORMATION.

BUT IT'S BLANK.

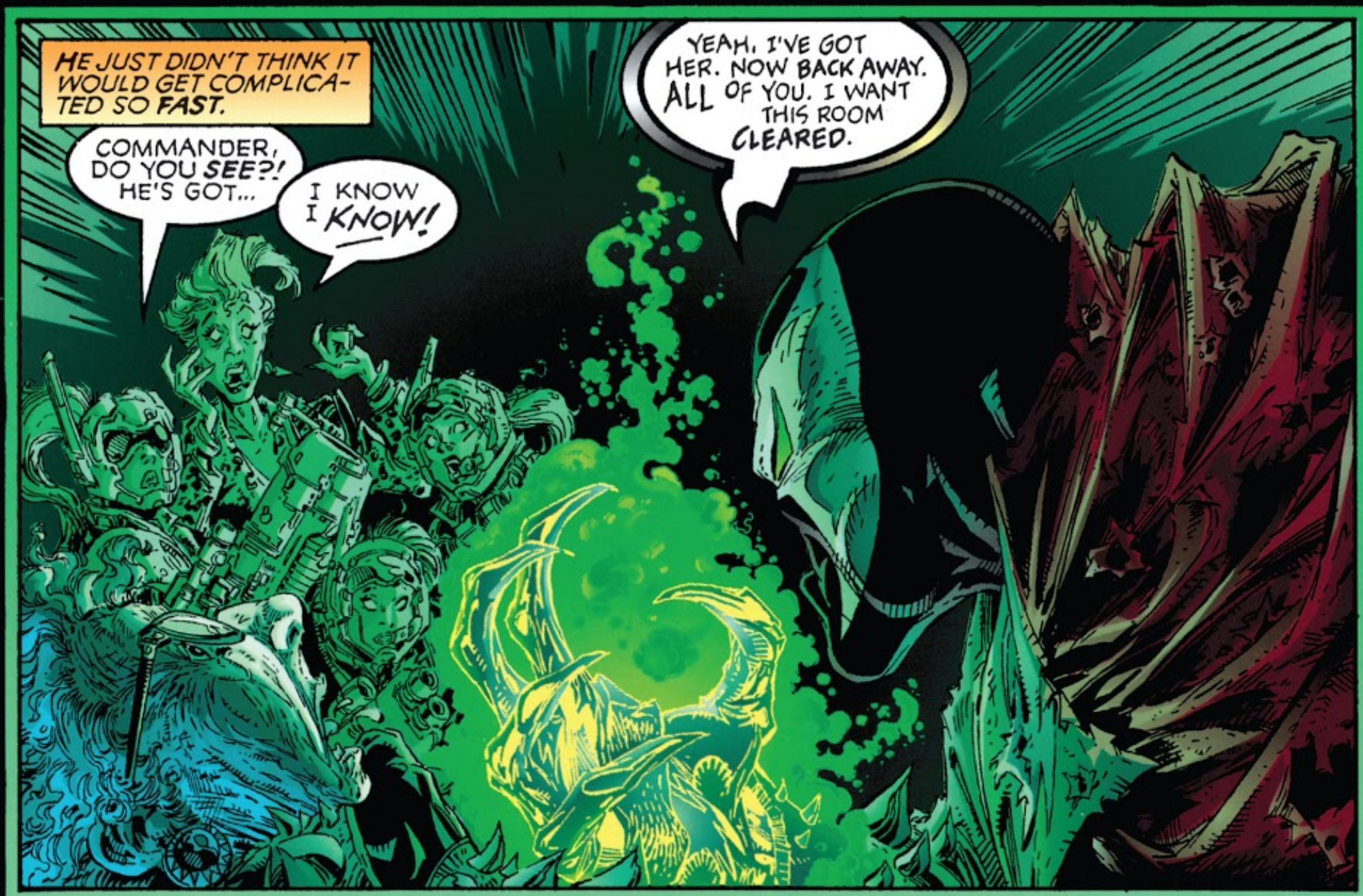
YOU STILL HAVE MUCH TO ACCEPT. YOUR FRIEND NEEDS YOU. CONTROL YOUR RAGE SO THAT YOU MAY HELP HIM.

LOOK AGAIN.

9 East 48th St.

AN ADDRESS. WHEN HE LOOKED UP, CAGLIOSTRO WAS GONE.

IT DIDN'T MATTER. SPAWN KNEW WHAT HAD TO BE DONE.



HE JUST DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD GET COMPLICATED SO FAST.

COMMANDER, DO YOU SEE?! HE'S GOT...

I KNOW I KNOW!

YEAH, I'VE GOT HER. NOW BACK AWAY. ALL OF YOU. I WANT THIS ROOM CLEARED.



WITH THE COSTUME WEAK AND SPAWN NOT AT FULL STRENGTH, IT SURPRISES HIM HOW QUICKLY THEY ACCEPT HIS BLUFF.

HE HAD NO BACK-UP PLAN IF THEY DIDN'T.



EXCEPT YOU!

IT SEEMS YOU'RE THE LEADER-- SO YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S GOING TO HELP SOLVE MY PROBLEM.

I SWEAR-- IF YOU HURT HER, I'LL BRING ALL OF HEAVEN DOWN UPON YOU!

LADY, I'M NOT CONCERNED ABOUT ME RIGHT NOW. I WANT MY FRIEND, BOBBY. NOW WHERE IS HE?

YOUR FRIEND IS NOWHERE NEAR HERE.

AN INTELLIGENT SPAWN WOULD KNOW THAT.

IT'S OBVIOUS YOUR MASTER HAS PICKED ANOTHER WEAK CANDIDATE TO BE HIS MESSENGER.



I'VE TRIED EVERY-
THING. I JUST KEEP
RUNNING INTO BRICK WALLS.
YOU KNOW HOW SLICK THE C.I.A.
CAN BE. I'M JUST SORRY I
HAVEN'T MADE TIME LATELY
FOR YOU AND CYAN, BUT
THIS MESS IS ALL I
THINK ABOUT.

I CAN'T REST
UNTIL IT'S
SOLVED.
UNFORTUNATELY,
THEY'VE FORCED
MY HAND.

WHAT
D'YA
MEAN?

EVER SINCE THEY
ABRUPTLY STOPPED ACCUSING
ME OF BEING A **SPY**, I'VE BEEN
TREATED REALLY WELL. **TOO** NICELY,
IF YOU ASK ME. THEY'VE OFFERED
ME NUMEROUS GREAT PROMOTIONS,
BUT I THINK IT'S THEIR WAY OF
BUYING MY **SILENCE**. NOW I'M
BACKED INTO A CORNER AND THE
ONLY WAY OUT IS TO **TAKE** ONE
OF THOSE OFFERS. I HAVE
TO GET **CLOSER** TO WYNN
IF I'M GOING TO
SOLVE THIS.

I'VE ALREADY
COMPLETED MY
TRANSFER
PAPERS.



YOU
CAN'T BE
SERIOUS.

DEADLY.

**TERRY FITZGERALD
AND WANDA BLAKE
SIT NOW IN
AWKWARD SILENCE.
THEN, AN UNSPOKEN
UNDERSTANDING
IS ACHIEVED.**



**BOTH PRAY
THEY'VE MADE
A WISE
DECISION.**

CALMLY, HE RECLINES IN HIS CHAIR. JASON WYNN, SUPREME DIRECTOR OF U.S. INTELLIGENCE AGENCIES, IS NOT GIVEN TO HYSTERICIS.

I CAN'T TAKE IT ANY MORE! YOU HAVE TO DO SOMETHING! ANYTHING! THIS COULD RUIN OUR CAREERS! OUR LIVES!

CALM YOURSELF, MY FRIEND. NO ONE IS GOING TO DESTROY US.

ARE YOU **CRAZY?! SOMEONE'S LINKED US TO BILLY KINCAID! HANGING OUT WITH A CHILD KILLER-- THAT DOESN'T GET SWEEPED AWAY TOO EASILY!**

HOW MANY OTHERS DO YOU THINK KNOW ABOUT THIS?!

I'VE RECEIVED A FILE CONTAINING CLASSIFIED INFORMATION WHICH NO OUTSIDER SHOULD HAVE. THE FILE WAS GIVEN BY SOMEONE CALLED **SPAWN.***

* ISSUE 24 -- Tom.

WHAT!!

WHY WOULD SOME PSYCHO HERO HAVE IT IN FOR US?

ALL I KNOW IS, I'M NOT **ABOUT** TO LOSE EVERYTHING I'VE WORKED FOR. SO YOU **DO** SOMETHING ABOUT IT. **ANYTHING!**

BELIEVE ME, BANKS, I'VE ALREADY STARTED.

I'M NO
ONE'S
PUPPET.
PERIOD.

I'LL KEEP THIS
SIMPLE. YOU'VE GOT
EXACTLY FIVE SECONDS
TO TELL ME WHERE
MY FRIEND IS.

OTHERWISE,
GRANDMA HERE
IS GOING TO BE
MY PROVERBIAL
"EYE FOR AN
EYE."

ANOTHER
BLUFF.
IT'S ALL
HE HAS
LEFT.

IDIOT!

YOUR
FRIEND
ISN'T *HERE*.
HE'S NOT
EVEN ON
EARTH!

THAT'S
YOUR
PROBLEM.

LIKE I
SAID...

FIVE.

FOUR.

THREE.

TWO.

ALL RIGHT.
YOU WIN.

LUCKILY, FOR--
INEXPLICABLY--
HIS POWERS HAVE
SHUT DOWN.



ORBITAL
STATION ONE,
COME IN. THIS IS
TERRAN HEAD-
QUARTERS.

ACKNOWLEDGED.

WE NEED
YOU TO RETURN
THE CAPTURED
SENTIENT BEING
TO OUR BASE
IMMEDIATELY.

REQUEST
DENIED.

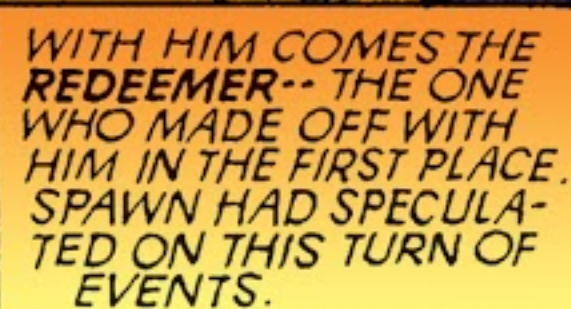
EXPERIMENTS
ON THAT SUBJECT ARE
INCOMPLETE AT PRESENT.
CURRENT DATA SHOW
PERPLEXING READINGS.
UNABLE TO RELEASE
SUBJECT AT
THIS TIME.

GENTLEMEN,
THIS IS *NOT* A REQUEST.
IT IS A *COMMAND*, AND AS
YOUR SUPERIOR I *DEMAND*
THAT HE BE SENT DOWN HERE
AT ONCE WITH THE PROPER
ESCORT. YOU HAVE *ONE*
MINUTE TO COMPLY WITH
MY ORDERS. DO YOU
UNDERSTAND?

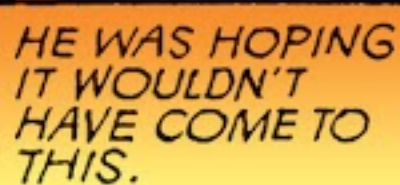
AFFIRMATIVE.



SECONDS LATER, A PIERCING BLAST OF LIGHT ANNOUNCES BOBBY'S RETURN TO EARTH.



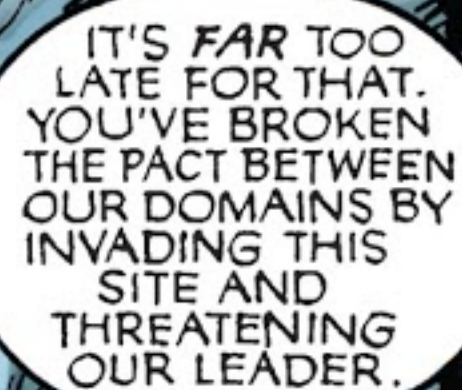
WITH HIM COMES THE REDEEMER-- THE ONE WHO MADE OFF WITH HIM IN THE FIRST PLACE. SPAWN HAD SPECULATED ON THIS TURN OF EVENTS.



HE WAS HOPING IT WOULDN'T HAVE COME TO THIS.



RELEASE HIM AND I'LL GO PEACEFULLY.



IT'S FAR TOO LATE FOR THAT. YOU'VE BROKEN THE PACT BETWEEN OUR DOMAINS BY INVADING THIS SITE AND THREATENING OUR LEADER.



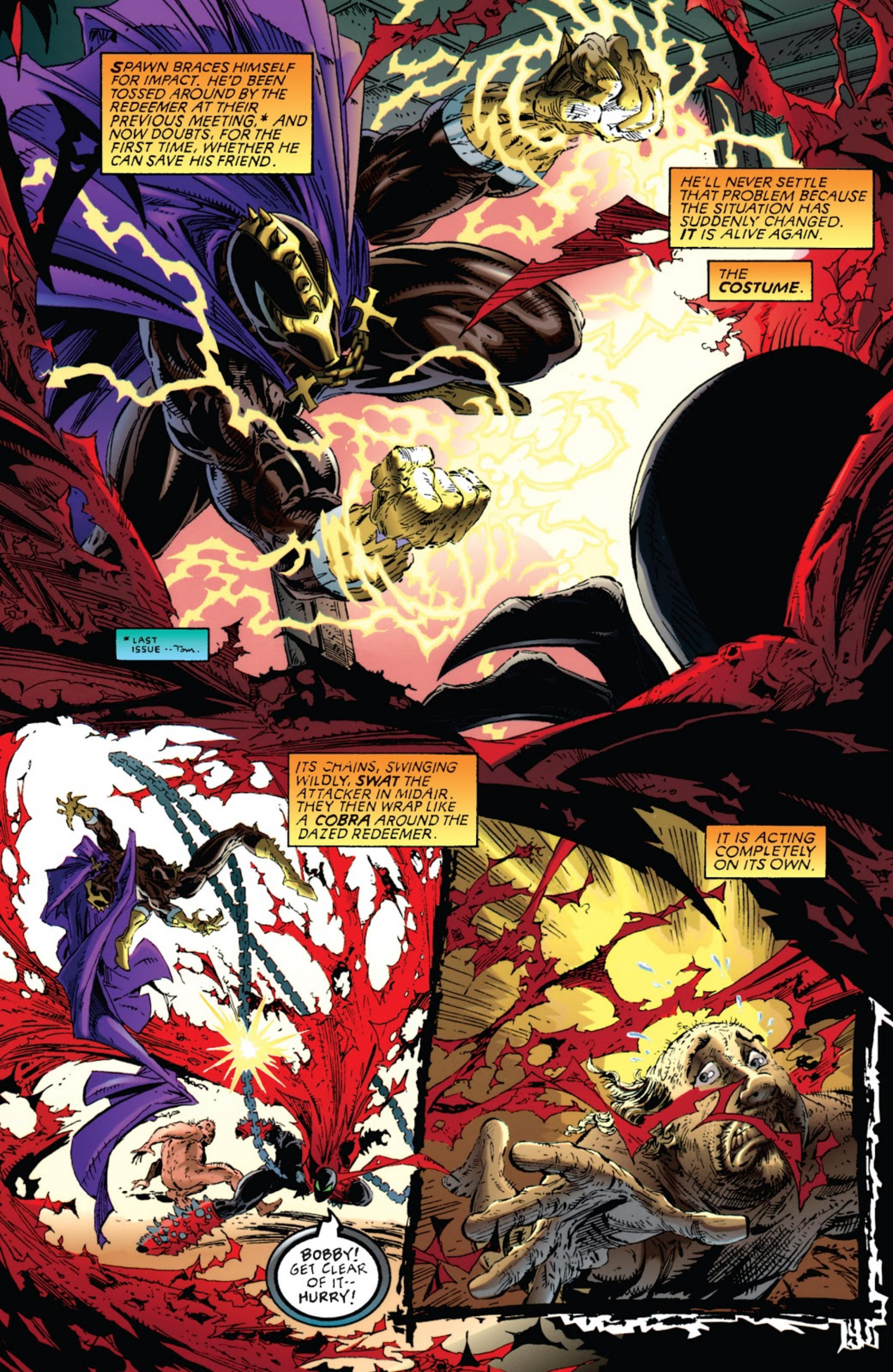
AL... HELP ME.



YOU'LL NOT GO UNPUNISHED.



REDEEMER--
FINISH HIM!



SPAWN BRACES HIMSELF FOR IMPACT. HE'D BEEN TOSSED AROUND BY THE REDEEMER AT THEIR PREVIOUS MEETING,* AND NOW DOUBTS, FOR THE FIRST TIME, WHETHER HE CAN SAVE HIS FRIEND.

HE'LL NEVER SETTLE THAT PROBLEM BECAUSE THE SITUATION HAS SUDDENLY CHANGED. IT IS ALIVE AGAIN.

THE COSTUME.

* LAST ISSUE -- Tom.

ITS CHAINS, SWINGING WILDLY, SWAT THE ATTACKER IN MIDAIR. THEY THEN WRAP LIKE A COBRA AROUND THE DAZED REDEEMER.

IT IS ACTING COMPLETELY ON ITS OWN.

BOBBY!
GET CLEAR
OF IT--
HURRY!

LIKE SOME FEROCIOUS BEAST,
THE COSTUME FLAILS VIOLENTLY.
IT WILL ALLOW NOTHING TO
COME NEAR. THEN, LIKE THE
CHAINS, THE CAPE LAUNCHED
ITS OWN ATTACK.

LIKE LIMBS AND
CLAWS AND TEETH...

C'MON, LADY!
WHAT'RE YOU
STANDING THERE
FOR?! YOU WANT
TO GET
KILLED?!!

BOBBY!
TAKE
GRANDMA
WITH
YOU!

... THE
COSTUME
PARTS
DEFEND
THEIR HOST.

BY WHATEVER
MEANS NECESSARY.



THE REDEEMER REACTS LESS WITH ANGER THAN SHOCK AT THE SUDDEN AMPUTATION. UNCONTROLLABLY, THE STUMP SPEWS ELEMENTAL FIRE, DEMOLISHING EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH...

... ITS DEVASTATION THREATENING EVEN THOSE HE SERVES...

GRANNY, I'M SORRY I HAD TO USE YOU EARLIER, BUT I DIDN'T HAVE A CHOICE.

GREAT! NOW I NEED TO GET YOU OUT OF HERE. IT'S NOT SAFE.

AS HE TOUCHES HER ARM TO GUIDE HER, THE COSTUME BECOMES LIFELESS AGAIN. BEFORE SPAWN CAN EVEN REACT, THE REDEEMER BLASTS HIM, FACE ON.

... YET SPAWN TURNS HIS BACK TO THE BARRAGE WITHOUT A SECOND THOUGHT.

I UNDERSTAND.



THE INTENSE FORCE THROWS
SPAWN INTO BOBBY, THEN
SLAMS BOTH INTO THE NEXT
ROOM.



WHILE HE LAYS CATCHING
HIS BREATH, SPAWN
TURNS TO SEE THAT THE
ARTILLERY HAS ARRIVED.



**FIRE
AT WILL!**
DON'T
LET HIM
ESCAPE
THIS TIME!

TO HIS MIND,
THIS IS
ARMAGEDDON.



AL! **DO**
SOME-
THING!



HANG
ON, BOBBY.
WE'RE
GOING
TO...

KOON!!!



THE BUILDING'S
OUTER SHELL
EVAPORATES.



IN A HEARTBEAT,
TRILLIONS OF MOLECULES
DISINTEGRATE.

TRANSFERRED AT THE SPEED OF
LIGHT, THEY REASSEMBLE IN THE
WASTE AND DECAY OF NEW YORK
CITY'S **BOWERY**.



CAG?!
I NEED YOUR
HELP. AL'S NOT
MOVING! I
THINK HE'S
HURT.

HE'S JUST
UNCONSCIOUS.
DON'T WORRY.

OUR FRIEND
FARED SURPRISINGLY
WELL, CONSIDERING
HE JUST SURVIVED
A BATTLE WITH
GOD.

WHAT
DO YA
MEAN? ARE
YOU SAYING
GOD
WAS UP
THERE?!!

A CHAMELEON
OF SORTS, THE
LORD CAN APPEAR
IN MANY FORMS.



HOW COULD YOU LET THIS HAPPEN, RAFAEL?

ME?! DON'T YOU DARE ACCUSE ME. IT WAS THE **SECURITY SYSTEM** THAT FAILED, NOT MY AUTHORITY.

BUT, OUR FORTRESS HAS NEVER BEEN BREACHED BY ONE OF **THEM** BEFORE.

GIRLS.

... AND FROM THE CONDUCT I WITNESSED TODAY, I'D SAY SO ARE YOU, PROVING TO ME THAT **NEITHER** SIDE IS READY FOR THE GREAT BATTLE.

YOU SEE, THOUGH AL SIMMONS DOESN'T KNOW IT, I **ALLOWED** HIM TO DO WHAT HE DID-- BECAUSE HE WAS FIGHTING NOT FOR HIMSELF, BUT FOR A **FRIEND**.

-- AND THOSE WHO ARE TRULY **EVIL**. TODAY, THE SYSTEM WORKED PERFECTLY... FOR OUR VISITOR WAS **NEITHER**. MY CHILDREN, YOU ARE TOO QUICK TO **ACT**. THE INTRUDER IS MORE THAN YOU THINK. MUCH LIKE YOURSELVES, HE STRUGGLES TO FIND ANSWERS. ON HIS QUEST HE IS FACED WITH CONFUSION...



PLEASE. MAY I HAVE A MOMENT?

THIS EVENT HAS BEEN NO ONE'S FAULT. AS YOU ARE ALL AWARE, THE SECURITY SYSTEM IS DESIGNED TO DETER THOSE WHO DO NOT BELIEVE--

YET MAKE NO MISTAKE. THE SPARKS HAVE BEEN STRUCK. AND ONE DAY, WITH TIME AND GUIDANCE, **HIS TIME** WILL COME.



image

33
JULY DIGITAL EDITION

SPAWN[®]



McFARLANE
GX

CHILL NIGHT
AIR BLANKETS
MANHATTAN
AS THE
CLOUDS
BREAK UP.

AS
ACTIVITY
RESUMES
ITS NORMAL
PACE, THE
STREETS
ARE SLOWLY
RID OF ALL
EVIDENCE OF
A DOWN-
POUR.

MIXING
WITH WASTE
AND LITTER,
THE RAIN-
WATER
GATHERS
MOMENTUM...

THROUGH
THESE BLACK
BOWELS,
THE STREETS
SLOUGH OFF
THEIR
UNWANTED
GARBAGE.

...CARVING
PATHS TO
HUNDREDS
OF
SCATTERED
DRAINAGES.

IT'S
TIME.

FIRST
YOU'LL
FEEL THE
PHYSICAL
PAIN AS I
TEAR YOU
APART.
PIECE BY
PIECE.

THE
RAIN
IS
OVER.

LIMB
BY
LIMB.



THEN
I'LL NAIL
YOU WHERE
IT COUNTS
THE MOST--
YOUR ONE
TRULY WEAK
PLACE--



--THE
HEART.

AND
WHILE YOU'RE
TRYING TO
FIGURE OUT
WHO'S *FRIEND*
AND WHO'S
FOE--

--I'LL BE
WATCHING FROM
THE SHADOWS,
WAITING FOR JUST
THE *RIGHT*
MOMENT.

HAHAHAHA

THE
THING
THAT MADE
YOU A
SPAWN IN
THE *FIRST*
PLACE.

A FIENDISH CACKLE REVERBERATES THROUGH THE REEKING SUBTERRANEAN MAZE.

THE NEXT EVENING.

THE DEBATE HAS GONE ON FOR AN HOUR NOW, WITH NO DECISION IN SIGHT.

ITS TOPIC IS ONE THAT'S MADE THE ROUNDS A DOZEN TIMES BEFORE: IS THE PRESENCE OF THIS DARK, CAPED GUARDIAN A BLESSING TO THE LOCAL VAGRANTS... OR A CURSE?

IF I STAY HERE, YOU MUST BE PREPARED FOR ALL-OUT WAR. ANY TIME. ANY PLACE. AND SOME OF YOUR FRIENDS MAY BE AMONG THE ENEMY.

YOU THINK ABOUT THAT... AND HOW DEEP YOU WANT TO BE INVOLVED IN SOMETHING YOU CAN'T CONTROL.

WE ALREADY TOLD YOU, AL. THOSE WEREN'T OUR PALS THAT TRIED TO KILL YOU.*

BUNCH'A YELLOW-BELLY RATS, THAT'S ALL.

I'VE FOUND ANOTHER PLACE I CAN GO. IT'D BE SAFER FOR ALL OF US.

CAN I SAY SOMETHING? WHAT A LOAD OF **CRAP!**

EVENTUALLY, THE SICK LAUGHTER FADES.

* SEE THE ENTIRE BLOOD-FEUD MINI-SERIES -- TOM.



WHAT'S
YOUR
PROBLEM,
BOBBY?

YOU.

WHAT?!



LOOK, YOU WANT TO RUN
OUT ON US AGAIN, *FINE*. THAT'S
YOUR CALL. BUT DON'T TRY TO
PIN *ANY* OF THIS ON *US*.

WE'RE
NOT AS
FRAGILE
AS YOU
THINK.

YOU SEE, AL,
THIS TROUBLE DIDN'T
START WITH YOU. WHAT
WE GO THROUGH HAS
BEEN THIS WAY FOR A
LONG TIME. THE PSYCHOS,
CRIME AND VIOLENCE...
NONE OF THAT'S
GOING TO
CHANGE.

WE'LL STILL
GET BEAT UP, SHOT
AT AND MUGGED BY THE
BAD GUYS. *HELL!* EVEN
THE *GOOD* GUYS PICK
ON US, SO FORGET
THE NURSEMAID
CRAP.

WE'LL
SURVIVE.
ALWAYS
HAVE.



BUT
I'M COM-
POUNDING
THESE
PROBLEMS
BY BEING
EVERYONE'S
TARGET.

IT'S BEEN
A FRIGGIN'
SEA OF
FREAKS...

"... COPS.
MONSTERS.

"HITMEN. YOU
NAME IT. EVERY
WEIRDO POSSIBLE
WAS TRASHING
YOUR HOME.

"THAT'S NOT
FAIR TO ANY
OF YOU."

FAIR?

CRIPES! WE'RE SOCIETY'S **GARBAGE**. WE AIN'T NEVER GOING TO GET A FAIR SHAKE. AS FOR THE **INTRUDERS**, THAT'S YOUR PROBLEM TO FIX.

BUT THEY'VE BECOME YOURS, TOO.

THEN **DO** SOMETHING ABOUT IT, **DAMN IT!** STOP THE **WHINING** AND TAKE THE BULL BY THE **HORN!**

BUT I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING, CHAPEL **DIDN'T** ACT ALONE. ONE THING I KNOW FROM MY VIETNAM DAYS, A GOOD SOLDIER ONLY ACTS WHEN **ORDERED**.

SOMEONE TOLD HIM TO PULL THE TRIGGER. THERE'S **YOUR** TARGET. FIND THE BUGGER WHO STOLE YOUR IDENTITY, YOUR LIFE, AND EVERYTHING YOU **LOVED**.

...INCLUDING YOUR WIFE.

REMEMBER-- CHAPEL KILLED ME, **TOO**. * IF I HAD YOUR POWER, I'D **KILL** THE PIG... IF HE WEREN'T **ALREADY** DEAD.

A MOMENT OF AWKWARD SILENCE.

THEN...

THANKS, BOBBY.



ELSEWHERE, THE
MIRACLES OF MODERN
MEDICINE ARE HARD
AT WORK.



MORNING!
HOW'S OUR
FAVORITE
GUY DOING
TODAY?

OPEN WIDE,
SWEETY. *THERE*
WE GO. WE NEED
TO MAKE SURE
YOU'RE NOT
TOO HOT IN
THERE.

LUCKY
STIFF.



AND
HERE
I WAS
STARTING
TO FEEL
SORRY FOR
YOU.

SIR!
WHAT
A NICE
SURPRISE!



WELL, WE'LL
LEAVE YOU
TWO ALONE.
NOW
REMEMBER,
YOU BEHAVE
YOURSELF,
TWITCHIE.

MMMMMM!!
WHY IS IT THAT
WHEN I GET
SICK, THE NURSES
ARE BIG, FAT,
HAIRY AND
LOOK LIKE
BULLDOGS?

PURE
LUCK,
SIR.

LOOK, TWITCH, I'VE DECIDED TO PUT EVERYTHING ON THE BACK BURNER FOR A WHILE. CONCENTRATE ON YOUR CASE EXCLUSIVELY. IT'S HIGH TIME I FIGURED OUT WHAT THAT *SPAWN'S* ABOUT. AIN'T NO ONE GOING TO TOUCH MY BUDDY AND NOT *PAY* FOR IT SOME WAY.*

THANKS, GRANDMA.

* SEE *BLOODFEUD* MINI-SERIES -- Tom.

C'MON. SERIOUSLY, THE DOC SAYS THERE'S STILL A CHANCE FOR PROBLEMS. SOME SERIOUS. HOW YOU FEELING. REALLY.

I HURT.

HURT LIKE HELL.

BUT I NEED YOU TO DO ME A FAVOR. *FORGET* ABOUT ME. IF CHIEF BANKS IS TIED TO SOME CHILD KILLER, *BRING HIM DOWN.*

I'M IN PAIN, BUT NOWHERE AS MUCH AS THE PARENTS OF THOSE SLAUGHTERED KIDS.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

DADDY!
DADDY!

HOW'R'YA DOING, DAD?

MOM'S OUT TALKING TO THE DOCTORS, SHE'LL BE IN SHORTLY.

COOL, DAD! YOU LOOK LIKE *FRANKENSTEIN!*

MOM'S BEEN CRYING LOTS, BUT I'VE BEEN A *BIG* GIRL.

I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT, PARTNER.



BOSS?

IS THAT
YOU?
BOSS.



SO.

THERE
YOU
ARE.

SPAWN. HE'S
TALKING CRAZY
LIKE HE'S GONNA
LEAVE OR SOME-
THING. JUST LIKE
YOU SAID.



DO
ME A
FAVOR.

SURE,
BOSS.
ANYTHING.
I'LL DO WHAT-
EVER YOU
WANT.



GET LOST.
BUT COME
BACK IN A FEW
DAYS. I NEED
SOME HELP
SETTING A
TRAP FOR OUR
FRIEND.



THE REBUILDING SEEMS TO BE PROCEEDING AS SCHEDULED. YOUR OFFICE SHOULD BE ACCESSIBLE IN ABOUT FIVE DAYS.

IT'D *BETTER* BE, TIFFANY. THIS DISTRACTION HAS PUT ME BEHIND ON A FEW CRUCIAL MATTERS.

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE WE LET THE HELLSPAWN GO. *

LAST ISSUE--Tom



REMEMBER WHAT OUR LEADER SAID, RAPHAEL. THE SPAWN WAS ONLY ACTING AS WE WOULD HAVE.

DON'T PATRONIZE ME, TIFFANY.

THAT WASN'T MY INTENTION. I CAN APPRECIATE THE FACT THAT YOUR SECTOR HAS BEEN DISRUPTED, BUT THINGS COULD BE WORSE.

AT LEAST THE BUILDING'S *EXTERIOR* APPEARANCE IS NORMAL.

"MANKIND SEES JUST ANOTHER CORPORATE ENTITY... NOT THEIR ATTENTIVE *PROTECTORS*."

JASON WYNN,
SUPREME
DIRECTOR
OF ALL U.S.
INTELLIGENCE
AGENCIES,
PACES HIS
OFFICE,
BROODING
OVER HIS
CURRENT
IMPASSE.

SOMEBODY DEEP IN
THE ORGANIZATION IS
TRYING TO SLIT MY
THROAT. AND NOW
I'VE GOT POLICE
CHIEF *BANKS*
CRACKING UNDER
THE PRESSURE.

THAT *FILE*.
HOW THE HELL
DID SPAWN EVEN
GET *NEAR* IT?
THE GODDAMN
SYSTEM SHOULD
HAVE CREATED
RED HERRINGS
FOR HIM TO
CHASE.

WE KNOW
FITZGERALD'S
NOT SPAWN,
BUT HE STILL
HAS A STINK
ABOUT HIM.
THE WHOLE SET-
UP IS FAR TOO
CONVENIENT.

EXCUSE
ME, SIR. I'VE
CHECKED
WITH
PERSONNEL
AND HIS
TRANSFER
IS COMPLETELY
LEGITIMATE.
EVERYTHING'S
BY THE
BOOK.

GET
HIM.

Ah, MR.
FITZGERALD,
WHAT A
WONDERFUL
SURPRISE.
I'VE LOOKED
FORWARD TO
THIS DAY FOR A
LONG TIME.

THIS IS NO
COINCIDENCE.
BANKS. THE *FILE*.
NOW *THIS*. AT
LEAST IT'LL BE
THAT MUCH
EASIER TO KEEP
HIM UNDER
SURVEILLANCE.

HE'S BEEN
BRIEFED AND
BEGINS
REPORTING
TO YOU
TOMORROW
MORNING.

UNKNOWN TO
WYNN, TERRY
FITZGERALD IS
PREPARING TO
PLAY THE
SAME GAME.

A FEW NIGHTS LATER...

Um.

AL.

AL
SIMMONS?

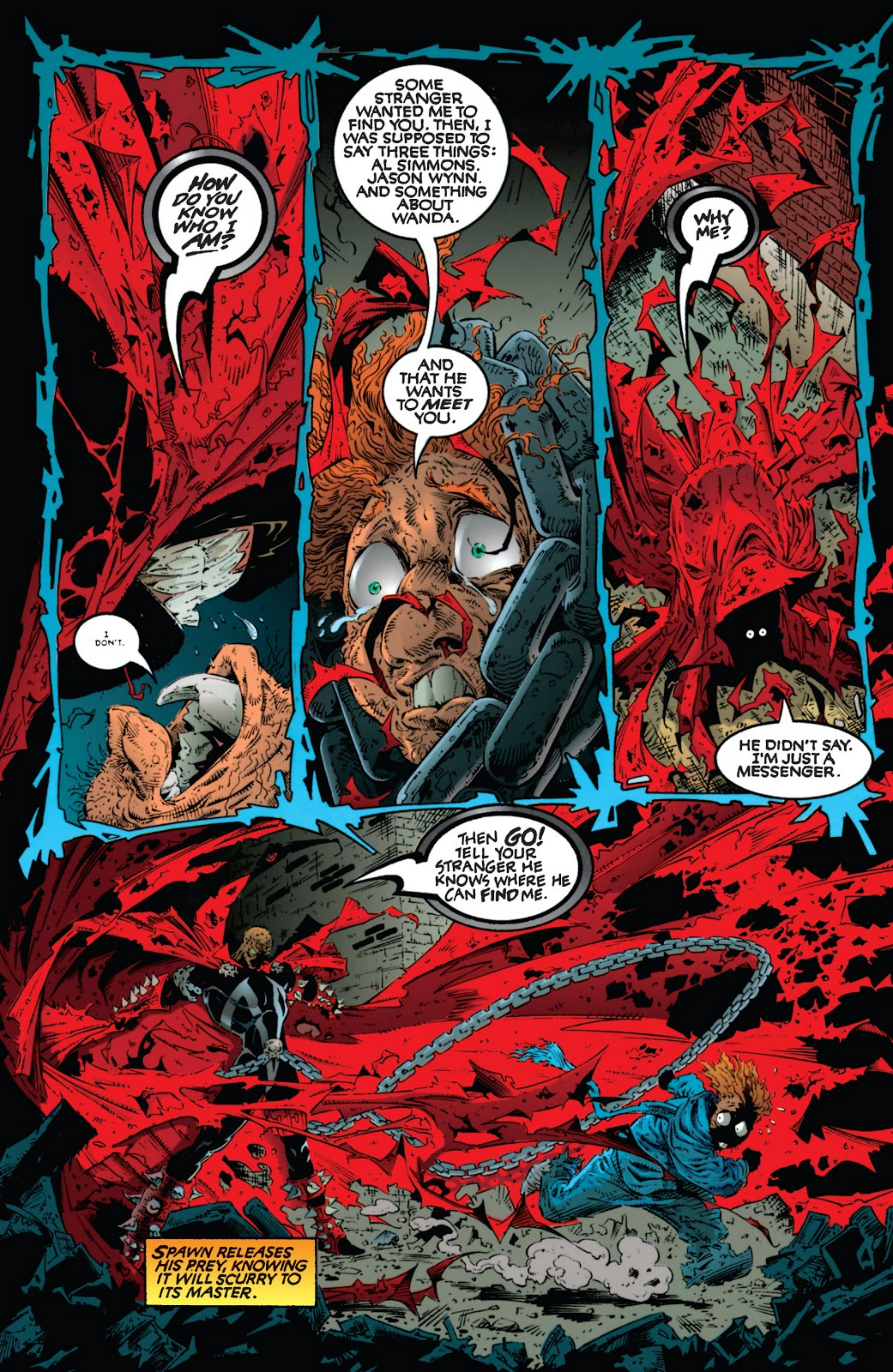
SOME TIME AGO, TOO MANY PEOPLE KNEW FAR TOO MUCH ABOUT HIM. THEY HAD KNOWLEDGE THAT KEPT HIM TRAPPED, WITH ENOUGH LEFT OVER TO EVENTUALLY COST HIM HIS LIFE.

NOW, GIVEN A SECOND CHANCE, AL HAS ENSURED THAT THOSE AROUND HIM KNOW ONLY WHAT HE **WANTS** THEM TO KNOW. HE'S REVEALED JUST GENERAL INFORMATION.

ONE FACT ESPECIALLY HAS BECOME SACRED, PROTECTED AT ALL COSTS: HIS IDENTITY.

NO ONE WOULD HAVE ANY WAY OF KNOWING IT.

WHAT
DID YOU
CALL
ME?!



HOW
DO YOU
KNOW
WHO I
AM?

SOME
STRANGER
WANTED ME TO
FIND YOU. THEN, I
WAS SUPPOSED TO
SAY THREE THINGS:
AL SIMMONS.
JASON WYNN.
AND SOMETHING
ABOUT
WANDA.

AND
THAT HE
WANTS
TO *MEET*
YOU.

WHY
ME?

I
DON'T.

HE DIDN'T SAY.
I'M JUST A
MESSENGER.

THEN **GO!**
TELL YOUR
STRANGER HE
KNOWS WHERE HE
CAN FIND ME.

**SPAWN RELEASES
HIS PREY, KNOWING
IT WILL SCURRY TO
ITS MASTER.**

AND
WHEN
IT
DOES...

... SPAWN
WILL BE
WAITING.

FOR TONIGHT,
THE SHADOWS
WILL LIVE.



HE GIVES HIS TARGET SOME SPACE. NO NEED TO TIP HIS HAND YET.



PSSST!

OVER HERE.

BOSS?



DID HE TAKE THE BAIT?

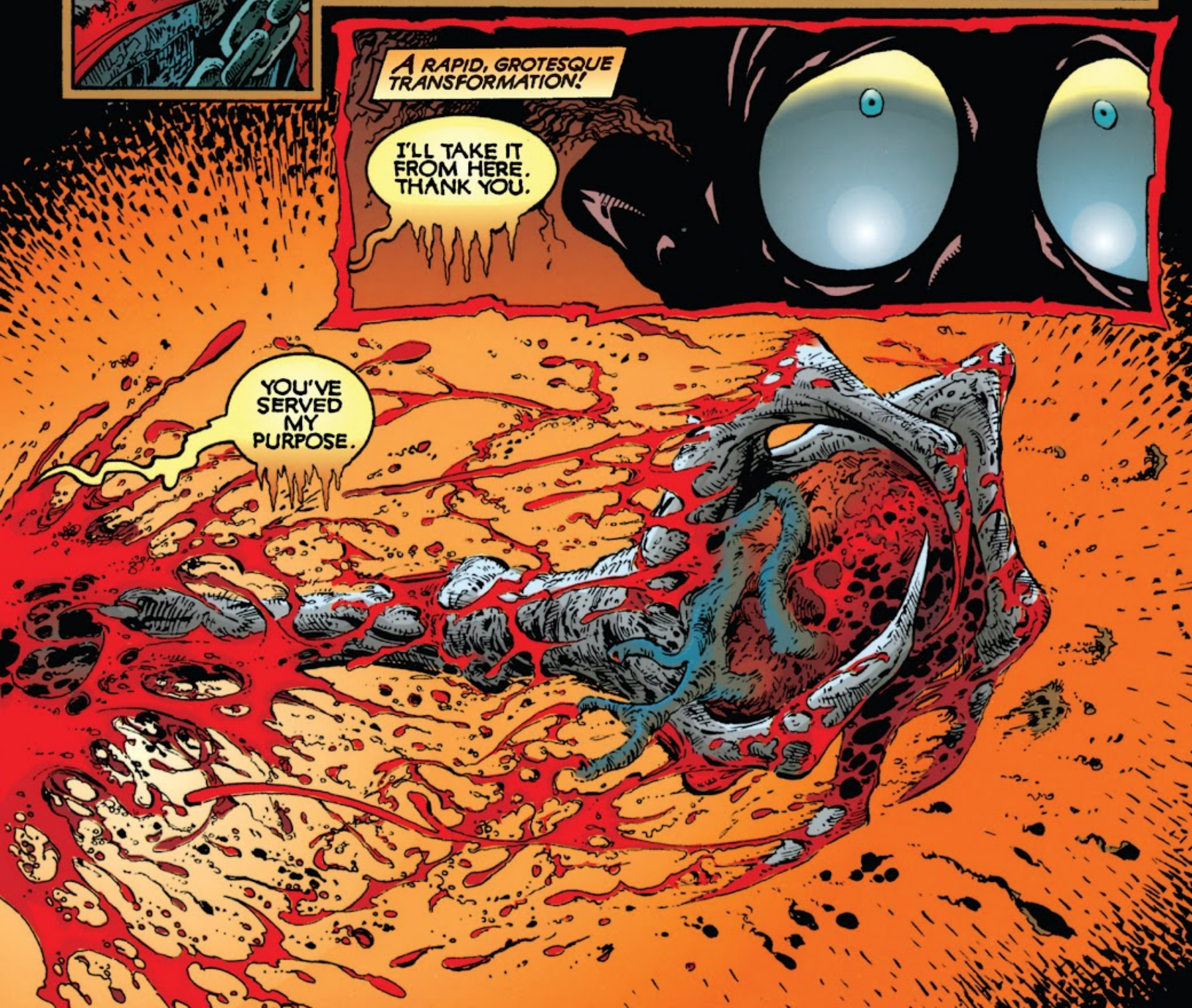
I THINK SO.

HOPEFULLY, HE'S FOLLOWING, LIKE YOU WANTED. WHAT'S NEXT?

A RAPID, GROTESQUE TRANSFORMATION!

I'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE. THANK YOU.

YOU'VE SERVED MY PURPOSE.





A HEARTBEAT
LATER, THE SKY
IS BLANKETED
IN RED.

DAMN.



I ONLY LOST SIGHT
OF HIM FOR A
SECOND. THE POOR
SAP. PROBABLY
DOESN'T EVEN
KNOW WHAT HE
DIED FOR.



BUT THE
KILL'S
STILL
FRESH.

THE
KILLER
CAN'T
BE FAR.



IT
ISN'T.



SPAWN
PLUMMETS
40 FEET TO
THE WORLD
THAT LIES
BELOW.

YOUR
EXISTENCE
HAS BECOME
A *FARCE*.
YOU'VE LEARNED
NOTHING
ABOUT WHAT
YOU ARE.

IT'S AN *HONOR*
TO BE CHOSEN A
HELLSPAWN!
DO YOU
UNDERSTAND?

AN HONOR!!

YOU GET
SOMETHING
STRAIGHT. HELL
PICKED ME--
NOT THE
OTHER WAY
AROUND.

SO I
DON'T GIVE
A DAMN
WHAT YOU
THINK.



THEN
YOU'RE A
FOOL,
LITTLE
BOY--



YOU SEE, I
HEAR YOU'RE
THINKING
ABOUT
SKIPPING
TOWN,
AGAIN.

WELL, I
DON'T THINK
THAT'S SUCH A
WISE DECISION,
BECAUSE WE **WOULDN'T**
WANT TO HAVE YOUR
SERVANT BUMS
LOOKING LIKE OUR
SLAUGHTERED **FRIEND**
UPSTAIRS.

NOW
WOULD
WE?

--BECAUSE
YOU **DON'T** HAVE
A CHOICE! SO
YOU'D **BETTER**
CARE WHAT
I THINK.

THE CHAIN SNAPS
TO LIFE, TRIGGERED
BY SPAWN'S RAGE.

YOU
STAY
AWAY
FROM
THEM.

Oh, I
WILL.

BUT **ONLY** AS
LONG AS YOU STAY
IN THIS AREA. I WANT
TO KNOW **EXACTLY**
WHERE I CAN FIND
YOU, DAY OR
NIGHT.

EVERY
SOUND.
EVERY
SHADOW.
THINK OF
ME.

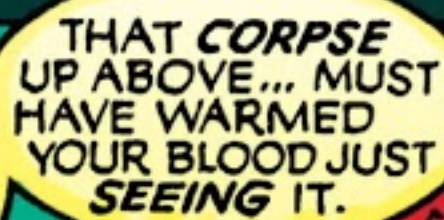
A full-page comic book illustration depicting a fierce battle. A colossal, multi-headed dragon with a scaly, greyish-brown body dominates the right side of the frame. It has at least three visible heads, each with large, curved horns and a mouth full of sharp, white teeth. Bright orange and red flames are being breathed from the dragon's mouths. On the left, Spawn is shown in his iconic blue and black suit, complete with a white mask and a long, flowing red cape. He is chained by heavy metal chains around his waist and arms. He is looking up at the dragon with a determined expression. The background is a chaotic scene of destruction, with a city skyline visible in the distance under a dark, stormy sky. The ground is covered in rubble and fire. The overall color palette is dominated by reds, oranges, and greys, creating a sense of intense action and destruction.

'CAUSE
ONE DAY
I'LL COME TO
OBLITERATE
YOU!

THAT'LL
PROVE
ONCE AND
FOR ALL THAT
NONE ARE AS
WORTHY
OF THE SPAWN
TITLE AS
HELL'S **TRUE**
CITIZENS.



AFTER ALL, I CAN KILL AS WELL AS YOU CAN.



THAT CORPSE UP ABOVE... MUST HAVE WARMED YOUR BLOOD JUST SEEING IT.



REMEMBER HOW GOOD YOU WERE AT GUTTING PEOPLE LIKE THAT...?



NO!



BUT SPAWN KNOWS IT'S TRUE. AS A GOVERNMENT-SPONSORED ASSASSIN, HE REGULARLY INVENTED NEW WAYS TO DISMEMBER.



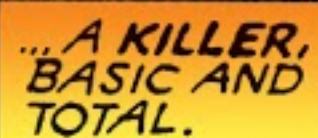
HE BECAME AN EXPERT AT SNUFFING LIVES OUT.



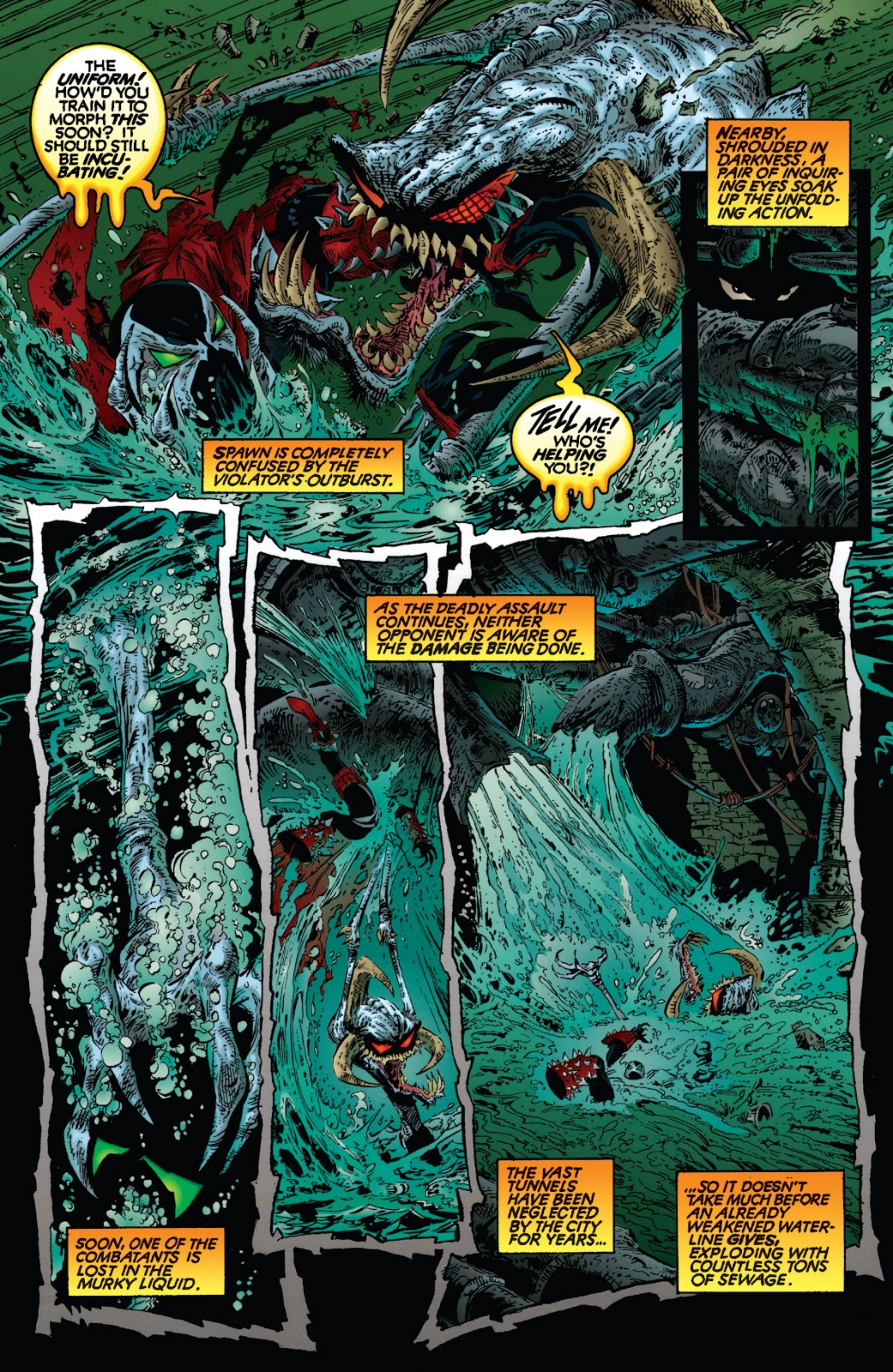
... A COSTUME MESHED WITH HIS FLESH IN SYMBIOSIS... CREATING AN ENTITY WHICH HE TRIES NOT TO THINK ABOUT:



IT'S THAT TRAIT, COMBINED WITH ANGER, WHICH FEEDS HIS COSTUME...



... A KILLER, BASIC AND TOTAL.

The main illustration shows Spawn, a character with a white mask and green eyes, in a dark, murky sewer environment. He is surrounded by a large, monstrous creature with a red and white patterned body and sharp teeth. The creature is lunging towards Spawn. The scene is filled with splashing water and debris.

THE
UNIFORM!
HOW'D YOU
TRAIN IT TO
MORPH THIS
SOON? IT
SHOULD STILL
BE INCU-
BATING!

NEARBY,
SHROUDED IN
DARKNESS, A
PAIR OF INQUIR-
ING EYES SOAK
UP THE UNFOLD-
ING ACTION.

SPAWN IS COMPLETELY
CONFUSED BY THE
VIOLATOR'S OUTBURST.

TELL ME!
WHO'S
HELPING
YOU?!

AS THE DEADLY ASSAULT
CONTINUES, NEITHER
OPPONENT IS AWARE OF
THE DAMAGE BEING DONE.

SOON, ONE OF THE
COMBATANTS IS
LOST IN THE
MURKY LIQUID.

THE VAST
TUNNELS
HAVE BEEN
NEGLECTED
BY THE CITY
FOR YEARS...

...SO IT DOESN'T
TAKE MUCH BEFORE
AN ALREADY
WEAKENED WATER-
LINE GIVES,
EXPLODING WITH
COUNTLESS TONS
OF SEWAGE.

LIKE
ANOTHER
PIECE OF
GARBAGE
CAUGHT
IN THE
DELUGE,
THE HERO IS
SLAMMED
FROM SIDE
TO SIDE.

SURVIVAL IS
HIS ONLY
PRIORITY.

HE LEARNS
THAT HIS
BODY, NOW
COMPOSED
OF NECRO-
PLASM,
STILL NEEDS
OXYGEN.

GASP!

AND WORSE.
THE VIOLATOR
HAS VANISHED.
SPAWN EXPECTS,
THOUGH, THAT
HE'S SOME-
WHERE IN THESE
SEWERS--
UNHARMED...

... AND THAT HE'S
AT THE MERCY OF
THAT CREATURE'S
NEXT MOVE.

6:8:8:7

TO BE CONTINUED...





image

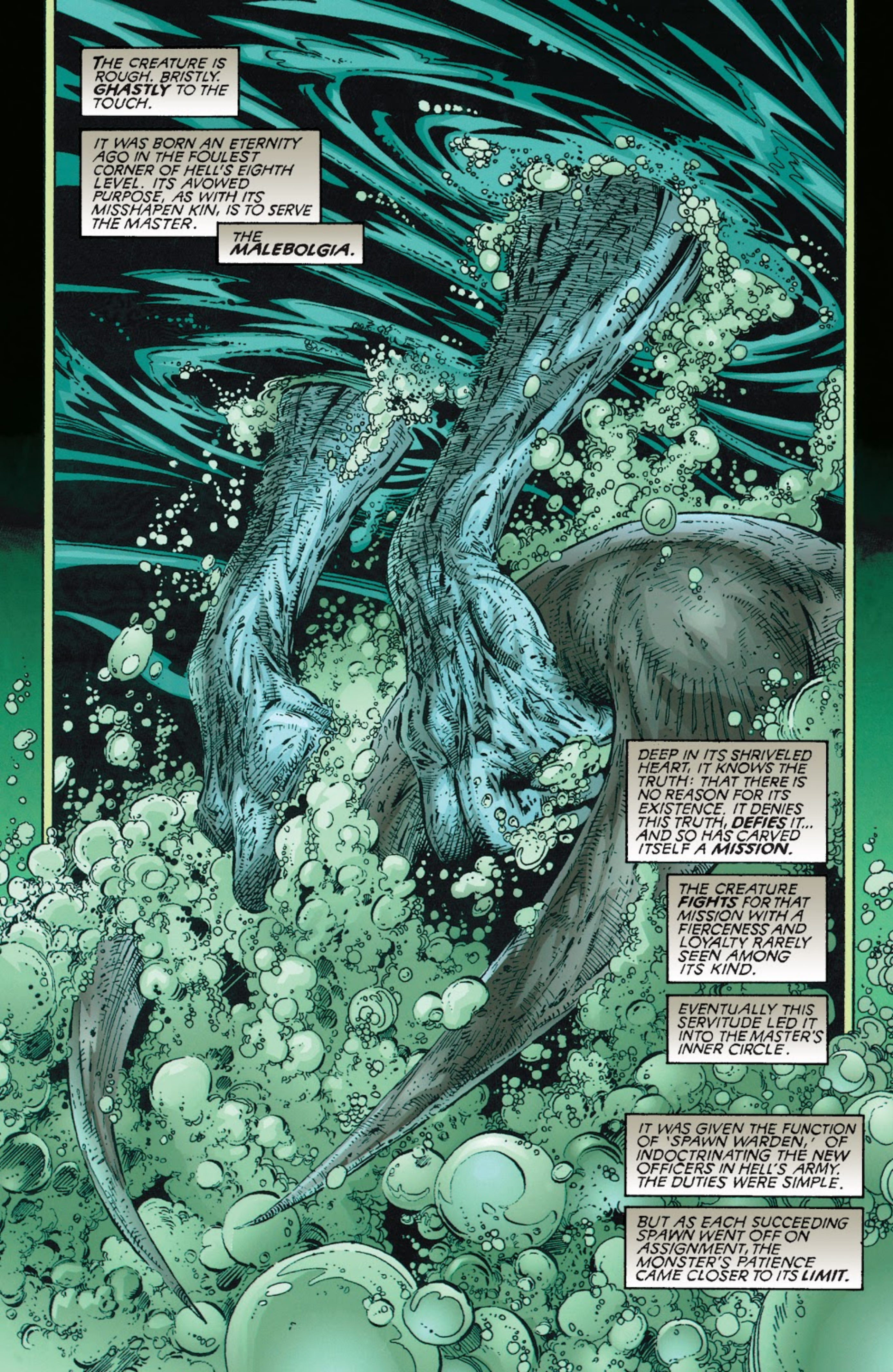
34
AUG DIGITAL EDITION

SPAWN



CC
45

McFARLANE
Patti



THE CREATURE IS
ROUGH. BRISTLY.
GHASTLY TO THE
TOUCH.

IT WAS BORN AN ETERNITY
AGO IN THE FOULEST
CORNER OF HELL'S EIGHTH
LEVEL. ITS AVOWED
PURPOSE, AS WITH ITS
MISSHAPEN KIN, IS TO SERVE
THE MASTER.

THE
MALEBOLGIA.

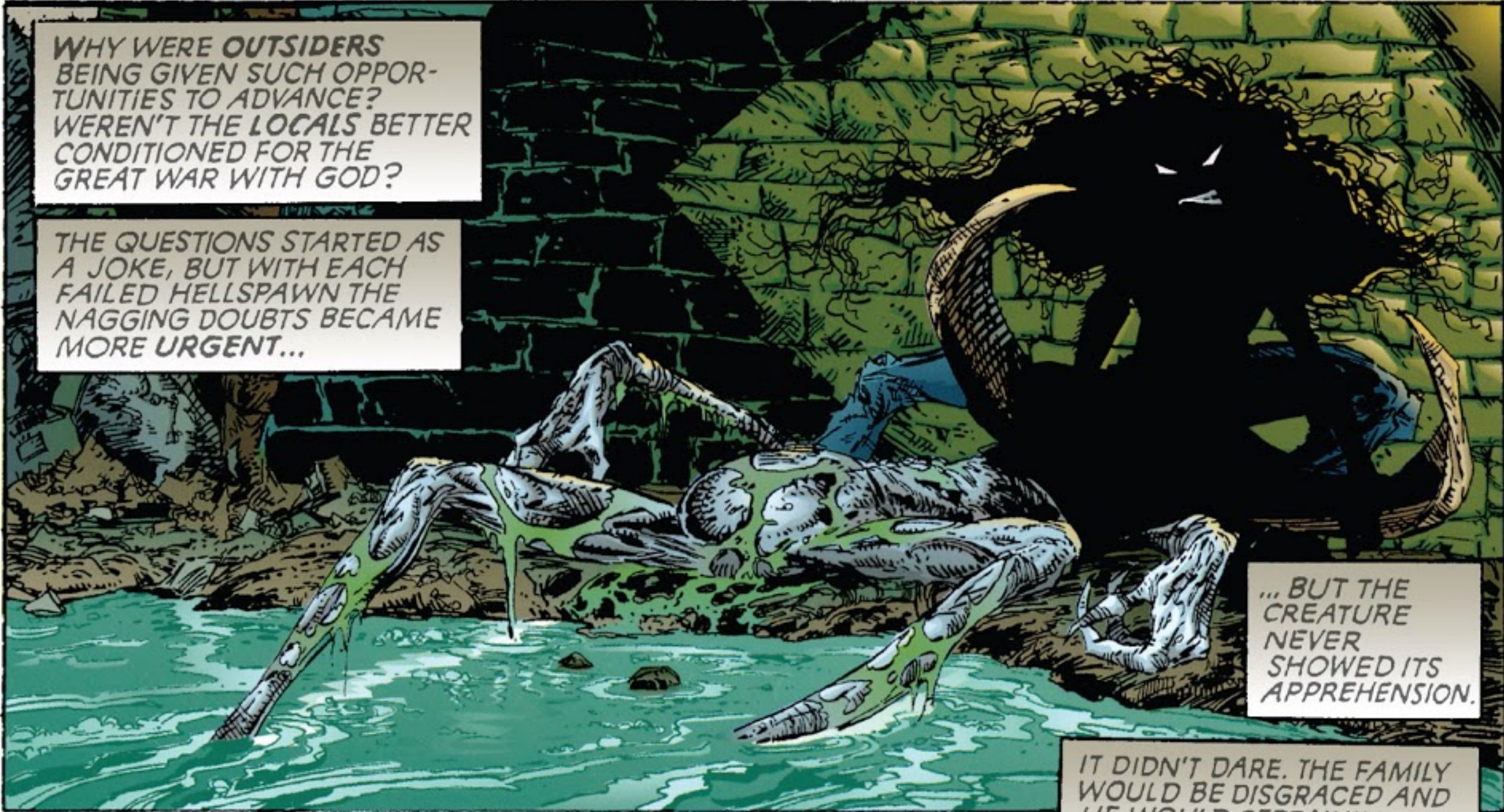
DEEP IN ITS SHRIVELED
HEART, IT KNOWS THE
TRUTH: THAT THERE IS
NO REASON FOR ITS
EXISTENCE. IT DENIES
THIS TRUTH, **DEFIES IT...**
AND SO HAS CARVED
ITSELF A **MISSION.**

THE CREATURE
FIGHTS FOR THAT
MISSION WITH A
FIERCENESS AND
LOYALTY RARELY
SEEN AMONG
ITS KIND.

EVENTUALLY THIS
SERVITUDE LED IT
INTO THE MASTER'S
INNER CIRCLE.

IT WAS GIVEN THE FUNCTION
OF 'SPAWN WARDEN,' OF
INDOCTRINATING THE NEW
OFFICERS IN HELL'S ARMY.
THE DUTIES WERE SIMPLE.

BUT AS EACH SUCCEEDING
SPAWN WENT OFF ON
ASSIGNMENT, THE
MONSTER'S PATIENCE
CAME CLOSER TO ITS **LIMIT.**

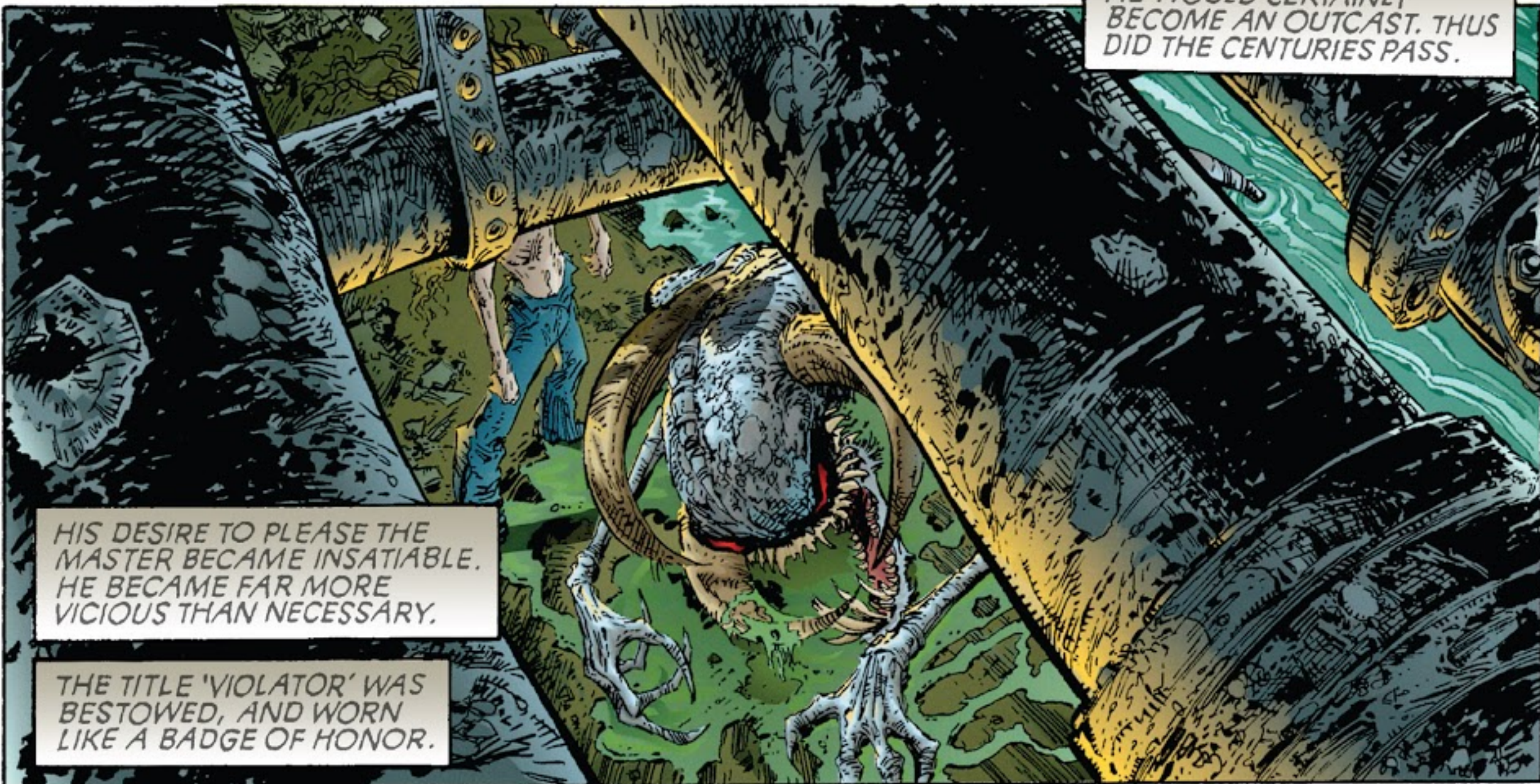
A Hellspawn with large, curved horns and a dark, scaly body is shown in a cave. It is holding a severed arm of a Hellspawn that is lying on the ground. The cave has stone walls and some greenish liquid on the floor.

WHY WERE OUTSIDERS
BEING GIVEN SUCH OPPOR-
TUNITIES TO ADVANCE?
WEREN'T THE LOCALS BETTER
CONDITIONED FOR THE
GREAT WAR WITH GOD?

THE QUESTIONS STARTED AS
A JOKE, BUT WITH EACH
FAILED HELLSPAWN THE
NAGGING DOUBTS BECAME
MORE URGENT...

... BUT THE
CREATURE
NEVER
SHOWED ITS
APPREHENSION.

IT DIDN'T DARE. THE FAMILY
WOULD BE DISGRACED AND
HE WOULD CERTAINLY
BECOME AN OUTCAST. THUS
DID THE CENTURIES PASS.

A Hellspawn with large, curved horns and a dark, scaly body is shown in a cave. It is holding a severed arm of a Hellspawn that is lying on the ground. The cave has stone walls and some greenish liquid on the floor.

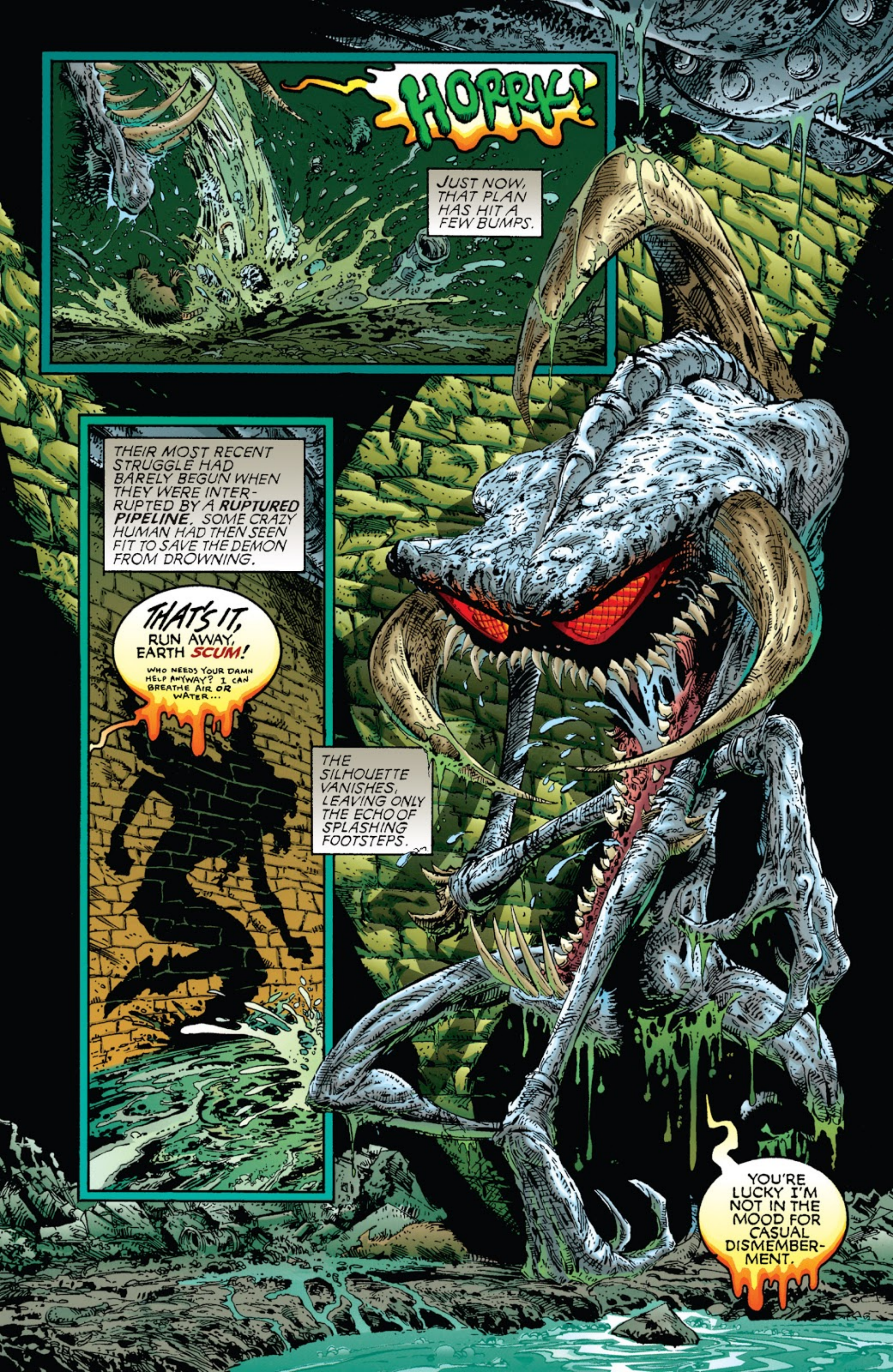
HIS DESIRE TO PLEASE THE
MASTER BECAME INSATIABLE.
HE BECAME FAR MORE
VICIOUS THAN NECESSARY.

THE TITLE 'VIOLATOR' WAS
BESTOWED, AND WORN
LIKE A BADGE OF HONOR.

A Hellspawn with large, curved horns and a dark, scaly body is shown in a cave. It is holding a severed arm of a Hellspawn that is lying on the ground. The cave has stone walls and some greenish liquid on the floor.

THOSE DOUBTS, THOUGH,
CAUSED HIM TO STRAY
ODDLY ON A PARTICULAR
MISSION. HE FELL FROM
FAVOR AND WAS
BANISHED TO EARTH.

NOW, VIOLATOR'S
ONLY HOPE IS TO
BEAT THE
CURRENT HELL-
SPAWN, BOTH
PHYSICALLY AND
EMOTIONALLY.



HOPPY!

JUST NOW,
THAT PLAN
HAS HIT A
FEW BUMPS.

THEIR MOST RECENT
STRUGGLE HAD
BARELY BEGUN WHEN
THEY WERE INTER-
RUPTED BY A RUPTURED
PIPELINE. SOME CRAZY
HUMAN HAD THEN SEEN
FIT TO SAVE THE DEMON
FROM DROWNING.

**THAT'S IT,
RUN AWAY,
EARTH *SCUM!***

WHO NEEDS YOUR DAMN
HELP ANYWAY? I CAN
BREATHE AIR OR
WATER...

THE
SILHOUETTE
VANISHES,
LEAVING ONLY
THE ECHO OF
SPLASHING
FOOTSTEPS.

YOU'RE
LUCKY I'M
NOT IN THE
MOOD FOR
CASUAL
DISMEMBER-
MENT.



ANY

OTHER

CLOWNING
AROUND.

OR

THE GROTESQUE
TRANSFORMATION
LASTS BUT A FEW
HEARTBEATS. LEFT
IN THE DEMON'S
PLACE IS ITS BEST
ATTEMPT AT
BEING HUMAN.

FART!

SOMETHING'S
WRONG--
BIG TIME!!
AIN'T NO WAY
SPAWNIE'S UNIFORM
SHOULD HAVE
TRANSMUTED THIS
FAST. THE FRIGGIN'
THING COULD HAVE
DONE ME SOME
SERIOUS
DAMAGE.

WHICH
ONLY MAKES
MY ORIGINAL
INTENT OF
DESTROYING
HIM FROM A
DISTANCE MORE
VALID.

IT'S A
SLIGHT
CURVEBALL,
BUT NOTHIN'
I CAN'T
HIT.

SIX DAYS
WILL PASS
BEFORE
HE ACTS
AGAIN.

NANA!
NANA!

CYAN! HELLO,
SWEETHEART.
MY, MY, AREN'T WE
A **BIG** GIRL
THESE DAYS.

HI, GRANDMA.
HOW HAVE YOU
BEEN FEELING
LATELY. THE
DOCTOR'S
SAID TH

NANA!
DOWN
MOMMY!

OKAY!
OKAY!
WHAT A
SQUIRMY
KID!

Oh, I'M
FINE, DEAR.
THOSE DOCTORS
DON'T KNOW
EVERYTHING.
NOTHING YOUR
VISITS WON'T
CURE.

HOW ARE
THINGS WITH
YOU AND
TERRY?

NOT BAD. HE JUST
TRANSFERRED INTO
A NEW DEPARTMENT.
HE WAS LOOKING
FOR A CHANGE
AFTER THAT
WHOLE
MURDER
FIASCO.

AND I'M
UP TO MY
NECK TRYING
TO ORGANIZE THIS
UPCOMING FUND-
RAISER FOR THE
CHILDRENS'
SOCIETY.

YOU'VE
ALWAYS
BEEN SO
GENEROUS,
WANDA. I
HOPE YOU
NEVER LOSE
THAT.

AS ONE CHILD SETTLES INTO HER GRANDMA'S SWEET EMBRACE, ANOTHER AMBLES UNPROTECTED THROUGH AN URBAN CESSPOOL.



TUGGED AT. PULLED. THE YOUNG BOY BARELY PAYS ATTENTION.

AT TEN YEARS OF AGE THERE IS VERY LITTLE HE HASN'T SEEN.



HE IS JUST ANOTHER OF SOCIETY'S FORGOTTEN VICTIMS.





YOU BEEN
MESSIN' WITH
ME, TYRONE. I
DON'T LIKE
THAT.

SEE, I
GOT ME A
REPUTATION-- AND
AIN'T NO ONE
GOING TO PLAY
WITH THAT.
ESPECIALLY NOT
SOME PUNKASS
KID.

YOU
TELL 'IM,
STINKY!

SO--
WHAT'RE
WE GOING
TO DO
ABOUT
THIS?

I'VE
AN
IDEA.

THE
GOING RATE
ON MY STUFF IS
THREE HUNDRED
BUCKS. *BUT--*
FOR YOU I'M
GOING TO
CHARGE ONLY
SIX
HUNDRED!

No!

Oh, YES!

THINK
QUICK,
BOY! AIN'T
NO ONE
AROUND TO
HELP YOU
CHOOSE.

THOUGH HE'S
NEVER LET OTHERS
PUSH HIM AROUND,
TYRONE DOESN'T
HAVE TIME TO RESIST.

SO THE DEAL IS DONE.

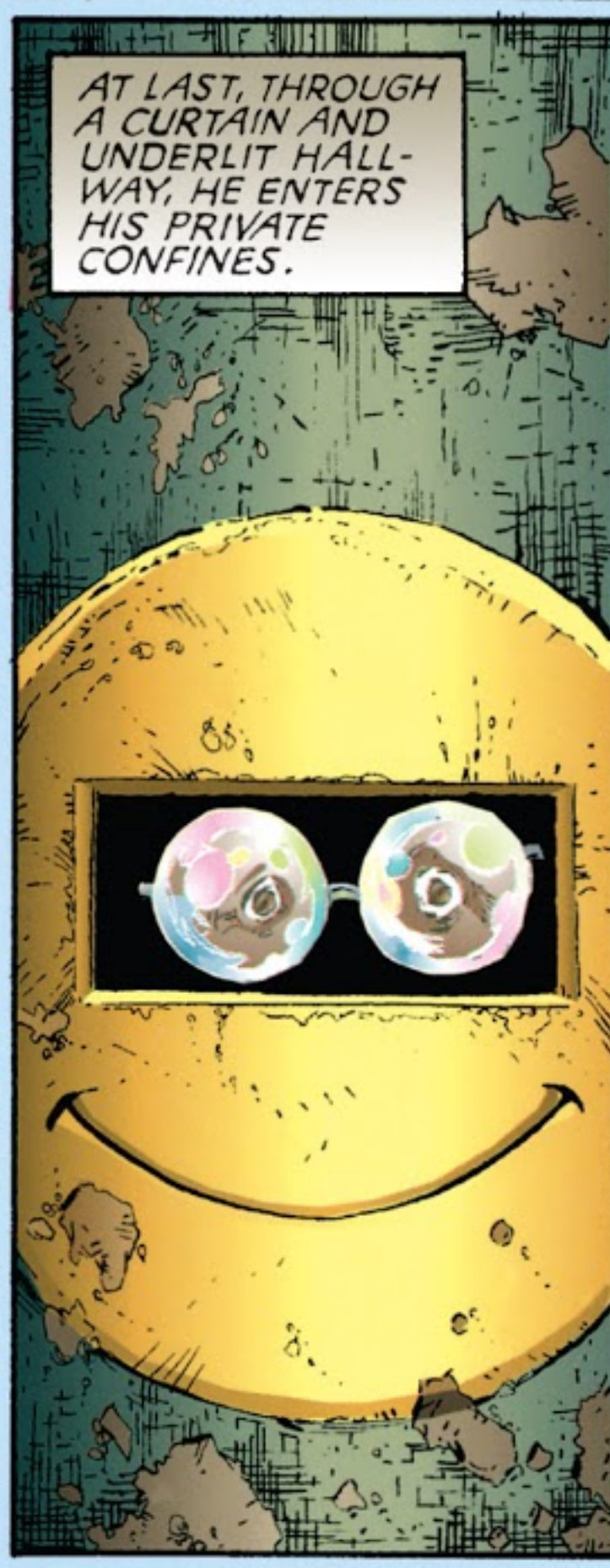
GOOD.
NOW GET THE
HELL OUTTA
HERE. I GOT ME
ANOTHER
APPOINT-
MENT.



FOR STINKY, THAT 'APPOINTMENT' IS A SHORT WALK DOWN THE STREET, IN A BUILDING MARKED ONLY BY A SINGLE RED LIGHT DANGLING ABOVE A BLACK STEEL DOOR.

HE SHUFFLES PAST THE MAZE OF AISLES LITTERED WITH PORNOGRAPHIC MAGAZINES AND VIDEOS UNIMAGINABLE TO MOST.

AT LAST, THROUGH A CURTAIN AND UNDERLIT HALLWAY, HE ENTERS HIS PRIVATE CONFINES.



COME ON!
COME ON!

Oh YES.
DO IT!

DO IT
TO ME
GOOD!



THE NOISES CREATED BY THE WRESTLERS PURPOSELY MASK THE ACTIVITIES OF THOSE HIDDEN BEHIND THESE WALLS.



MUFFLING
THEIR
PLEASURE...



AND PAIN.





TWISTED IN BETWEEN PURGATORY AND LIMBO IS THE VAST WASTELAND OF HELL'S EIGHTH LEVEL. THE SHADOW OF THIS BLACK VOID CREEPS FAR CLOSER TO THE EARTHLY REALM THAN WE CARE TO THINK ABOUT.

IT'S HERE THAT THE ARMIES OF THE DAMNED ARE ASSEMBLED AND TRAINED, AWAITING THE SIGNAL TO BEGIN THE GLORIOUS WAR AGAINST THE HEAVENS: **ARMAGEDDON.**

THAT EVENTUAL WAR IS THE ONLY PURPOSE FOR THIS CREATURE, **THE MALEBOLGIA**, ONE OF THE HIGH-RANKING DEVILS. HE OVERSEES THE SWELLING SEA OF TROOPS, AND OCCASIONALLY CHOOSES OFFICERS TO LEAD THEM.

HIS LATEST HELLSPAWN-IN-TRAINING IS COMING ALONG AS PLANNED.

Delude yourself all you wish, Simmons, but you cannot run away from yourself.

There is a reason you were chosen from among the tortured millions.

Death. Evil. Blackness. Those seeds were planted in you at birth.

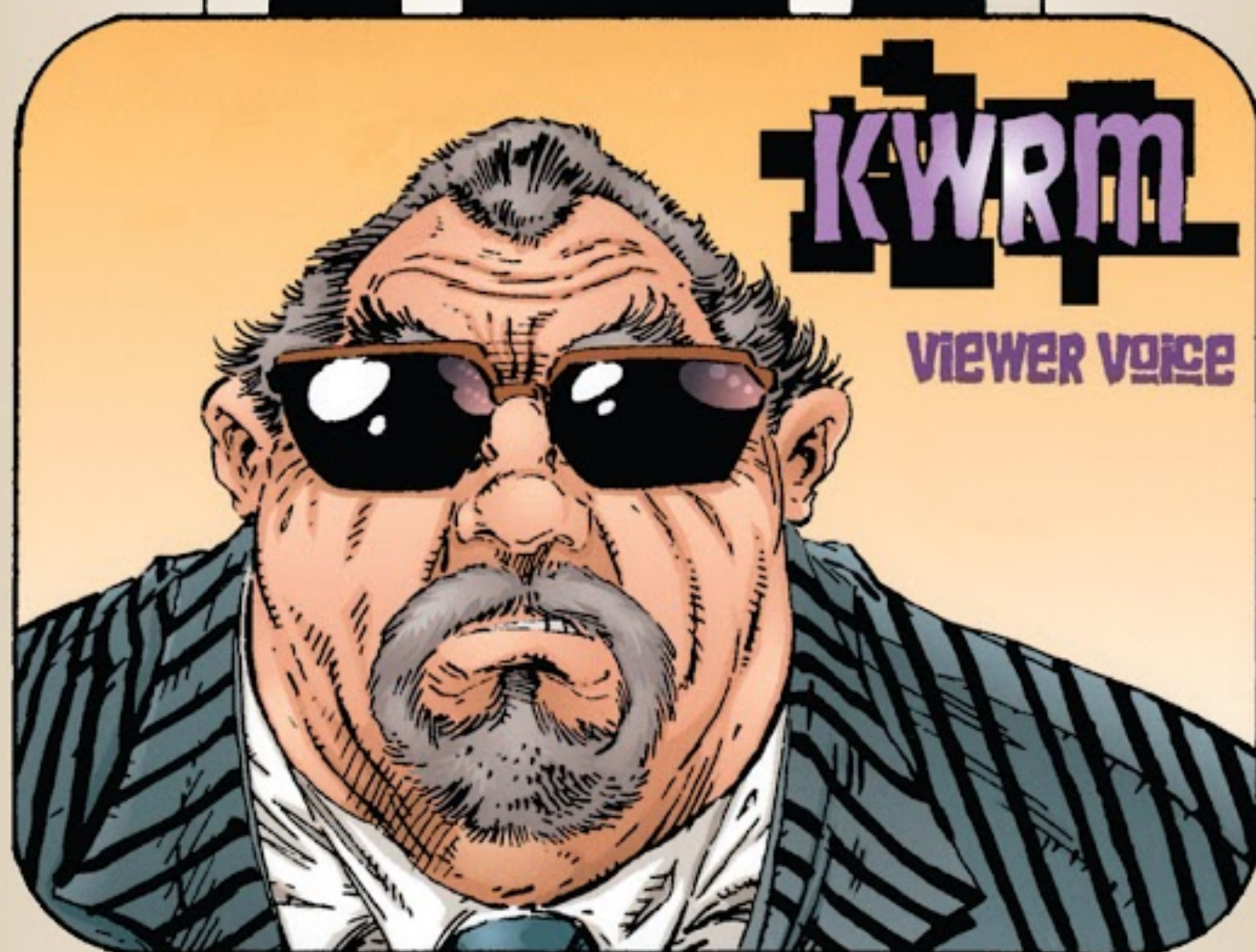
Soon. Very soon. All shall come to fruition.



THE SITUATION IN BOSNIA INTENSIFIES AS NEITHER BOSNIAN DIPLOMATS NOR THEIR SERBIAN COUNTERPARTS SEEM WILLING TO RESUME PEACEKEEPING TALKS. THE PRESIDENT'S MUCH-PUBLICIZED VISIT TO BOSNIA WAS CUT UNEXPECTEDLY SHORT, THREE FEWER DAYS THAN PLANNED, AFTER THE BOSNIAN PRESIDENT WALKED OUT DURING OUR PRESIDENT'S PRESENTATION REGARDING THE ONGOING BORDER DISPUTE. CITING FAVORITISM TOWARD THE SERBS, THE BOSNIAN PRESIDENT ADVISED THE COMMITTEE THAT BOSNIAN PARTICIPATION WOULD RESUME ONLY IF THE U.S. PRESIDENT WAS REMOVED FROM THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS. CLOSER TO HOME, POLICE IN NEW YORK CITY ARE STILL INVESTIGATING A GRUESOME MURDER IN THE RED LIGHT DISTRICT. THERE ARE NO REPORTED SUSPECTS AT THIS TIME.



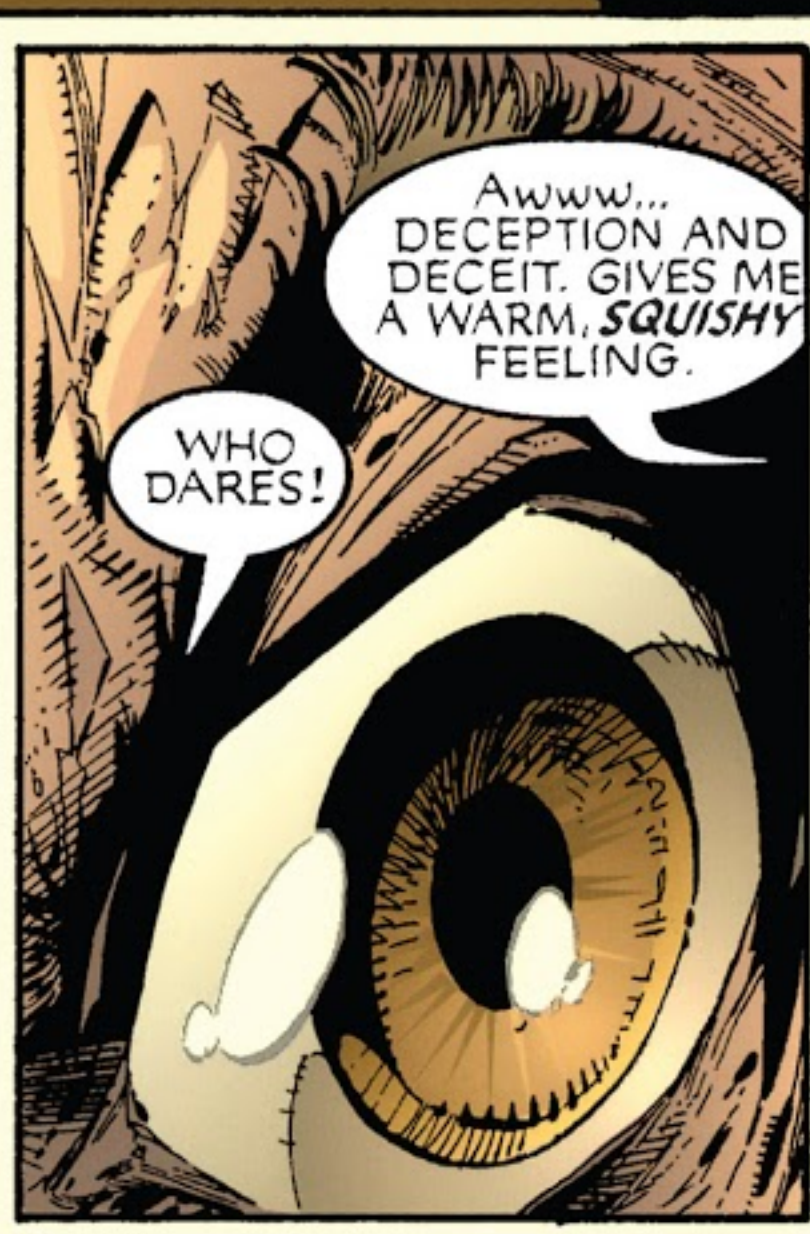
AS THE INTERMINABLE DRUG WAR IN NEW YORK CITY ESCALATES, ANOTHER PAWN FALLS, VICTIM TO A *GRUESOME* ATTACK IN A PORN THEATER. POLICE HAD TO RESORT TO DENTAL RECORDS IN AN ATTEMPT TO IDENTIFY THE BODY. SOURCES INDICATE THAT THE VICTIM HAD OVER A *DOZEN* BROKEN BONES. A BLOOD SPATTER EXPERT BEGINS HIS INVESTIGATION TODAY IN AN ATTEMPT TO DETERMINE WHAT, IF *ANY*, WEAPON WAS USED TO SEVER THE VICTIM'S HEAD. OFFICIALS ARE BAFFLED BY THE EXTENT OF THE MUTILATION, AND CANNOT DETERMINE IF THE ATTACK WAS COMMITTED BY A HUMAN OR SOME WILD ANIMAL. EVEN THOUGH THE RECENT *VAMPIRE* CASE HAS BEEN CLOSED, POLICE ARE NOT RULING OUT THE POSSIBILITY OF A CONNECTION. IS THIS JUST ANOTHER MEANINGLESS CRIME, OR A REVENGE HIT FOR A DRUG DEAL GONE BAD? BEFORE A MOTIVE CAN BE SUGGESTED, POLICE SAY THE VICTIM'S IDENTITY MUST FIRST BE DETERMINED. CREDIT WHERE IT'S DUE. SOUNDS FAIR TO ME.



BIG SURPRISE. OUR OVERWHELMINGLY ELECTED PRESIDENT HAS PUT HIS FOOT IN HIS MOUTH ONCE AGAIN, THIS TIME AS HIS PROPOSAL FOR ENDING THE BOSNIAN CONFLICT WENT OVER LIKE A LEAD BALLOON. THE PRESIDENT IS WASTING OUR VALUABLE TIME TRYING TO MAKE HIS MARK IN HISTORY. I GUESS HE'S NOT PLANNING ON RETURNING FOR ANOTHER FOUR YEARS, SO THIS WOULD BE A GOOD OPPORTUNITY. INSTEAD OF GETTING THE JOB DONE, AS *THIS* CITIZEN WOULD LIKE TO DO, HE PUSSY-FOOTS AROUND THE ISSUE, ACCOMPLISHING *NOTHING*. BACK AT HOME, WE KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH SIMILAR PROBLEMS. FOR INSTANCE, LAST NIGHT'S GRUESOME MURDER IN NEW YORK. OBVIOUSLY THIS GUY, ANOTHER DRUG-PUSHING PUNK OR MAFIA THUG, GOT WHAT WAS *COMING* TO HIM. HE SCREWED SOMEONE OVER AND PAID THE PRICE. SHORT. SWEET, AND TO THE POINT. THE PRESIDENT COULD *LEARN* SOMETHING FROM THIS.

AT 2 A.M., INTELLIGENCE DIRECTOR JASON WYNN HAD ASSUMED HE'D BE ABLE TO GET IN ANOTHER PRODUCTIVE ALL-NIGHTER.

MANIPULATION OF NATIONAL SECURITY MISSIONS IS BEST DONE FAR FROM THE LIGHT OF DAY.



YOU SEE, I'VE DONE MY *HOMework* ON YOU, JASON MY BOY. YOU'RE PERFECT FOR *MY* NEEDS AND WHETHER YOU KNOW IT OR *NOT*, WE HAVE A FEW COMMON ENEMIES.

SO, ARE YOU IN OR WHAT? THOUGH, COME TO *THINK* OF IT, YOU DON'T HAVE A *CHOICE*.



I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU GOT PAST SECURITY BUT YOU'VE JUST MADE A *FATAL* MISTAKE!

FORGET ABOUT THE PHONES. THEY'RE DEAD.



COMBINE THAT WITH TERRY FITZGERALD. POLICE CHIEF BANKS. BILLY KINCAID. ET CETERA, ET CETERA, AND I THINK YOU GET MY *DRIFT*.

I'M LISTENING.





GOOD.

OK. YOUR OFFICE CAMERA SURVEILLANCE. YOUR DOUGHNUT-EATING RENT-A-COPS ARE SEEING A PERFECTLY NORMAL PICTURE. YOU ALONE. ALL BY YOURSELF. ANY OTHER SECURITY INDICATORS WILL ALSO BE BE BLIND TO MY PRESENCE.

IT'S JUST A LITTLE MAGIC THING I DO.

YOU PROBABLY WOULDN'T UNDER-
STAND.

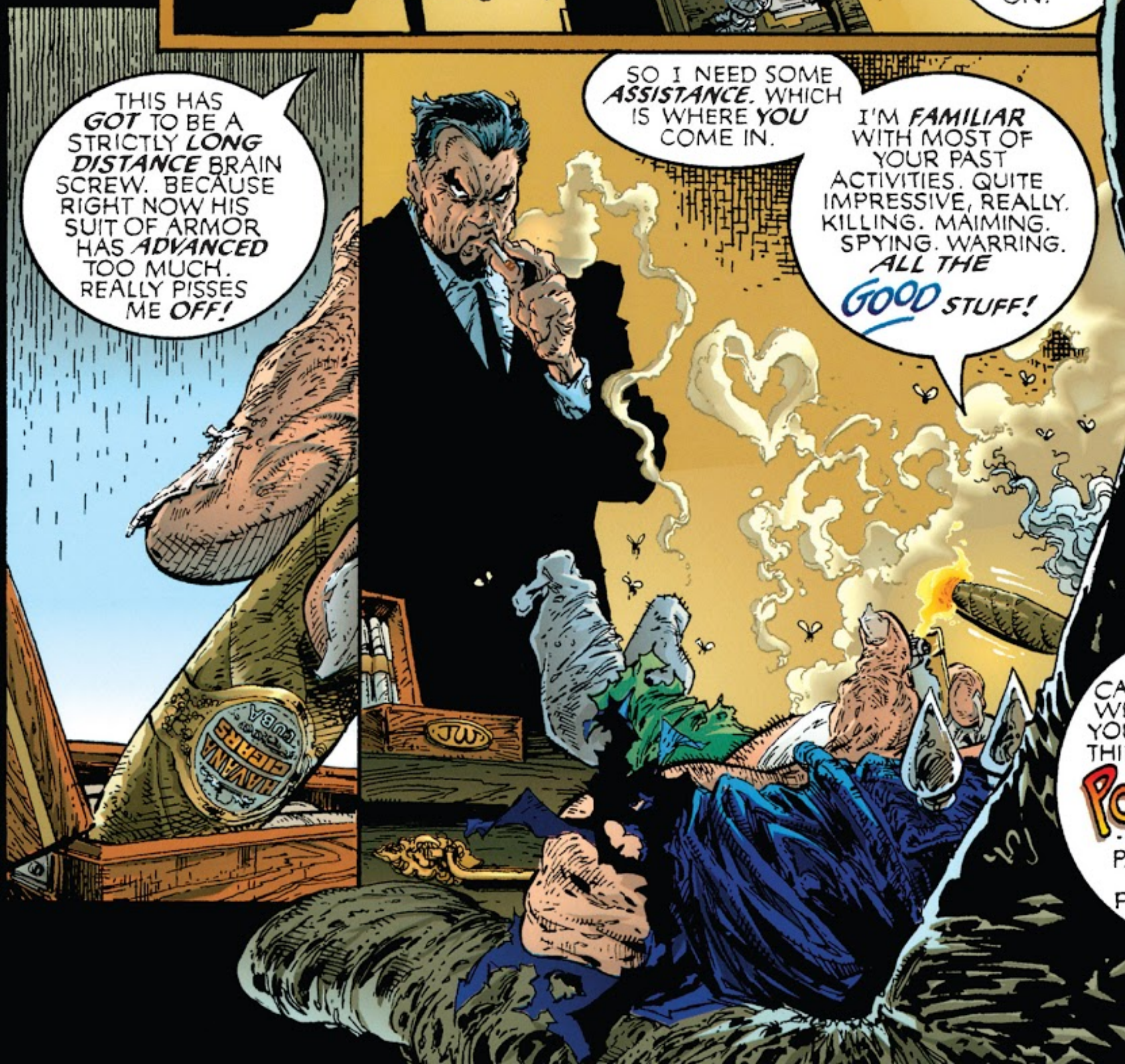


TRY ME. YOU'LL BE SURPRISED.

I'M HOPING.

SO HERE'S THE GIG:

OUR BUDDY SPAWN, I NEED HIM WEAK. **SUSCEPTIBLE. RIPE**, IF YOU WILL, FOR THE **KILL**. BUT WE CAN'T DO IT HANDS-ON.



THIS HAS GOT TO BE A STRICTLY **LONG DISTANCE** BRAIN SCREW. BECAUSE RIGHT NOW HIS SUIT OF ARMOR HAS **ADVANCED** TOO MUCH. REALLY PISSES ME OFF!

SO I NEED SOME **ASSISTANCE**. WHICH IS WHERE YOU COME IN.

I'M **FAMILIAR** WITH MOST OF YOUR PAST ACTIVITIES. QUITE IMPRESSIVE, REALLY. KILLING. MAIMING. SPYING. WARRING. **ALL THE GOOD STUFF!**

BUT I CAN OFFER WHAT IT IS YOU'RE **REALLY** THIRSTING FOR: **POWER!**
-- NO MORE PANDERING TO THE PRESIDENT.



HIM AND HIS ADMINISTRATION ARE DUMBER THAN A SACK OF **HAMMERS**. THEY DON'T HAVE A **CLUE** ABOUT YOUR SECRET AGENDA.

LIKE THIS FILE...
hmmmm...

NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY LITTLE BOY. A FULL-SCALE **AIR SWEEP** OF A 'FRIENDLY' ARMY, ENGINEERED BY ONE OF AMERICA'S ENEMIES. IN RETURN, THEY GET A SECRET LINE OF CREDIT WITH A STRUGGLING **DEFENSE CONTRACTOR**.

THEY GET TO CONTINUE THEIR WARS AGAINST YOUR ALLIES-- YOUR INTELLIGENCE AGENCY'S MORE ESSENTIAL THAN **EVER--**



--AND YOU COME OUT WITH TWELVE MILLION BUCKS OF LAUNDERED KICKBACKS IN YOUR SWISS ACCOUNT.

GET TO YOUR POINT.

TERRY FITZGERALD. I SEE BY THIS OTHER FILE THAT HE RECENTLY TRANSFERRED TO YOUR OFFICE.



PERFECT. IT'LL MAKE THINGS EASIER. I WANT YOU TO **BEFRIEND** HIM. GAIN HIS **CONFIDENCE**...

...WHILE AT THE SAME TIME DO A NUMBER ON THOSE HE **CARES** ABOUT. A SORT OF **JEKYLL-AND-HYDE** THING.

THAT MEANS HIS WIFE. KID. GRANNIE. WHO-EVER. PUSH THEM. **HARD!**

IT'LL DRIVE OLD SPAWNIE SIMPLY **BATTY!** -WHICH IS A **GOOD** THING.

AND WHEN THE TIME IS RIGHT I'LL LET YOU **IN** ON SOME-THING.

LIKE WHO OUR HERO REALLY **IS.**

IT'S GOING TO GIVE YOU A **HEART ATTACK.**
PROMISE!

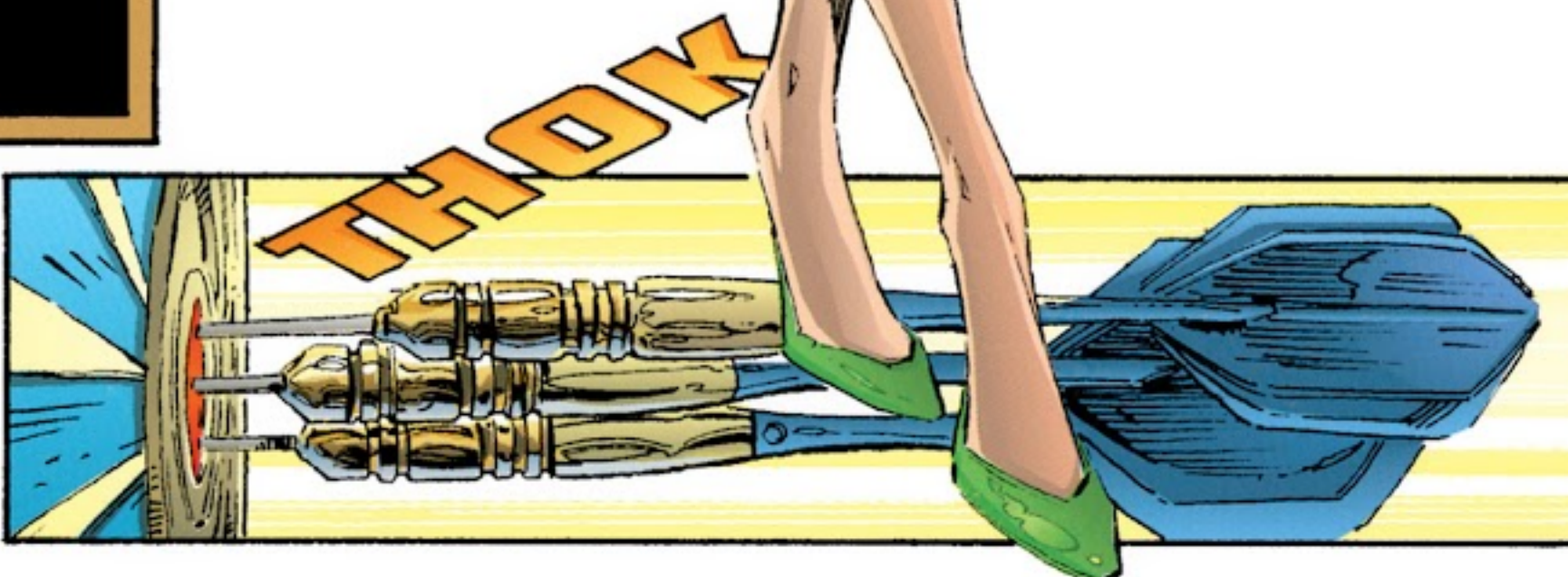
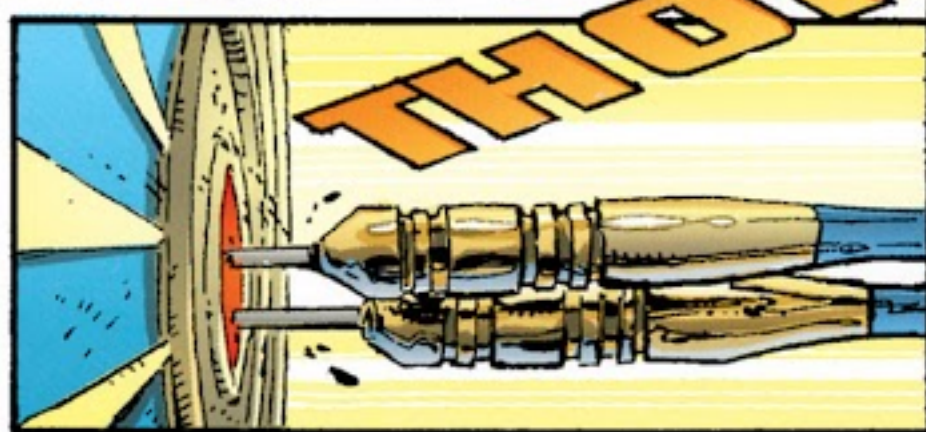


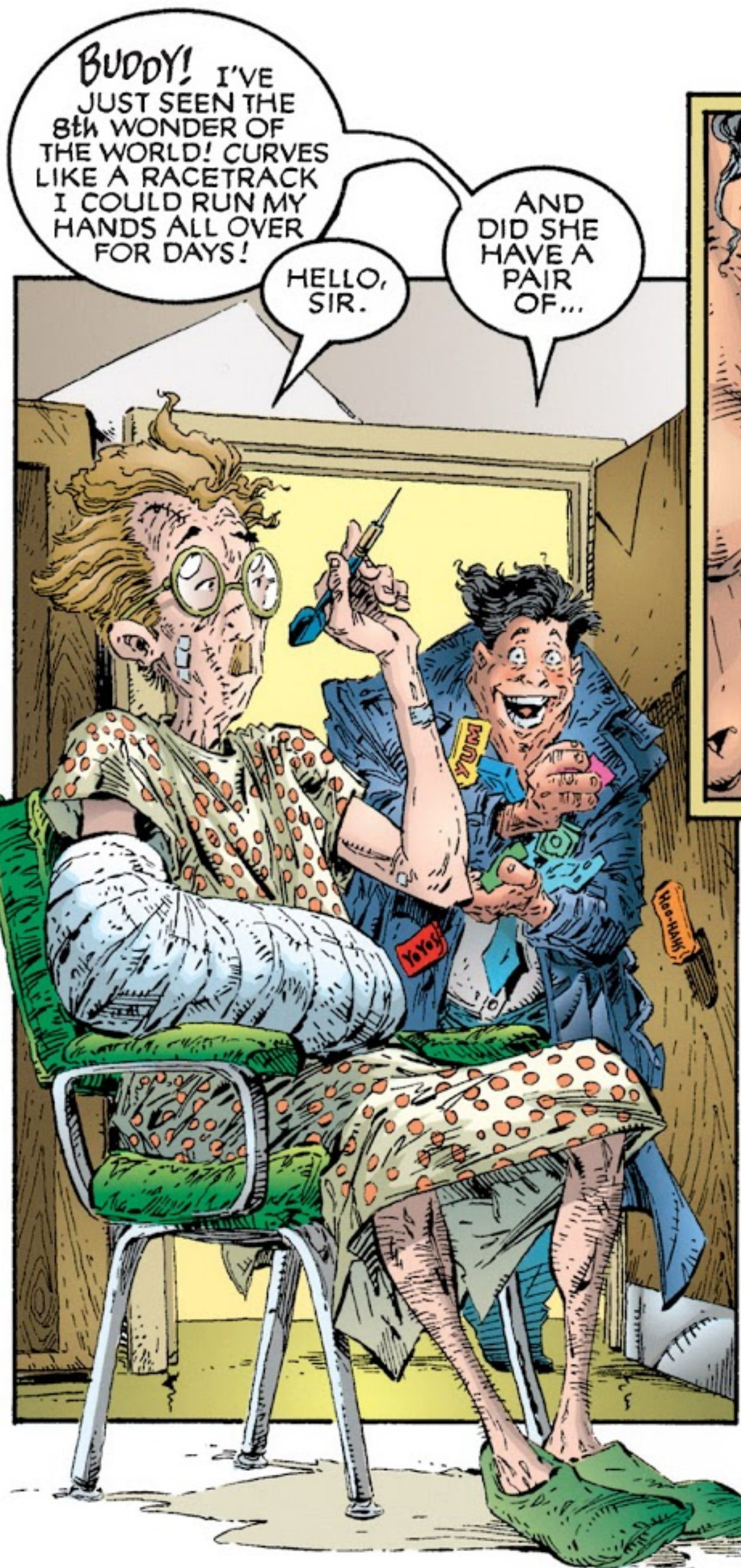
HIS TESTS HAVE ALL COME UP NEGATIVE. THE INJURIES ARE HEALING SATISFACTORILY. HIS RECOVERY IS ON TARGET.



GOOD DAY, MISS. I COULDN'T HELP BUT NOTICE THAT ATTRACTIVE BREAST... I MEAN... *DRESS* YOU'RE WEARING, AND WAS WONDERING IF...

SORRY, BUT I'M ON MY WAY TO SEE SOMEBODY. HAVE A NICE DAY.





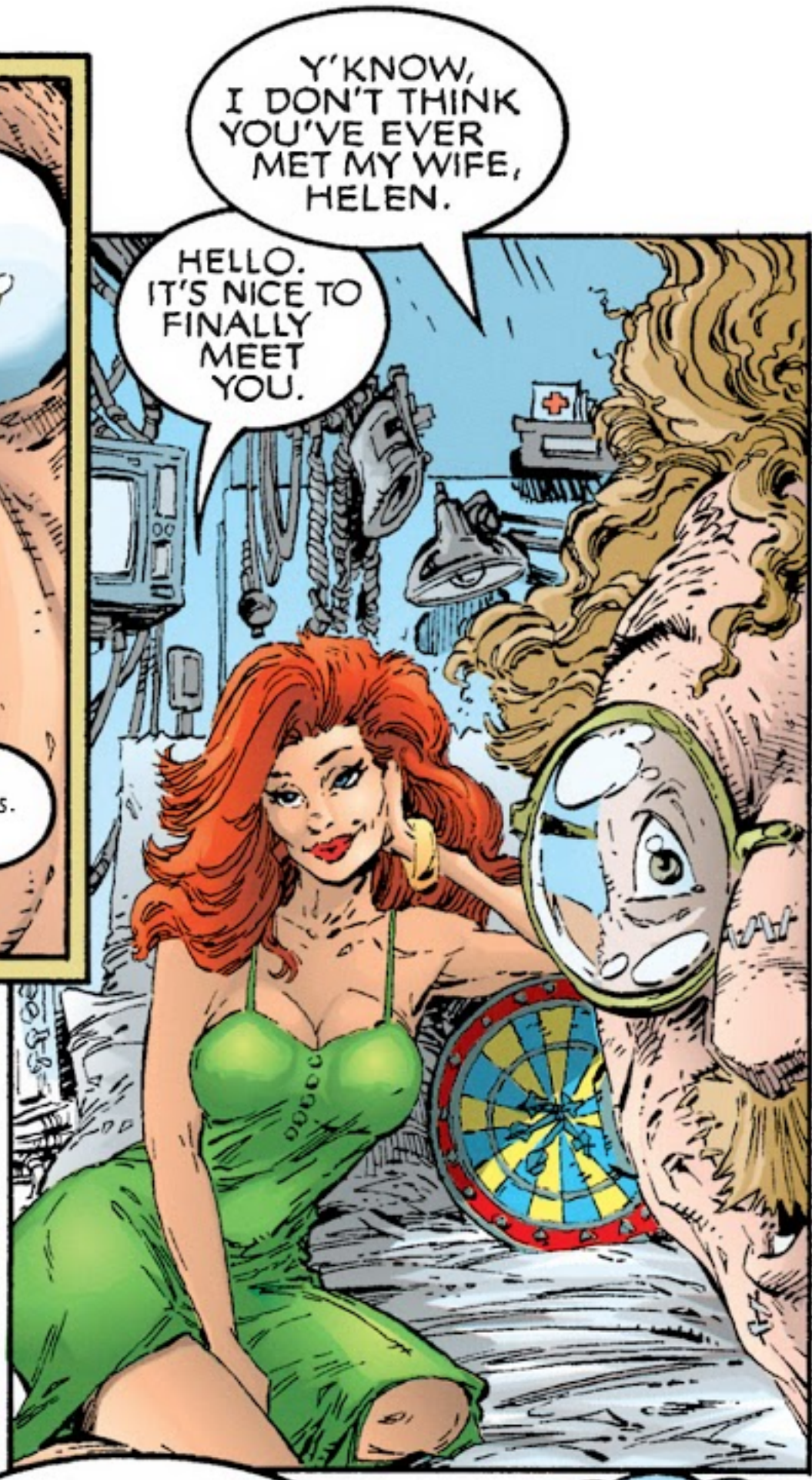
BUDDY! I'VE JUST SEEN THE 8th WONDER OF THE WORLD! CURVES LIKE A RACETRACK I COULD RUN MY HANDS ALL OVER FOR DAYS!

HELLO, SIR.

AND DID SHE HAVE A PAIR OF...



Oops.



Y'KNOW, I DON'T THINK YOU'VE EVER MET MY WIFE, HELEN.

HELLO. IT'S NICE TO FINALLY MEET YOU.

UNFORTUNATELY, I'M LATE PICKING UP TRUDY FROM SCHOOL. YOU TAKE IT EASY, DARLING. TRY AND GET SOME REST.

I'M SUCH AN



SHE'S A CLASSY, BEAUTIFUL GAL, TWITCH. YOU'RE VERY LUCKY.

THANK YOU, SIR. SO, ANYTHING NEW TO REPORT ON CHIEF BANKS?

YEAH. I WAS ABLE TO GET MY HANDS ON HIS PHONE RECORDS-- AND EVER SINCE HE RECEIVED OUR NOTE,* HE'S BEEN MAKING A LOT OF CALLS TO A CONFIDENTIAL NUMBER AT C.I.A. HEAD-QUARTERS.



HAVEN'T FIGURED OUT WHO'D EVEN GIVE BANKS THE TIME OF DAY THERE, BUT JUDGING FROM THE HOURS WHEN HE'S CALLING, HE DOESN'T WANT THAT MANY PEOPLE TO KNOW ABOUT IT.

JASON WYNN'S BEEN MULLING OVER THE DWARFISH CLOWN'S VISIT FOR THE PAST 20 HOURS. THE PEST KNEW TOO MUCH. THE PROPOSAL MADE SENSE... THOUGH IT WOULD BACK HIM INTO A CORNER. DAMN.

BRRING

MR. WYNN.
THE PRESIDENT IS
ON LINE ONE.

MR.
PRESIDENT?

AFTERNOON,
JASON. I WANT TO
THANK YOU PERSONALLY
FOR YOUR ASSISTANCE IN
GETTING US OUT OF THAT
LITTLE 'SITUATION'
IN BOSNIA.

I'VE BEEN
ADVISED THAT YOU
SPEARHEADED THE
RESOLUTION. I
OWE YOU ONE.
THANKS.

Uh...
YOU'RE
WELCOME,
SIR...

?
WHAT
MISSION?
I DIDN'T
SANCTION
ANY...

BRRING



I TAKE IT
YOU'VE HEARD FROM
YOUR PAL. WELL,
CONSIDER IT A LITTLE
PREVIEW OF THINGS TO
COME. A DOWN
PAYMENT, IF
YOU WILL.



HOPE YOU'RE
CLEAR ON THE
SITUATION NOW.
TOODLE-OO, BUDDY!
SAY HELLO TO
TERRY FOR ME...!

A PARTICULAR
NEW YORK CITY
ALLEY...

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT VIOLATOR'S THINKING.
ATTACK ME, THEN JUST
DISAPPEAR? DOESN'T
MAKE SENSE.

OK, NO?
THEN YOU'RE
NOT PAYING
ATTENTION.

MEANING?

I'M
NOT LIKE
HIM!

REALLY?
YOUR LATEST
ACTIONS SAY
OTHER-
WISE.

STINKY WAS
PREYING ON
CHILDREN. TURNING
THEM INTO HIS
OWN KIND. I JUST
SENT OUT A LOUD
MESSAGE TO
OTHERS
LIKE HIM.

PRECISELY.

HE'S TRYING
TO CONFUSE YOU.
KEEP YOU **DISTRAC-
TED**. AND WHEN HE
DOES THAT, YOUR
INSTINCTS TAKE
OVER... WHICH
IS WHAT HE
WANTS.

YOU SEE,
YOU AND HE
ARE TWO PEAS
IN A **POD**
ON SOME
LEVELS.

CAN'T
YOU SEE,
HELL
WANTS YOU
TO ACT LIKE
THIS.

IN SOME
CASES,
THEY'RE
RIGHT.

AND THAT MEANT
USING YOUR TRAINING.
HE DIDN'T STAND A
CHANCE AGAINST YOU, AL.



DAMN YOU, AL! YOU'RE MAKING THIS **TOO** EASY FOR THEM.

HERE, LET ME ENLIGHTEN YOU A BIT. THAT LITTLE BOY **TYRONE** YOU WERE SO CONCERNED ABOUT-- HE **RUNS** THOSE STREETS IN HIS NEIGHBORHOOD. HE'S BEEN IN AND OUT OF DETENTION HALLS SINCE HE WAS **SIX**. BEEN SELLING GUNS SINCE **SEVEN**.

HE WAS DIRECTLY INVOLVED IN TWO **MURDERS**, BUT HIS AGE ALLOWED HIM TO CIRCUMVENT ANY SEVERE PUNISHMENT.

AND HE WASN'T BEING STRONGARMED BY STINKY. JUST THE **OPPOSITE**. THE BOY'S DRUG BUSINESS HAS BEEN SLIPPING. HE WAS JUST LOOKING AT SOME NEW SAMPLES.

YOUR SOLUTION TO ALL THIS? KILL WHAT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. LET YOUR **IGNORANCE** RULE THOSE GOVERNMENT-TRAINED HOMICIDAL INSTINCTS.

WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME ANYWAYS, **COG**?

FOR YOU TO **FOCUS!** -- USE YOUR POWER WISELY. LIKE IT OR NOT, YOU WERE ASSASSINATED UNDER ORDERS.

AND-- STOP THE DENIALS. WHAT YOU WERE IS STILL A PART OF YOU. HELL MEANS TO **EXPLOIT** THAT.

THIS ISN'T HOW IT WAS SUPPOSED TO TURN OUT.



I
KNOW.

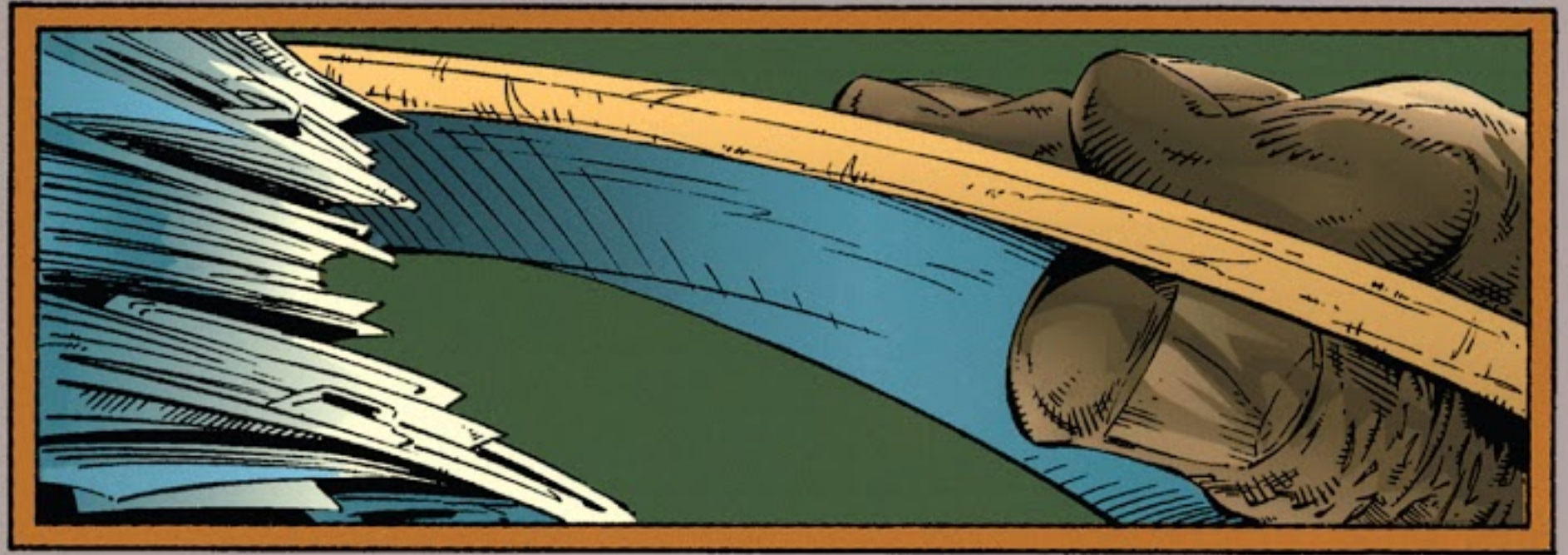
BUT IT'S
STILL
YOUR
PROBLEM.



"BECAUSE, LIKE IT OR NOT,
THERE IS A HOST OF OTHERS
TANGLED IN YOUR WEB.
IGNORING THEM WOULD
WEAVE A LIFE WITHOUT
PURPOSE."

"YOUR FRIENDS...
LOVED ONES...
WOULD FALL PREY
TO MUCH EVIL."

AS THE DAY COMES TO A CLOSE, TERRY FITZGERALD FINDS HIMSELF ALONE AT HIS NEW OFFICE AT C.I.A. HEAD-QUARTERS.



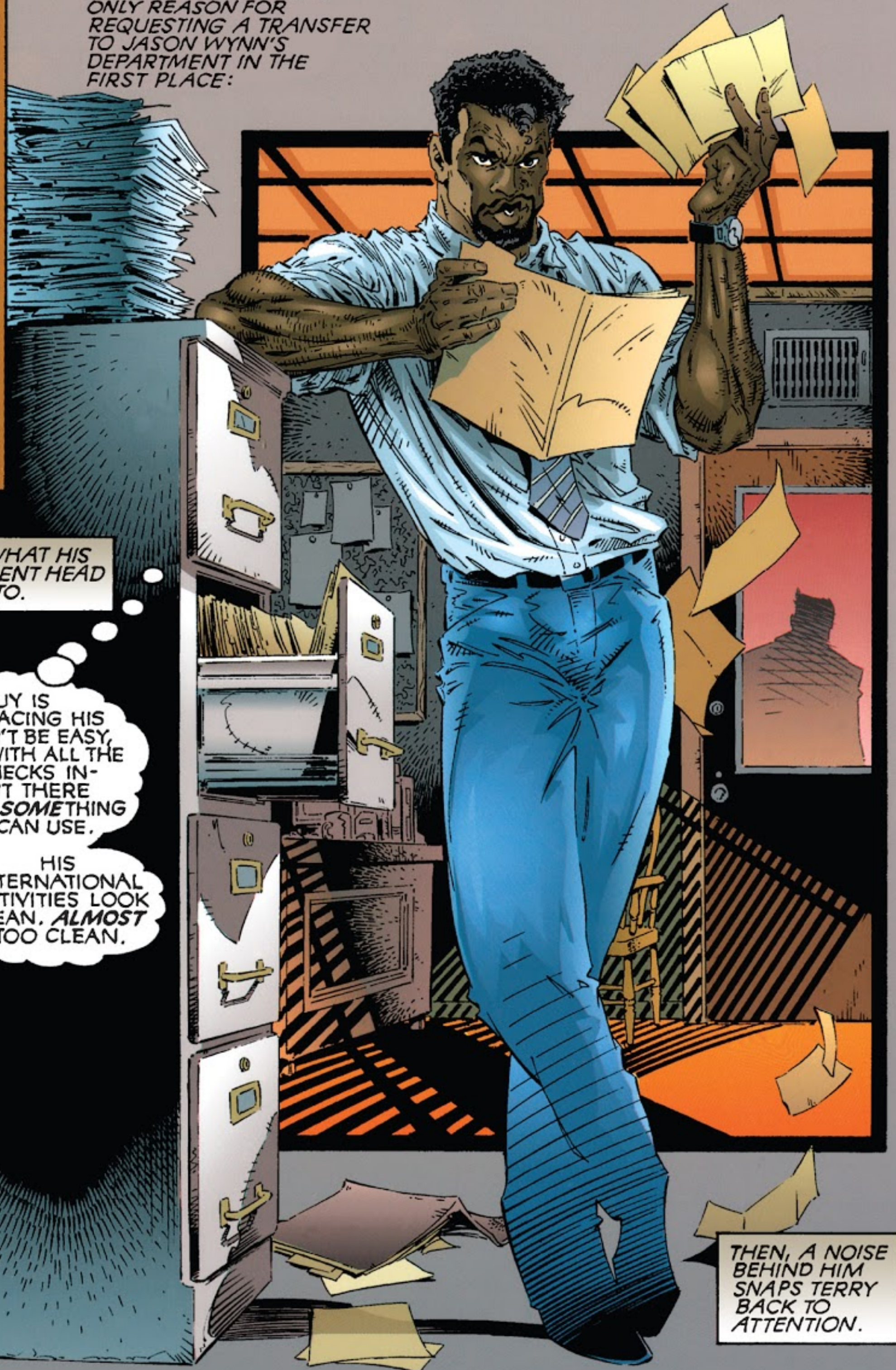
FINALLY, HE HAS A CHANCE TO PURSUE HIS ONLY REASON FOR REQUESTING A TRANSFER TO JASON WYNN'S DEPARTMENT IN THE FIRST PLACE:

FINDING OUT WHAT HIS NEW DEPARTMENT HEAD IS REALLY UP TO.

THE GUY IS SLICK. RETRACING HIS TRACKS WON'T BE EASY, ESPECIALLY WITH ALL THE SECURITY CHECKS INVOLVED. BUT THERE HAS TO BE *SOMETHING* HERE I CAN USE.

HIS INTERNATIONAL ACTIVITIES LOOK CLEAN. *ALMOST* TOO CLEAN.

THEN, A NOISE BEHIND HIM SNAPS TERRY BACK TO ATTENTION.





Ah-- THERE YOU ARE.

um... YES, SIR, I WAS JUST FINISHING UP... uh...



MORE WORK?
I'VE BEEN HEARING HOW HARD YOU'VE PUSHED YOURSELF IN SUCH A SHORT TIME. YOUR REPORTS ARE **VERY THOROUGH.**

AND SYSTEMS ANALYSIS SAYS YOU HELPED MODIFY AN ENCRYPTED ACCESS ROUTE FOR OUR FIELD OPS.

IT'S MUCH APPRECIATED.

THANK YOU, SIR.

THERE'S ONE OTHER THING.

SOMEONE WITHIN THIS ORGANIZATION HAS BEEN PURSUING NON-SANCTIONED ACTIVITIES, WHILE AT THE SAME TIME CONSTRUCTING A PAPER TRAIL POINTED IN MY DIRECTION.



I'D LIKE YOU TO HELP ME UNCOVER THIS IT'D GET SOME PRESSURE OFF MY BACK AND I'D BE INDEBTED TO YOU.

SINCE YOU'RE NEW, MY CYNICAL MINDSET TELLS ME I CAN TRUST YOU MORE THAN THE OTHERS RIGHT NOW.



TO BE CONTINUED



image

35
SEP

DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN®



McFARLANE
OLY
CALLEROS

WELCOME BACK
TWITCH

EARLY DURING HIS RECOVERY, THERE HAD BEEN A FEW SCARY REPORTS THAT HAD HIS FELLOW POLICEMEN SAYING PRAYERS. BUT NOW, EXCEPT FOR A SLIGHT LIMP AND THE SLING CRADLING A FRACTURED ELBOW, DETECTIVE 'TWITCH' WILLIAMS APPEARS READY TO RETURN TO THE FORCE.

HARDEST HIT BY TWITCH'S ABSENCE WAS HIS PARTNER, **SAM BURKE**. NORMALLY A PILLAR OF UNWAVERING STRENGTH, SAM HAS BEEN HALF-HEARTEDLY WADING THROUGH HIS CASE FILES FOR WEEKS (EXCEPT FOR THAT ONE PERSONAL CASE).

NOW REUNITED, THE LAUREL-AND-HARDY DUO ARE ONCE AGAIN LIKE TWO LITTLE KIDS AT SUMMER CAMP.

I SWEAR, TWITCH. I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS. THE GUYS DID IT ON THEIR OWN.

SURE. SURE WHATEVER YOU SAY, SIR.

C'MON. D'YOU THINK I'D BE ABLE TO PLAN SOMETHING LIKE THIS?

THE FIVE DOZEN JELLY-FILLED MEGA-DOUGHNUTS ARE A COINCIDENCE?



SO I HAD A
→ LITTLE →
INPUT.



HE'S RIGHT,
TWITCH. WE DID
THIS OURSELVES.
WE JUST WANTED
YOU TO KNOW
WE'RE BEHIND
YOU, BUDDY.

FOR TWITCH, WHO
HAD BEEN ANXIOUS
TO RETURN TO
WORK FOR DAYS,
ANOTHER TWENTY
MINUTES OF
SOCIALIZING
SEEMED AN ETER-
NITY. ONE CASE IN
PARTICULAR WAS
GNAWING AWAY
AT HIM.



NICE TO
HAVE YOU BACK,
LT. WILLIAMS.
YOUR PRESENCE
WAS GREATLY
MISSED BY
US ALL.

THANK
YOU, CHIEF
BANKS. I
APPRECIATE
THE KIND
WORDS.

WITH A SUBTLE
WINK TO BURKE,
TWITCH LETS HIS
PARTNER KNOW THAT
IT'S TIME TO GET
DOWN TO BUSINESS.

HOW
LOVELY.

YOUR
SINCERITY IS
OVERWHELMING.
A MAN GETS
RIPPED *APART**
AND *THAT'S* ALL
THE SYMPATHY
YOU CAN
MUSTER?

DO
YOU
HAVE SOME-
THING ON THAT
FEEBLE MIND
OF YOURS THAT
YOU'RE TRYING
TO SAY?

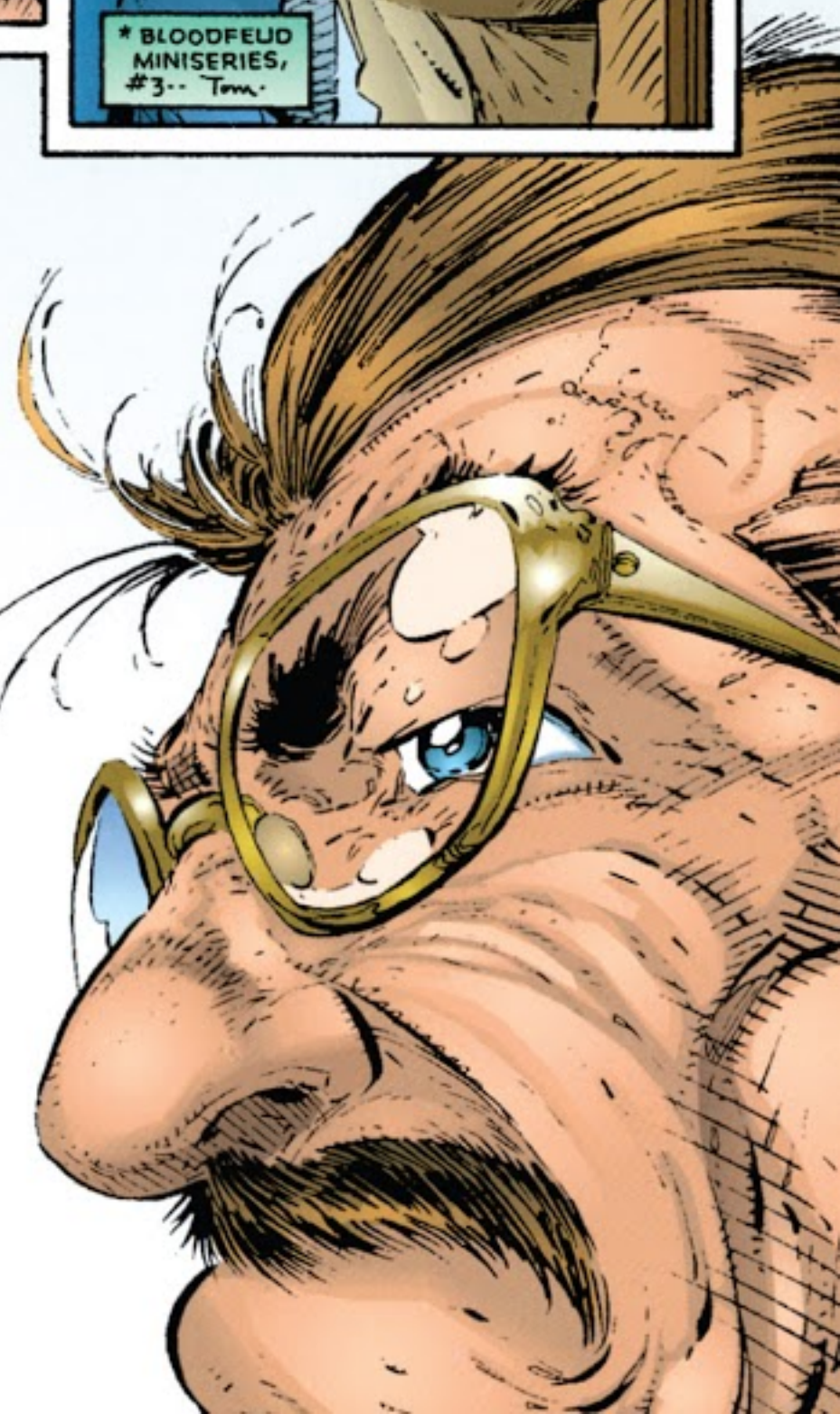


* BLOODFEUD
MINISERIES,
#3-- Tom.

I'VE PLENTY
TO SAY...
SIR!

THEN
BE A
MAN
ABOUT IT,
AND SAY
IT TO MY
FACE.

Oh, I
WILL!
BELIEVE ME,
I WILL.
YOU'LL JUST
HAVE TO BE
A BIT MORE
PATIENT.
YOUR TIME
IS COMING.



IS THAT
A
THREAT?

YOU CALL IT
WHAT YOU WANT.
NOW, EXCUSE ME.
SOME OF US LIKE
TO *WORK* AROUND
HERE.

SLAM

TROUBLE?

CAN'T
TELL.

WELL, THE WORD
IS BURKE'S BEEN
SNIFFING AROUND LATELY,
MOSTLY IN *YOUR* DIRECTION.
HEARD HE EVEN GOT SOME
OF YOUR PHONE RECORDS.

YOU MIGHT
WANT TO
WATCH YOUR
BACK.

THANKS,
ERIC.
THAT'S *VERY*
USEFUL
INFO.

SORRY,
TWITCH.

WHAT
FOR,
SIR?

I STILL
HAVEN'T NAILED
DOWN THE
CONNECTION BETWEEN
BANKS AND THAT KID-
KILLER *KINCAID*. IT'S
THERE. I KNOW IT. I
JUST KEEP HOPING
THAT IF I PRESSURE
HIM HE'LL
EVENTUALLY
CRACK.

THAT
YOU STAYED
ON THIS CASE
IN MY ABSENCE
MEANS A LOT
TO ME, SIR.

I'M SURE
IT'S BEEN A
TON OF WORK
DOING IT
ALONE.

"--WHAT DO YOU MEAN,
THEY'RE AFRAID?
OF WHAT?"

"YOU..."

"YOUR POTENTIAL, TO BE EXACT."



"THE TRADI-
TION OF THE
SPAWN IS A
VERY SORDID
STORY, AL."



"EACH OF THE
SPAWN CAME
THROUGH THEIR
BAPTISM OF FIRE
WITH VARYING
DEGREES OF
SUCCESS."



"SOME FOUGHT
THEIR NEW
STATUS. SOME
ACCEPTED IT,
TOO WILLINGLY.
BUT NONE
WERE EVER
ABLE TO
REVERSE THE
SITUATION."

" I GUARANTEE THEY'LL NOT
LET *YOU* BE THE FIRST. "

"YOU KNOW WHAT, COG, I DON'T GIVE
A *CRAP* WHAT THEY HAD PLANNED FOR
ME. NO ONE'S GOING TO DICTATE
WHAT I DO

"UNFORTUNATELY, AL, THEY ALREADY *HAVE*.
MEANWHILE, YOU'VE LEARNED HOW TO DEAL
WITH THE *COST* OF USING YOUR POWERS..."

"...HOW TO *KILL* MORE EFFICIENTLY...
AND HOW TO IGNORE THE *CONSEQUENCES*. "





EACH BEING A
POSITIVE IN YOUR
TRAINING HERE
ON EARTH.

BUT NOW
THERE IS AN X-FACTOR
THEY'VE NEVER DEALT
WITH BEFORE, WHICH
MAKES YOU *DANGER-
OUS* TO THEM.

YOUR
UNIFORM.

WHAT?

WHAT
ARE YOU
SAYING?
THAT I'M SOME
SUPER-
SPAWN?

I'M SURE
BY NOW YOU'VE
SEEN *AND* FELT THE
TRANSFORMATION
OF YOUR OUTFIT.
THAT SHOULDN'T
HAVE *HAPPENED*...
AT LEAST NOT
YET.

IT
SHOULD
HAVE BEEN
ANOTHER
SEVEN
YEARS.

I DON'T
KNOW.
NONE OF
US DO. BUT
THE
ANSWERS
LIE WITHIN
YOU.
SEARCH
THEM
OUT.

USE THE
COSTUME
TO YOUR
ADVANTAGE...
NOT
THEIRS.

OLD MAN,
BESIDES
BEING CRAZY,
YOU HAVEN'T
A CLUE
HOW...

DON'T
I?



THEN, EVERYTHING BE-
COMES BOTH HELLISH
AND FAMILIAR AS
SPAWN'S BRAIN IS
SEARED BY A KALEIDO-
SCOPIC ARRAY OF
IMAGES.

SCATTERED FRAGMENTS
OF THE PAST FLASH
HELTER-SKELTER. SOME
THEN ARRANGE IN
SHARP FOCUS.

THEY PIVOT AROUND
THE HUMAN NIGHT-
MARE WHO WAS HIS
BOSS. AL'S STRONG
WILL COLLIDED WITH
THAT OF HIS SUPERIOR...
TOO OFTEN FOR
EITHER OF THEM TO
TOLERATE.

THE MAN, BLINDED BY
HIS LUST FOR POWER,
DEMANDED TO BE IN
ULTIMATE CONTROL...
THAT HIS WHIM
DETERMINE THE FATE
OF ALL SITUATIONS.
ALL PARTICIPANTS.

HE GAVE THE ORDERS.

HE SANCTIONED THE
KILLS, THE KILLERS...

HE CONTROLLED
CHAPEL.

WHEN AL
BECAME A
BOTHR, HE WAS
ELIMINATED.
FOR THIS MAN,
THIS DEVIL,
ALWAYS HAD
TO WIN.

WYNN!
DAMN
You.

A HEARTBEAT LATER, THE IMAGES RETREAT. SPAWN IS UNSETTLED, BUT HIS NEURAL PARASITE COSTUME IS **INVIGORATED**. THE SYMBIOTIC LIVERY, THRIVING ON THE SENSORY INPUT, IS PUMPED AND READY FOR ITS NEXT CHALLENGE.

ITS HOST IS THOROUGHLY WIPED.

YOU OKAY?

FINE.

THEN IT'S TIME YOU BEGAN. YOUR MISSION SHOULD BE CLEAR.

JASON WYNN'S OFFICE, AT THE C.I.A. ...

AS I'VE BEEN SAYING, FITZGERALD, SECURITY HAS BEEN BREACHED RECENTLY.

I'D LIKE YOU TO HEAD UP THE REORGANIZATION OF OUR DATA SECURITY SYSTEMS. THE AGENCY MUST NOT BE COMPROMISED AGAIN. UNDERSTOOD?

YES, SIR.

AS THE WEEK GOES ON, JASON ATTENDS TO OTHER ANNOYING MATTERS.

I'M SLOWLY LOSING PATIENCE, BANKS. TELL ME AGAIN, WITHOUT LAPING INTO PARANOIA, HOW ONE OF YOUR SUBORDINATES COULD POSSIBLY KNOW OF KINCAID.

I DON'T *KNOW*. HE JUST *DOES*. HE *HAS* TO BE THE ONE WHO GAVE ME THE NOTE.

SINCE *YOU* RECEIVED A FILE *TOO*, BURKE MUST HAVE SOMETHING TO IMPLICATE YOU AS *WELL*.

FOOL! NO MERE DETECTIVE ACCUMULATED THIS INFORMATION. HE WOULD'VE HAD NO WAY TO GAIN ACCESS.

BESIDES, YOUR MASKED VIGILANTE, SPAWN, DELIVERED MINE *PERSONALLY*.*

SPAWN?

WHAT DOES HE HAVE TO DO WITH BURKE?

I WILL NOW. YOU CAN *COUNT* ON ME.

NOT SO FAR.

CLICK

YOU DISAPPOINT ME, BANKS. YOUR OFFICER IS SOME SORT OF *DIVERSION*. OUR *HEADACHE* IS SITTING IN YOUR *BACK YARD*. I SUGGEST YOU ACT RATHER SWIFTLY ON THIS.

POLICE CHIEF LOUIS BANKS KNOWS THE CONSEQUENCE OF FAILING A MAN LIKE WYNN.



YES-- SHE SURE *IS* A BIG GIRL. Y'KNOW, YESTERDAY, CYAN SAID "GRANDMA" FOR THE FIRST TIME.

GAN-MA.

LET ME THINK, WHAT ELSE. TERRY'S STILL WORKING LONG HOURS AT HIS NEW JOB...



... AND THINGS ARE COMING TOGETHER AT THE SHELTER. WE JUST RECEIVED A *HUGE* ANONYMOUS DONATION.

Oh, WANDA. THAT'S WONDERFUL.

WELL, I'VE GOT SOME GOOD NEWS, TOO.

YOU KNOW THAT PROBLEM I'VE BEEN HAVING WITH JONATHAN'S GOVERNMENT *PENSION*. WELL, I JUST RECEIVED A SPECIAL DELIVERY TODAY SAYING THE PAYMENTS WILL CONTINUE AS SCHEDULED, AND THAT THE I.R.S. HAS CLOSED THE FILE.

THEY ALSO *APOLOGIZED* FOR ANY *INCONVENIENCE* THEY'VE CAUSED ME!

IT'S *SUCH* A BREATH OF FRESH AIR. I WAS SO WORRIED I MIGHT HAVE TO SELL THE *HOUSE*.

LIKE A LONG SHADOW, WYNN'S PRESENCE CREEPS INTO THE LIVES OF TERRY AND HIS FAMILY.



NEW YORK
CITY'S 12th
PRECINCT.

BURKE!



I JUST HEARD THAT
BANKS AND A COUPLE OF
HIS ASS-KISSERS JUST TOOK
OFF TO THE ALLEYS. HE WAS
GOING OFF THE DEEP END
ABOUT THAT VIGILANTE,
SPAWN.

DON'T KNOW
WHAT IT'S ABOUT,
BUT SEEING THAT
IT'S YOUR CASE...

THANKS,
BOB.



CRIPES!



DON'T
EXPECT
ME TO
WAIT FOR
YOU.

THANKS
FOR
CARING,
SIR.





ELSEWHERE...

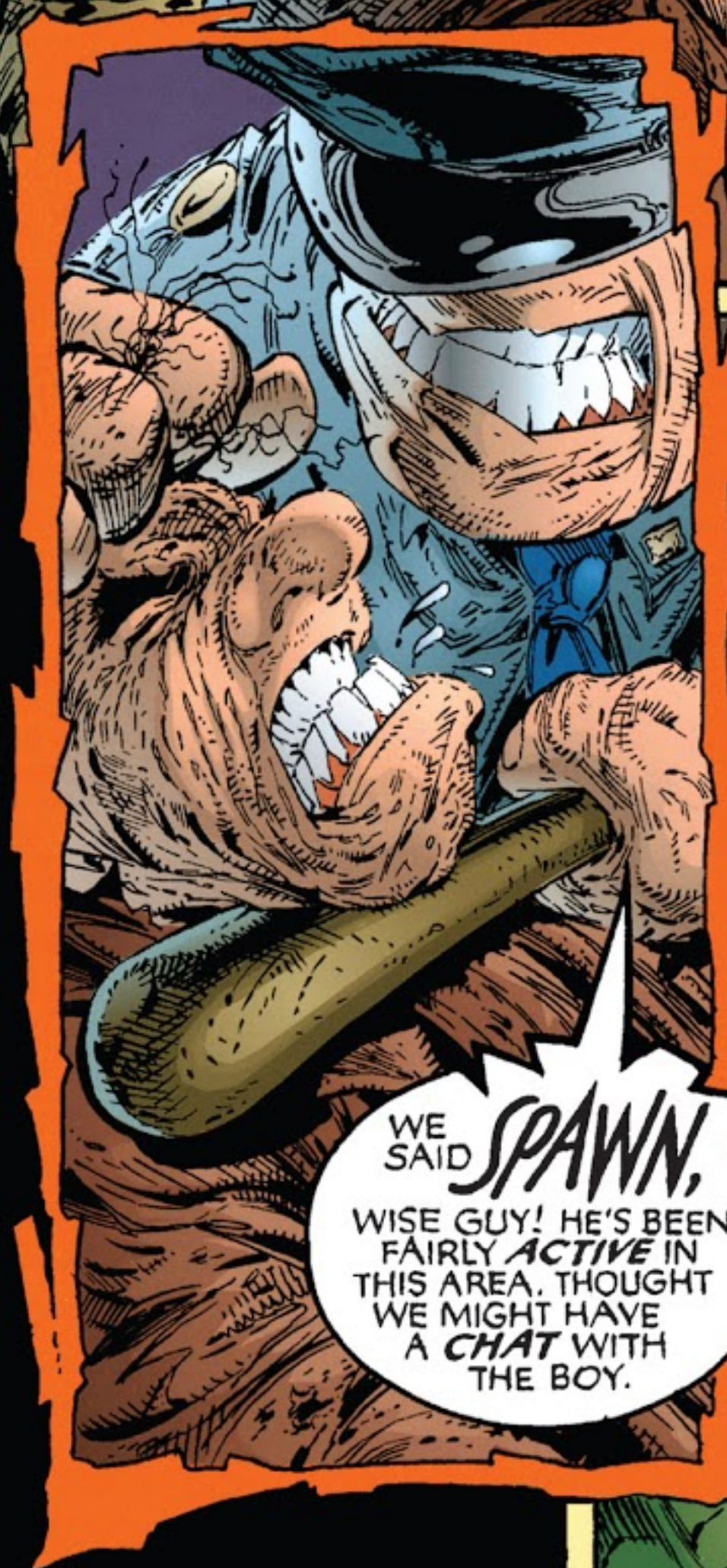
JENSEN.
PULL UP OVER
THERE.

EVENING,
GENTLEMEN. I'D
LIKE A FEW MOMENTS
OF YOUR TIME.

WE'RE
LOOKING FOR
A MAN WHO GOES
BY THE NAME OF
'SPAWN.'

NEED TO
ASK A FEW
QUESTIONS.

DON'T KNOW
ABOUT ANY
PRAWNS.



WE
SAID **SPAWN,**
WISE GUY! HE'S BEEN
FAIRLY *ACTIVE* IN
THIS AREA. THOUGHT
WE MIGHT HAVE
A *CHAT* WITH
THE BOY.



THAT'S
ENOUGH,
JENSEN. I'M
SURE WE'VE
MADE OUR
POINT.

WE CAN
CONTINUE ON
OUR OWN
NOW.



YOU
PUKES!
GOING TO
KICK SOME
PUPPIES,
TOO?

SCREW
OFF.

PLEASE.
LET'S NOT
LOWER
OUR-
SELVES.

AS THE OFFICERS MELT
INTO THE ALLEY'S
SHADOWS, ONE OF THE
HOMELESS STANDS
TRANSFIXED.

DARK
EMOTION
BEGINS
TO BOIL.

IN LIFE, AS A C.I.A.-
TRAINED ASSASSIN,
AL SIMMONS LIVED
FOR THESE MOMENTS.

THEY'RE WHAT GAVE HIM
A PURPOSE. WHAT MADE
HIM **WHOLE**.

AND THOUGH HE REALIZES
THIS IS A DISTRACTION FROM
HIS MAIN TARGET, JASON WYNN,
IT SHOULD SERVE QUITE
NICELY AS A **WARM-UP**.







I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.

I THOUGHT YOU AND BURKE WERE...

FREEZE!



THE FILE.

YOU DIDN'T DELIVER IT. WHY?



TOO MUCH INTERESTING CRAP IN IT. ISN'T THAT RIGHT, CHIEF?

LIKE STUFF ABOUT YOUR BUDDY KINCAID. *

* ISSUE 5...Tom.

KINCAID!



STOP IT, SPAWN!

YOU BOTH HAVE A LOT TO ANSWER FOR.



TELL ME. NOW!



STOP IT!



IT WAS WYNN.



WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO DO WITH THAT BUTCHER?!

WHAT'D
HE SAY?

HE
WHISPERED
SOMETHING.

SPAWN SAYS NOTHING. YET
AGAIN HE'S BEEN REMINDED
WHO THE TRUE ENEMY IS.

OKAY, TOUGH
GUY. I'M GOING TO
HAVE TO DRAG
BOTH YOUR BUTTS
DOWNTOWN.

I KNOW
THAT.

WE'VE
BEEN THROUGH
THIS BEFORE. *
YOUR GUNS
CAN'T HURT
ME.

BUT LET'S
JUST SEE HOW
FAST YOU
REGENERATE YOUR
HEAD AFTER I **BLOW**
IT OFF YOUR
SHOULDERS.

KIND OF
DIFFICULT TO
RUN AWAY
WITH NO
EYEBALLS.

*ISSUE #23 -- Tom.

SPAWN HADN'T
CONSIDERED
THAT SCENARIO.

BUT, BEFORE
EITHER DETECTIVE
HAS A CHANCE
TO DEFEND
AGAINST THE
COSTUME, IT AND
ITS BEARER ARE
GONE.

CRIPES!

THE MOMENTS HAVE BECOME HARDER TO FIND, BUT TODAY WANDA, TERRY AND THEIR DAUGHTER CYAN ARE QUIETLY BEING A FAMILY TOGETHER.

I'M JUST GETTING MORE CONFUSED BY IT ALL.

NOW THAT WYNN'S BROUGHT ME INTO HIS INNER CIRCLE, I CAN FIND OUT IF HE SUSPECTS ME OF SOMETHING... OR IF HE'S TELLING THE *TRUTH*, THAT HE'S BEING *SET UP*.

EITHER WAY, I'M SCREWED

NO DA-DA!
NO!
giggle!
giggle!

YOU'RE RIGHT. IF SOMEONE'S POINTING ALL THE INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE HIS WAY, WE'RE BACK TO SQUARE ONE-- UNLESS WYNN CAN HELP US.

BUT IF HE'S LYING...

WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LET HIM KNOW WHAT YOU'VE BEEN DOING BEHIND HIS BACK. WHICH MAKES HIS FRIENDLINESS TOWARD YOU EVEN CREEPIER.

IT SEEMS LIKE WE JUST KEEP HITTING WALLS.

MEANWHILE, I GOT SOME GOOD NEWS TODAY. WE JUST RECEIVED A *HUGE* ANONYMOUS DONATION AT THE CHILDREN'S SOCIETY. LARGER THAN I COULD EVER IMAGINE. IT LOOKS LIKE WE'LL FINALLY BE ABLE TO START THAT URGENT CARE WARD AT THE HOSPITAL.

ONLY \$19



AFTER EVERYONE'S HARD WORK, THIS IS A GODSEND FOR THE CENTER.

THAT'S FANTASTIC!

YOU'VE DONE A *GREAT* JOB, SWEETHEART. I DON'T SAY THAT ENOUGH. I'M PROUD OF HOW YOU HANDLED EVERYTHING.

HOPEFULLY, THAT DONATION IS JUST THE START OF MORE GOOD THINGS.

UNBEKNOWNST TO BOTH, THE BENEFACTOR WITH A HEART OF GOLD IS WYNN HIMSELF.

ALONG WITH THE CHECK, THIS PERSON ENCLOSED A NOTE EXPRESSING HIS LOVE FOR ALL CHILDREN, AND ADDING THAT HE HAS NONE OF HIS OWN.

MORE, DAD-DA!
MORE!

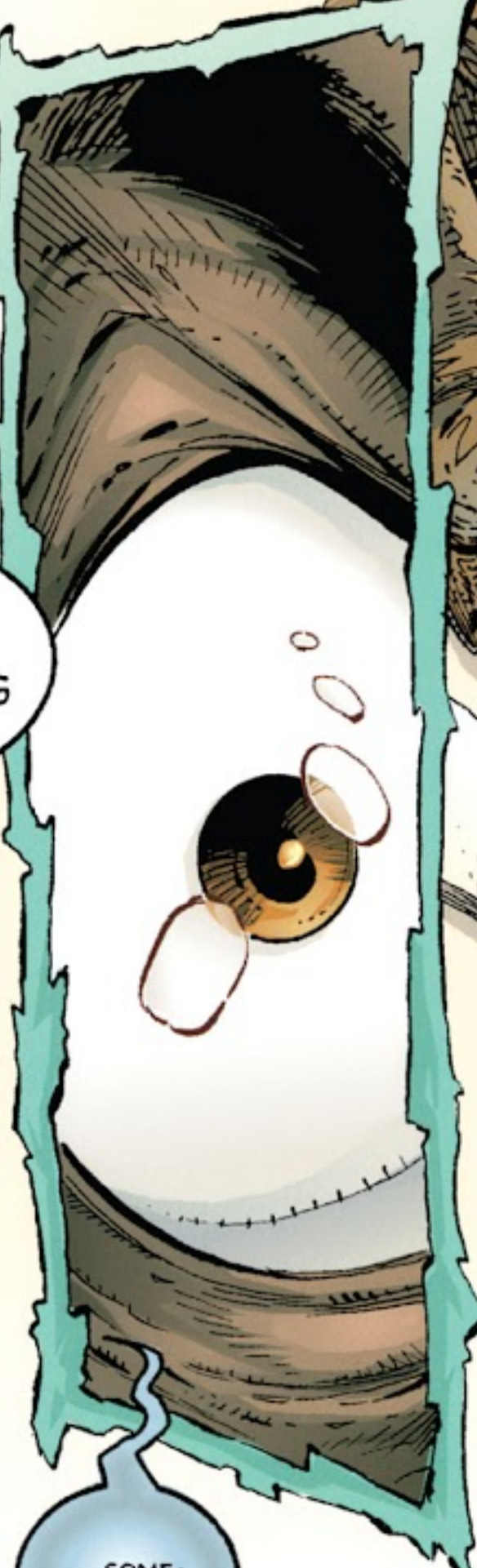
OKAY, KIDDO. STOP SQUIRMING. YOU'RE GOING TO *KICK*...

TERRY!
Um...
CHUCKLE

...YOU OKAY?!

CYAN!
LOOK WHAT YOU DID. NOW YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO HAVE ANY BROTHERS OR SISTERS!

VERY FUNNY.



...SOME-THING.

UG.

AGAIN!
ME DO AGAIN.



A CALM
BEFORE
THE STORM.



WHAT
DO YOU
WANT!

EVERYTHING!
MY WIFE.
MY LIFE.
NORMALITY.

WHAT
ARE YOU?

EXACTLY
WHAT YOU
MADE ME...
NOTHING!

YOU SEE, I'M
HERE TO EVEN
A SCORE.

IT'S
MY
TURN
TO KILL
YOU.



BUT, BEFORE I
SEND YOU TO HELL, I
WANT TO KNOW
WHY I WAS
ELIMINATED!

YOU'RE
INSANE.



KRAK!!

**WRONG
ANSWER!**

AND WHAT
MAKES THIS EVEN
MORE SICKENING IS THAT
YOU **STILL** HAVEN'T A CLUE
WHO I AM. THE POOL OF
BLOOD YOU SWIM IN
HAS DILUTED YOUR
MEMORY.

YOU WON'T
GET TEN FEET
FROM HERE
BEFORE YOU'RE
A DEAD MAN.

SNAP!

WYNN'S ARM
BREAKS LIKE
A TWIG.



SUDDENLY, THE DOORS ARE FORCED OPEN. A DOZEN HEAT-SENSOR A-K 50's ARE AIMED AT SPAWN'S TEMPLE.



TAKE A STEP BACK, SPAWN. NICE AND SLOW.



NOT YOU
TOO,
TERRY!

IS EVERYONE
CONTROLLED BY
THIS DEVIL?

IT'S NOT
THAT
SIMPLE.

NEXT ISSUE —
**BETRAYAL
AND PAIN**



6:8:8:7